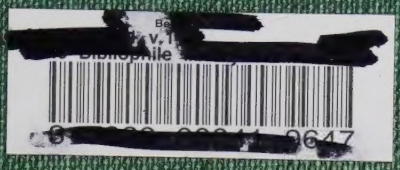

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From a commentary on the Epistle to the Romans illuminated by Giulio Clovio.

In Italy, the art of illumination had been carried to the highest excellence by Francesco and Girolamo dai Libri, who executed works worthy the pencil of Raphael himself in beauty and design and delicacy of expression. These decorators were succeeded in the glories of their art by the designer and painter of the accompanying illumination who was a pupil of Raphael's greatest scholar, Giulio Romano. Some of his most valuable work is preserved in Italian Museums, cased in gem covered bindings, kept under lock and key and shown only to a favored few. His fame as an illuminator was greater than we can conceive to-day, for there is extant a fine medal which was struck to his memory.

The manuscript from which this illumination is taken is probably the only authentic example of the artist's work, outside of Italy. It came into the family of the English Duke of Buckingham by purchase, over $5,000 being paid for it. Our plate is the frontispiece of the manuscript, and with a similarly highly decorated first page, a border or two, and a few capital letters constitute the only ornaments. At the time it was executed, the price of labor was high and furthermore the more artistic character of the work required did not, except in rare cases, admit of the profusion of ornament that marks earlier works. The production of these works was no longer the labor of a convent, but as in the example before us, were frequently the work of artists who received immense sums for their handiwork.

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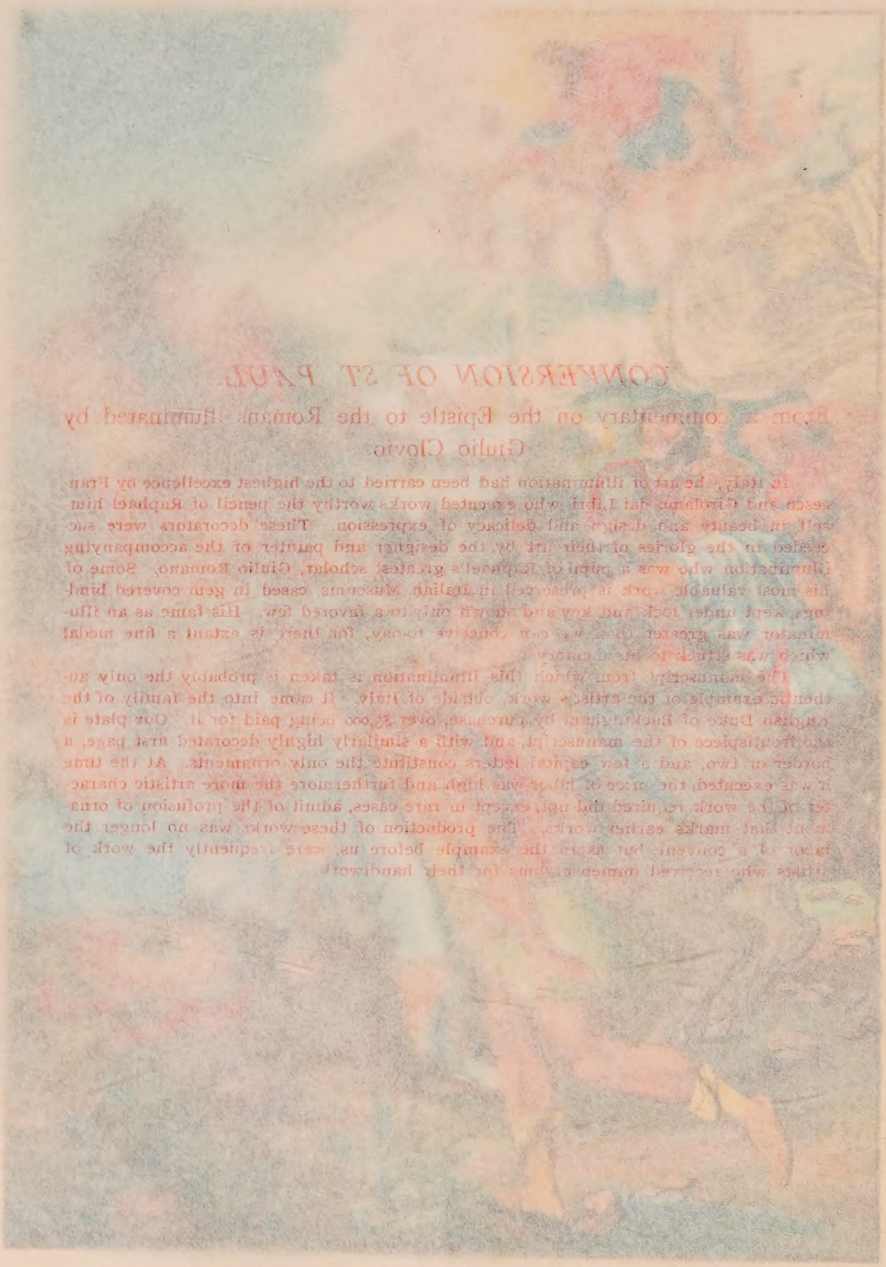

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GOETHE'S HOME, FRANKFORT

From a photo by F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate

WILHELM BEGINS HIS APPRENTICESHIP.

By GOETHE.

(From "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.")

[Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born August 28, 1749; went to Leipsic University in 1759; shortly after began to write dramas and songs; in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also "The Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song"; settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue; in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust"; "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774; in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy councilor to the duke, and a most useful public official; studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science; began "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1777; wrote "Iphigenia" in prose, 1779, in verse, 1786; completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789; was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791; 1794–1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together; he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea," 1797, "Elective Affinities," 1809, "Doctrine of Color," 1810, and his autobiography, "Fancy and Truth," 1811. In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems; in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjähre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary. In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust." He died March 22, 1832.]

Happy years of youth! happy time of first and earliest love!

Man is then like a boy; he endows the loved one with the wealth of his own emotions, considering himself as a very pauper who subsists on her charity.

Wilhelm, in order to gaze on Mariana, had taken his post behind the scenes of the theater, a privilege for which he had entreated the permission of the manager! Truly the magic of perspective had then disappeared, but the more powerful magic of love had already commenced its work. He would stand for

hours beside the dingy footlights, breathing the vapor of the lamps, gazing upon his beloved; and when, upon her return, she looked kindly upon him, he became lost in delight, and though surrounded by mere laths and scenic framework, he thought himself in Paradise. The sorry scenery, the wretched flocks and herds, the tin waterfalls, the pasteboard rose trees, and the one-sided thatched cabins excited in his mind charming poetic visions of ancient pastoral times. Even the ballet dancers, who, upon close inspection, were ordinary mortals enough, were not repulsive to him when he beheld them on the same stage with the beloved of his soul. So certain is it that love, which lends enchantment to rose bowers, myrtle groves, and moonlight, can also impart an appearance of animated nature to fragments of wood and to cuttings of paper. And thus a strong seasoning can lend a flavor to insipid and unpalatable fare.

A seasoning of this kind was in truth necessary that Wilhelm might tolerate the condition in which he usually found both Mariana's apartment and herself.

Brought up in the house of a refined citizen, order and cleanliness were essential elements of his existence, and having inherited a share of his father's love of finery, he had been accustomed, from his earliest years, gorgeously to furnish his own chamber, which he had always considered as his little kingdom. The curtains of his bed were suspended in thick folds, and fastened with tassels such as are used to ornament thrones. A carpet adorned the center of his room and one of a finer quality was placed before his table, and he had so arranged his books and various ornaments that a Dutch painter might have taken good sketches therefrom for drawings of still life. His dress was a white cap, which stood erect like a turban upon his head, and he had caused the arms of his dressing gown to be slashed in the oriental fashion. In justification of this peculiarity, he asserted that long wide sleeves were an impediment to writing. In the evening, when he was alone and no longer apprehended interruption, he usually wore a silk scarf round his body, and he is said to have frequently fixed in his girdle a dagger which he had taken from an old armory, and thus to have studied and rehearsed his tragic characters, and in the same garb, kneeling upon the carpet, to have repeated his prayers.

How happy in those days did he consider the actors whom

he beheld in the possession of such varied and costly wardrobes, accouterments, and arms, and skilled in the unvarying practice of a stately bearing, whose spirit seemed to present a mirror of all that was noble and glorious, according to the opinions and passions of mankind. And thus did Wilhelm form his estimate of an actor's private life; he looked upon it as a succession of exalted pursuits and employments of which the appearance on the boards was the culminating point, just as silver which has been long agitated in the crucible assumes at length a bright and beautiful hue to the eye of the workman, proving that the metal has been finally purified from all impure dross.

He was therefore amazed at first when he found himself in the presence of his love, and looked down through the cloud of bliss by which he was surrounded, upon the tables, chairs, and floor. The fragments of her temporary ornaments, light and false, lay around, like the shining scales of a scraped fish, mixed together in confusion and disorder. Articles appropriated to personal cleanliness, combs, soap, and towels, were no more concealed than the evidences of their use. Music, play books and shoes, washes and Italian flowers, needlecases, hairpins, rouge pots and ribbons, books and straw hats, in no wise ashamed of their proximity to each other, were confounded in an element common alike to all, powder and dust. But as Wilhelm, in her company, thought little of any other object, and as everything which belonged to her, or which she had touched, was hallowed in his eyes, he found at length in this confused system of housekeeping a charm which he had never experienced in the neat arrangements of his economy. When at one time he put away her bodice that he might approach the piano, and at another placed her gown upon the bed that he might provide himself with a chair, he felt as if in all this he were every moment approaching nearer to her, and as if the union between them were being cemented by an invisible bond.

But he could not so easily reconcile with his earlier impressions the conduct of the other actors, whom he sometimes met, when he first visited at her house. Busy with idleness, they appeared to think but little of their calling or profession. He never heard them discuss the poetic merits of a play, or pronounce an opinion upon their value or worthlessness; the only question was, "How much would it bring? Is it a stock piece? How long will it last? How often may it be performed?" with other inquiries and observations of the same nature.

Then they commonly discussed the character of the manager, commenting upon his parsimony, the lowness of his salaries, and his injustice towards particular individuals. They then turned to the public, observing that the latter seldom rewarded the most meritorious actor with their approbation, that the national theater was daily improving, that the professional actor was gradually rising in public esteem according to his true merits, and that he never could be esteemed and honored enough. They also discoursed much of coffeehouses and wine gardens, and of the occurrences there; how much debt one of their comrades had contracted, and what deduction from his pay he must consequently endure; of the inequality of their weekly salaries; and of the cabals of some rival company; then, finally, they would again consider the great and deserved attention of the public towards themselves, not forgetting the influence which the theater was calculated to exercise upon the country and upon the world at large.

All these things, which had formerly cost Wilhelm many a weary hour, thronged again upon his memory, as his steed bore him slowly homewards, and as he revolved in his mind the various incidents which had occurred upon his journey. He had himself actually witnessed the commotion which the elopement of a young maiden can occasion, not only in the family of a respectable citizen, but even in an entire village. The scenes upon the highroad, and at the police office, the sentiments of Melina, and all the various circumstances which had happened, appeared again before him and excited in his keen and anxious mind so much inquietude that he could bear it no longer, but giving spurs to his horse, he hastened towards the city.

But by this course he only encountered new vexations. Werner, his friend and intended brother-in-law, was waiting for him, in order to commence a serious, important, and unexpected conversation.

Werner was one of those tried individuals of firm principles whom we usually designate cold beings, because they are not quickly or visibly excited by the occurrences of life. His intercourse with Wilhelm was one never-ending dispute, which only served however to strengthen their affection, for in spite of discordant dispositions, each derived advantage from his intercourse with the other. Werner was satisfied that he was able to restrain with bit and bridle the superior but somewhat extravagant spirit of Wilhelm, and the latter frequently won a

splendid triumph when he succeeded in carrying his companion with him in his moments of enthusiasm. Thus each found mental exercise in the company of the other, they were accustomed to meet daily, and it might well have been said that their anxiety to converse together was heightened by their utter impossibility to comprehend each other. But in reality, as they were both worthy men, they associated together because they had one common end in view, and neither could ever understand why he could not convert his friend to his own peculiar views.

Werner observed that Wilhelm's visits had for some time back been less frequent, also, that in his favorite subjects of conversation he had become short and inattentive, and that he had ceased to engage in vivid accounts of his own peculiar impressions, things which afford an unmistakable evidence of a mind finding repose and satisfaction in the society of a friend. The precise and thoughtful Werner endeavored first to examine his own conduct for the origin of the fault which he had observed; but certain rumors soon set him on the right track, rumors in fact which some imprudences of Wilhelm soon reduced to certainty. He had commenced an inquiry, and learned that he had for some time past openly visited an actress, that he had conversed with her upon the stage, and had actually accompanied her to her house. He became inconsolable when he was made aware of their nightly meetings, for he understood that Mariana was a seductive girl, who was in all probability extracting money from his friend, whilst she herself was supported by another dissipated lover.

When his suspicions had almost attained certainty, he determined to speak to Wilhelm upon the subject, and had already arranged his plan for the purpose, when the latter returned, disappointed and dejected, from his journey.

Werner that same evening stated to him all that he had learnt, first in a calm tone, and then with the serious earnestness of well-intentioned friendship. He left no topic unexplained, and allowed his friend a full taste of all the bitterness which cold-hearted men can with virtuous malice so abundantly dispense to persons in love. But he effected little, as one may easily imagine. Wilhelm answered with deep emotion, but with perfect self-composure: "You do not know the girl. Appearances are, perhaps, against her, but I am as confident of her faith and virtue as I am of my own love."

Werner adhered to his accusations, and proposed to adduce proofs and witnesses. Wilhelm rejected them, and parted from his friend in a spirit of discontent and sorrow, resembling a man whose decayed but firmly fixed tooth has been seized and vainly pulled at by some unskillful dentist.

Wilhelm was beyond measure distressed that the image of Mariana had been darkened, and almost defaced, in his imagination, first, by the fancies which he had indulged upon his journey, and then by the unfriendliness of Werner. He therefore adopted the most certain means of restoring it in all its pristine purity and beauty, for that very night he hastened along the well-known pathway to find shelter in Mariana's arms. She received him with transports of joy, for as she had seen him pass her house on his way into town, she expected him at nightfall, and we may easily suppose that every doubt was soon effaced from his heart. In truth her tenderness unlocked all his confidence, and he related to her how excessively, not only the public, but even his friend had sinned against her.

Some cheerful conversation led them to advert to the first season of their acquaintance, a recurrence to which topic never fails to form one of the most delightful entertainments of two lovers. The first steps which have introduced us to the labyrinth of love are so pleasant, the first views so captivating, that we always retain them in our memory with delight. Each claims an advantage over the other: each one first felt the pangs of devoted love, and in this contest each would rather appear to be the vanquished than the victor.

Wilhelm repeated to Mariana once more what she had so often heard on the stage, that she had soon succeeded in attracting his attention from the performance to herself, that her figure, her acting, and her voice had so completely captivated him, that at length he only attended those plays in which she performed, that he had often gone behind the scenes, and had stood near her unobserved: and then he spoke with delight of that happy evening upon which he had found an opportunity to render her a service, and to engage her in conversation.

But Mariana denied that she had left him so long unnoticed: she assured him she had often watched him on the promenade, and in evidence thereof she described the dress which he had worn upon those occasions; she assured him that he had attracted her even then more than any other person, and that she had long ardently desired his acquaintance.

How joyfully did Wilhelm believe it all! How easily was he persuaded that when he approached she had felt herself drawn towards him by an irresistible charm, that she had joined him intentionally behind the scenes in order that she might see him nearer and have an opportunity of making his acquaintance, and that at length, when his reserve and bashfulness could not be overcome, she had herself found an opportunity, and compelled him to hand her a glass of lemonade.

The hours passed rapidly away in this endearing contest, for they pursued it through every little circumstance of their romantic attachment, and Wilhelm at length left his beloved, with his tranquillity fully restored, and with the firm resolution of putting his plan in execution without delay.

His father and mother had made the arrangements necessary for his journey, but certain trifling preparations which were still required for his outfit delayed his departure for a few days. Wilhelm availed himself of this time to write a letter to Mariana, with a view of bringing to a decision the business upon which she had hitherto avoided communicating with him. The letter was in these terms: —

"In the sweet obscurity of night, which has so often sheltered me in thine arms, I sit and think and write to thee, and all my thoughts and feelings are wholly thine. O Mariana! I who am the happiest of mortals feel like a bridegroom who stands within the festive chamber, contemplating the new world which will soon open before him, and during the sacred ceremony imagines himself, in deep transport, to stand before the mysterious curtain, from whence the rapture of love whispers out to him.

"I have persuaded myself not to see thee for a few days, and I have found satisfaction for this privation in the hope of soon being forever with thee, of remaining entirely thine. Shall I repeat my wishes? Yes, I feel I must, for it seems as if hitherto thou hadst never understood me.

"How often in that low voice of affection which, whilst it desires to possess all, ventures to utter but little, have I searched in thy heart to discover thy wish for a lasting union. Thou hast certainly understood me. For the same desire must have ripened in thine own heart, and thou must have comprehended me in that kiss, in the balmy peacefulness of that happy evening. I learnt then to value thy modesty, and

how did such a feeling increase my love! When another woman would have acted with artifice, in order to ripen by unnecessary sunshine the resolution of her lover's heart, to induce a proposal and secure a promise, you drew back, silenced the half-expressed intentions of your lover, and sought by an apparent indifference to conceal your real feelings! What a being must I have been had I failed to recognize in such tokens that pure and disinterested affection which cares only for its object. Trust to me and be calm! We belong to each other, and by living for each other, we shall neither of us forsake or lose anything.

"Accept then this hand. With solemnity I offer this unnecessary pledge. Do not make inquiries — cast aside care — fortune protects love; and the more certainly, as love is easily contented.

"My heart has long since abandoned my paternal dwelling. It belongs to thee as truly as my spirit lives upon the stage. Fate allows no other man so to attain his every wish. Sleep abandons my eyes, and like the glow of an ever new Aurora, thy love and thy happiness rise up perpetually before me.

"Scarcely can I prevent myself from rushing to thy side, and constraining thy consent to our union, and commencing on the morrow's dawn my career in the world. But no, I will restrain myself. I will not adopt an ill-advised, rash, and foolish course, my measures are taken and I will execute them calmly.

"I am acquainted with the manager Serlo. The journey I contemplate will lead me directly to him. For a whole year he has wished that his company of actors possessed some portion of my animation and enthusiasm for the stage. Doubtless he will receive me well. More reasons than one forbid that I should join thy company, and Serlo's theater is so far from hence, that I shall be able at first to conceal my project. I shall thus find sufficient to support me at once. I shall make general inquiries, become acquainted with the actors, and return for thee.

"Thou seest, Mariana, what I compel myself to do, in order certainly to obtain thee. Since it can afford me no pleasure to be so long separated from thee, and to know that thou art alone. But when I once more recall thy love, which to me is everything, if thou wilt concede my prayer before we part, and give me thy hand in the eye of heaven, I can go in

peace. Between us it can be but a form, but then a form so sweet — the blessing of heaven joined to the blessing of earth! It can be celebrated sweetly and expeditiously in the Prince's neighboring chapel.

"I have money sufficient to begin with. Let us divide it. It will suffice for both; before it is expended heaven will assist us further.

"Dearest love, I have no apprehension. So joyful a commencement must end happily. I have never doubted that any man who is earnest can succeed in the world; and I feel confidence enough to win a sufficient maintenance for two persons, or for more if necessary. It is often said that the world is ungrateful — for my part I have never yet known it to be thankless when one has discovered the proper mode of rendering it a service. My whole soul is fired at the thought that I shall at last be able to address the hearts of men in a strain which they have long been anxious to hear. A thousand times have I been utterly distressed in my inmost soul, keenly sensitive as I am for the honor of the stage, when I have witnessed the performance of some deluded being who has fancied himself competent to stir the hearts of men with words of power. The very tone of a pipe is more musical and nobler to the ear. It is incredible what profanity men in their utter ignorance can commit.

"The theater has often warred with the pulpit. They should not, I think, be at strife. How ardently I wish that in both, the honor of nature and of God were celebrated by none but noble men. These are not dreams, my love. As thy heart tells me that thou dost love. — I seize the brilliant thought, and I affirm — no, I do not affirm, but I hope and trust, that we shall appear to mankind as a pair of noble spirits, to open their hearts, to move their natures, to present them with heavenly enjoyments, as sure as those joys were heavenly which I have experienced when reclining upon thy bosom, because they withdrew us from ourselves, and exalted us above ourselves.

"I cannot conclude. I have already said too much, and yet I know not whether I have as yet exhausted all that concerns you, for no words can express the tumult which rages in my bosom.

"But accept this letter, my love; I have read and re-read it, and find that I ought to have begun it differently — and yet it

contains all that is needful for thee to know, what must be my course before I can return to thy bosom in the rapture of delicious love. I feel like a prisoner who is secretly engaged in filing off his chains within his dungeon. To my unconscious sleeping parents, I bid good night. Farewell, dearest, farewell! At length I conclude. My eyes have closed repeatedly — it is already far in the night."

The day seemed long, while Wilhelm, with his letter carefully folded in his pocket, felt consumed with anxiety to visit Mariana, and it was scarcely dark when, contrary to his custom, he proceeded stealthily to her dwelling. He had intended to announce himself for the night, and then to leave her for a short time, but he had resolved before his departure to place his letter in her hand, and upon his return at midnight either to obtain her answer and her consent, or to force it from her by the warmth of his caresses. He flew to her arms, and as he pressed himself to her bosom, could scarcely contain himself for joy. The ardor of his own emotions concealed from him at first that she did not receive him with her accustomed cheerfulness ; but as she could not long hide her painful embarrassment, so she pleaded a slight indisposition in excuse. She complained of headache, and would not consent to his proposal to return again at midnight. He suspected no evil, and ceased to insist, but he felt that this was not the moment to deliver his letter. He kept it, therefore, and as her repeated uneasiness and remarks politely suggested the propriety of his departure, in the tumult of insatiable love he seized one of her handkerchiefs, thrust it into his pocket, and reluctantly quitted her embraces and her house. He returned home, but was unable to remain there long; whereupon he dressed himself, and once more went into the air.

After wandering up and down several streets, a stranger accosted him, who inquired the way to a certain hotel. Wilhelm offered to show him the house. The stranger asked the name of the street, and the names of the persons who occupied several large mansions which they passed, and criticised the nature of certain police regulations of the town. They thus became engaged in a highly interesting conversation, when they finally reached the door of the hotel. The stranger compelled his guide to enter to drink a glass of punch ; he then communicated his own name, and the name of his native

town; he also stated the nature of the business which had brought him hither, and requested a similar mark of confidence from Wilhelm. The latter at once mentioned his name, and his place of abode.

"Are you then a relation of that Meister who once possessed a splendid collection of works of art?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes, I am," replied the other. "I was ten years old at the decease of my grandfather, and it grieved me exceedingly to be obliged to witness the sale of so many beautiful objects."

"But your father realized a large sum of money by them."

"You know all about it then?"

"O yes; I visited those treasures whilst they were yet in your house. Your grandfather was not only a collector, but a person well acquainted with art. In his earlier happier years he had been in Italy, and had brought back many treasures with him from that country, which money cannot now procure. He was the owner of some splendid pictures by the best masters. Inspecting his drawings, you could scarcely have believed your eyes. Amongst his collection of marbles were several matchless fragments, he had a set of bronzes instructive and select, his coins were illustrative of art and history, and his few gems were entitled to the highest praise. His whole collection was well arranged, although the rooms and apartments of the old house were not symmetrically built."

"You may imagine how much we children lost when all those treasures were taken down and packed up for removal. It was the first sorrowful moment of my existence. I cannot describe how empty the chambers appeared as we witnessed the several objects disappear one after another, which had delighted us from our childhood, and which we had considered as secure as the house or even as the town itself."

"If I am not mistaken, your father placed the produce of the sale in the hands of a neighbor with whom he commenced a sort of partnership in business."

"Quite right, and their joint speculations succeeded admirably. Within the last twelve years they have largely increased their fortune, and are on that account all the more devoted to business. Old Werner too has a son far more inclined towards such a pursuit than I am."

"I am sorry indeed that this neighborhood has lost such a treasure as your grandfather's cabinet. I saw it shortly before

it was disposed of, and I believe I may say that I was the cause of the sale which took place. A rich nobleman who was a great amateur, but who in so important a matter did not rely upon his own unaided judgment, sent me hither and solicited my advice. During six days I inspected the cabinet, and on the seventh I advised my friend to pay the sum demanded without hesitation. You, who were at that time a lively youth, frequently accompanied me; you explained to me the subjects of the paintings, and were able to give a good account of the whole cabinet."

"I remember such a person, but I should not have recognized him in you."

"It is to be sure a long time ago, and we all change more or less with time. If I remember well, there was a favorite picture of yours in the collection, from which you would scarcely permit me to look away."

"Quite right; it represented the story of the king's son, who pined for love of his father's wife."

"It was not by any means the best picture either in composition, in tone of color, or in treatment."

"Of those qualities I am no judge. I do not understand them. It is the subject which charms me in a picture, not the painter's art."

"Your grandfather was of a different opinion in such matters, for the greater part of his collection consisted of admirable pieces in which one could not help admiring the execution of the artist, let the subjects have been what they might. This identical picture hung in the outermost chamber, a sign that he placed but little value upon it."

"Yes, it was in that spot where we children were always permitted to play, and where this picture made an indelible impression upon me, which not even your criticism, highly as I respect it, would be able to efface, if we only now stood before it. How I pity a youth who is compelled to bury in his bosom the sweet impulse, the blessed inheritance, which nature has imparted to him, and who must conceal within himself that fire which should warm and animate others, so that he consumes away under unspeakable pain! How I pity the unfortunate maiden who is compelled to devote herself to another, when her heart has already found an object worthy of her true and pure affection!"

"But in truth these feelings are very unlike the emotions

by which a lover of art is accustomed to investigate the works of great painters, and probably had the cabinet continued to be the property of your family, a taste for such performances would have sprung up within you, and you would have learnt to consider some other object than yourself and your individual fancies, in estimating works of art."

"Indeed, the sale of that cabinet afflicted me exceedingly, and I have often missed it since, in my more mature years; but when I recollect that the loss was indispensable to the unfolding of a talent within me, which will affect my career more strongly than those inanimate pictures could have done, I feel contented and reverence fate, who knows so well how to accomplish what is good for me and for others."

"It grieves me again to hear that word 'fate' uttered by a youth who is now at the very age when men usually ascribe their ungovernable propensities to the determination of the higher powers."

"Then do you not believe in fate? Is there no power which rules over us and converts everything to our good?"

"The question here is not of my faith, nor is this the place to unfold how I have sought to form an idea of things which are incomprehensible to us all — the question here is only how we may consider them to our greatest advantage. The web of life is woven of necessity and chance. Man's reason stands between them and governs both, treating necessity as the foundation of its being and at the same time guiding the operation of chance to its own advantage, for man only deserves to be called a god of this earth, as long as in the exercise of his reason he stands firm and immovable. Woe then to him who has been accustomed from youth to confound necessity with arbitrary will, and to ascribe to chance a sort of reason, which it seems a kind of religious duty to obey! What is this but to renounce our own judgment and to allow unopposed sway to our inclinations. We deceive ourselves with the belief that it is an act of piety to pursue our course without reflection, to submit to the guidance of agreeable accidents, and finally to dignify the result of such a fluctuating life with the appellation of a heavenly guidance."

"Have you never been in a position where some trifling occurrence has caused you to adopt a certain line of conduct, where some accident has happened to you, and a train of unlooked-for events has finally led to a result which you yourself

could scarcely have foreseen? Should not this inspire a confidence in fate, a trust in some such destiny?"

"With such opinions as these no maiden could preserve her virtue, and no man could keep his money in his purse, since there are opportunities enough for getting rid of both. That mortal alone is worthy of esteem who knows what is advantageous to himself and to others, and who labors to conquer his own self-will. Every man is master of his own happiness, as the artist is of the raw material which he would mold into a certain form. But the art of attaining happiness resembles all other arts, the capacity alone is born within us, — it needs to be cultivated, and practiced with the greatest care."

These and other subjects were discussed between them till at length they separated, without appearing to have precisely convinced each other; but they appointed a place of meeting for the following day.

Wilhelm continued to pursue his course through several streets. At length he heard the sweet echoes of clarionets, of horns, and of bassoons, and his heart beat joyously within him. The sounds proceeded from some traveling musicians, who were playing several delicious airs with admirable taste. He addressed them, and for a small sum of money they agreed to accompany him to Mariana's house. A clump of tall trees ornamented the open space before her dwelling, and under these he placed his serenaders. He himself reclined upon a seat at some distance, and abandoned himself to the influence of the soothing melody, which filled the air in the cool and balmy night. Stretched at length beneath the lovely stars, his whole existence resembled a golden dream. "And she listens to these sweet sounds," he said within his heart, "and she knows whose remembrance of her, whose love, it is that makes the night thus musical; even in absence we are united by these sweet strains, as in every separation we are joined together by the delicious concord of love. Two loving hearts resemble two magnetic needles, the same influence which sways the one directs the other also, for it is only one power which works in both, one feeling that actuates them: clasped in her embrace then can I conceive the possibility of ever being disunited from her? and yet I must leave her, to seek a sanctuary for our love where she may be forever mine. How often has it happened to me during our absence, when my thoughts have been fixed upon her, that I have touched a book, a dress, or

some other object, of hers, it seemed as if I had touched her hand, so completely have I been lost in the apprehension of her presence. And to remember those moments of rapture which have recoiled alike from the light of day, and from the eye of the cold spectator, for the joyful remembrance of which the gods themselves would be content to abandon their happy state of pure felicity, as if the recollection could renew the delight of that cup of joy, which carries our senses beyond this earth, and wraps our souls in the purest bliss of heaven. And her form——" He became lost in contemplation, his peace was converted into longing — he leaned against a tree, and cooled his warm cheek against the bark, whilst the eager night wind wafted away the breath which issued in sighs from the depths of his pure bosom. He sought for the handkerchief which he had taken from her — his search was in vain — he had forgotten it. His lips were parched, and his whole frame trembled with desire.

The music ceased; and it seemed as if he had suddenly descended from the lofty regions to which his emotion had exalted him. His agitation increased as the feelings of his heart were no longer supported and refreshed by the sounds of soothing melody. He took his seat upon the threshold, and became once more tranquil. He kissed the brass knocker of the door, he kissed the entrance over which her feet passed daily, and he warmed it with the pressure of his bosom. Then he sat silent once more for a short time, and his fancy pictured her behind her curtains, attired in the white nightdress with the rose-colored ribbon encircling her head, and he imagined himself so near to her that he thought she must be dreaming of him. His thoughts were lovely like the spirits of the evening, peace and desire rose alternately within him, love ran its tremulous hand in a thousand varying moods over all the chords of his soul, and it seemed as if the music of the spheres remained silent above him, to listen to the soft melody of his heart.

If he had had his master key about him, with which he was accustomed to open Mariana's door, he could not have restrained himself, but would have entered the temple of love. But he retired slowly, and with dreamy steps he turned in among the trees; his object was to proceed homewards, and yet he paused and looked round repeatedly. At length having summoned up resolution, he proceeded forwards, but on reaching the

corner of the street, he turned round once more, when it appeared to him as if Mariana's door opened and a dark figure issued from the house. He was too far off to see distinctly, and before he had time to collect himself and to observe accurately, the figure disappeared in the darkness, but he thought he saw it once more passing before a white house. He stood still and looked eagerly, but before he could determine to pursue the phantom, it had vanished. Through what street had the man gone, if he were a man?

As a person whose path has been suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning immediately afterwards seeks in vain with dazzled eyes to find in the succeeding darkness those forms which had accompanied him and the connection of the road — so all seemed obscure to the vision and to the heart of Wilhelm. And as a midnight spirit which at first creates unspeakable alarm, in the calm moments which succeed is considered only as the child of fear, and the wild apparition creates endless doubt within the soul, in the same manner was Wilhelm overpowered with agitation and suspense, as leaning against a pillar he paid but little heed to the dawning of the morning or the crowing of the cocks, until the early tradespeople began to stir and dismissed him home.

On his way he succeeded in effacing from his imagination his strange illusion by the most satisfactory reasons, but that sweet harmonious stillness of the night, to which he now looked back as to an unreal vision, had also fled. To ease his heart and to impress a seal upon his returning faith in Mariana, he now drew her handkerchief from the pocket of his coat. The rustling of a note which fell caused him to withdraw the handkerchief from his lips — he opened the note and read: —

"By the love I feel for thee, little simpleton, what was the matter last night? I will come to thee this evening. I can well suppose thou art sorry to leave this place, but have patience, I will come for thee before the fair. But listen, do not wear that dark-colored dress any more, it makes thee look like the witch of Endor. Did I not send thee the charming white nightgown, that I might enfold a snowy lambkin in my arms? Always send your notes by the old Sibyl. The devil himself has chosen her for our Iris."

GOETHE IN FRANKFORT

WILHELM AND THE DRAMATIC COMPANY.[1]

By GOETHE.

(From "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.")

Know'st thou the land where the lemon tree blows —
Where deep in the bower the gold orange grows?
Where zephyrs from Heaven die softly away,
And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay?
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
My dearest, my fondest! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the hall with its pillared arcades,
Its chambers so vast and its long colonnades?
Where the statues of marble with features so mild
Ask, "Why have they used thee so harshly, my child?"
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
My guide, my protector! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the Alp which the vapor enshrouds,
Where the bold muleteer seeks his way thro' the clouds?
In the cleft of the mountain the dragon abides,
And the rush of the stream tears the rock from its sides;
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
Leads our way, father — then come, let us flee.

When Wilhelm, on the following morning, searched for Mignon through the house, he was unable to find her; he was informed that she had already gone out with Melina, the latter having risen at an early hour to take possession of the wardrobe and of the other apparatus belonging to the theater.

After the lapse of a few hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. He fancied at first that the harper had returned, but he presently distinguished the notes of a cithern, accompanied by a voice which, as soon as the singing commenced, he recognized to be that of Mignon. Wilhelm opened the door, whereupon the child entered, and sang the song which we have given above.

The melody and expression delighted our friend extremely, although he was not able precisely to understand the words. He caused her to repeat and to explain the stanzas — upon which he wrote them down and translated them into German. But he could only faintly imitate the original turn of the vari-

[1] By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. (Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

ous ideas. The pure simplicity of the thoughts disappeared as the broken phraseology in which they were expressed was rendered uniform, and as the connection of the various parts was thus restored. Moreover, it was impossible to convey any idea of the exquisite nature of the melody.

She commenced each verse in a solemn measured tone, as if she had intended to direct attention to something wonderful, and had some important secret to communicate. At the third line, her voice became lower and fainter — the words, "Know'st thou it?" were pronounced with a mysterious thoughtful expression, and the "Thither, oh, thither!" was uttered with an irresistible feeling of longing, and at every repetition of the words "Let us flee!" she changed her intonation. At one time she seemed to entreat and to implore, and at the next to become earnest and persuasive. After having sung the song a second time, she paused for a moment, and attentively surveying Wilhelm, she asked him, "Know'st thou the land?" "It must be Italy!" he replied, "but where did you learn the sweet little song?" "Italy!" observed Mignon, thoughtfully; "if you are going thither, take me with you, I am too cold here." "Have you ever been there, darling?" asked Wilhelm — but Mignon made no reply, and could not be induced to converse further.

Melina, who now entered, observing the cithern, seemed pleased that it had been so quickly repaired. The instrument had been found amongst the theatrical property, but Mignon had entreated that she might be allowed to keep it, and had carried it to the old harper. She now displayed a degree of skill in its use, for which no one had previously given her credit.

Melina had already taken possession of the theatrical wardrobe, with all its appendages, and some members of the Town Council had promised to obtain permission for him to commence his performances without much loss of time. He accordingly returned to his companions with a glad heart and cheerful countenance. He appeared to have been changed into a new personage — he had grown mild and polite, and was even engaging and attractive. He said he considered himself happy in being able to provide continuous occupation for his friends, who had hitherto been unemployed, and in embarrassed circumstances; but he felt sorry that he was not yet able to reward the excellent actors with whom fortune had provided him,

according to their merits and talents, as he felt it was indispensable that he should in the first place discharge the debt which he owed to his generous friend, Wilhelm.

"I cannot express to you," said Melina to Wilhelm, "how deeply I appreciate the value of your friendship, which has enabled me to undertake the direction of a theater. When I first met you I was indeed in a strange predicament. You will, doubtless, remember how strongly I then expressed my aversion to the theater, and yet, after my marriage, a love for my wife compelled me to seek for an engagement, as she expected to derive both pleasure and applause from such an occupation. I was, however, unsuccessful — that is, I could procure no constant employment — but by good fortune I came in contact with some men of business who needed the occasional assistance of persons skillful with the pen, conversant with the French language, and having some knowledge of accounts. Thus I supported myself for a time, and being adequately remunerated, I was enabled to procure many necessary articles of which I stood in need, and had no reason to feel ashamed of my position. But in a short time my patrons no longer required my services, they could give me no permanent employment; and my wife therefore became more and more anxious that I should resume my connection with the stage, though at present her condition is not the most favorable for her own personal display in public. But I trust that the undertaking which you have enabled me to commence will form a good beginning for myself and for my family, though whatever be the result, I feel that I shall be indebted to you alone for my future happiness."

Wilhelm heard these observations with pleasure, and the whole company of performers were sufficiently satisfied with the promises of their manager; they were secretly overjoyed at their unexpected engagement, and were satisfied at first with a small salary, especially as most of them considered the event itself as a piece of extreme good fortune, which they could hardly have expected to occur. Melina lost no time in availing himself of the temper of his actors — he sounded each of them in private, and changed his tone according to each person's disposition, until, at last, they all agreed to enter into an agreement, without reflecting much upon the nature of the conditions; calculating that they might, under any circumstances, dissolve their contract at the expiration of a month.

The terms were now about to be reduced to writing, and

Wilhelm was engaged in reflecting upon the performance with which he should first attract the public, when a courier suddenly arrived and announced to the Stallmeister that his lord and his suite were immediately expected — whereupon the horses were ordered out without delay.

A traveling carriage well packed with luggage soon drove up to the hotel, and two servants sprang nimbly from the box. Philina, according to her custom, was the first to make her appearance, and had taken her post at the door.

"Who are you?" inquired the Countess, as she entered the hotel.

"An actress, your Excellency!" was the reply, whilst the artful girl, with a modest look and humble countenance, bowed obsequiously and kissed the lady's gown.

The Count, who observed some other persons standing near, and having learned that they were actors, made some inquiries about the strength of the company, their last place of residence, and the name of the manager. "Had they been a French company," he remarked to his wife, "we might have surprised the Prince with an unexpected pleasure, and provided him with his favorite entertainment."

"But it might, perhaps, be as well," observed the Countess, "to engage these people though unfortunately they are only Germans, to perform at the castle whilst the Prince remains with us. They cannot be wholly devoid of talent. A theatrical performance is the best possible amusement for a large company, and the Baron will not fail to support them."

So saying, she ascended the stairs, and Melina soon appeared before them as the manager. "Assemble your company of actors," said the Count, "place them before me, that I may see what is in them. Furnish me, moreover, with a list of the pieces they perform."

With a profound bow, Melina hastened from the apartment, and speedily returned with his company of actors. They advanced in confusion and disorder. Some of them were awkward from their great desire to please, and others were no better, from their air of assumed carelessness. Philina paid great respect to the Countess, who evinced the utmost possible condescension and kindness. The Count, meanwhile, was busily engaged in examining the whole body.

He questioned each of them about his peculiar qualities, admonished Melina that he should be particular in confining

every one to his own department; a piece of advice which the manager received with the greatest deference.

The Count then explained to each of the actors the precise point which he ought particularly to study, how he should seek to improve his action and his attitudes, showing clearly in what points the Germans were usually deficient, and exhibiting such profound knowledge of art that they all stood around in deep humility, and scarcely dared to breathe in the presence of so brilliant a critic and honorable a patron.

"Who is that man in the corner?" inquired the Count, looking at a person who had not yet been presented to him. A lean figure approached, attired in a garb which had seen better days — his coat was patched at the elbows, and a sorry wig covered the head of the humble subject of inquiry.

This man, in whom from the last book of our story, we may recognize the favorite of Philina, was accustomed to act the character of pedants, of schoolmasters and poets, and usually to take those parts where a beating or a ducking was to be endured in the course of the entertainment. It was always his habit to bow in a certain obsequious, ridiculous, and timid manner, and his faltering mode of speech was in complete unison with the characters he performed, and never failed to excite laughter. He was considered a useful member of the company, being upon all occasions active and ready to oblige. He approached the Count in his own peculiar style, saluted him, and answered every inquiry just as he would have done upon the stage. The Count surveyed him for some time with attention and with pleasure, and then addressing the Countess, he exclaimed, "My child, observe this man particularly — I could lay a wager that he is an eminent actor at present, or at least that he is capable of becoming one." The man, hereupon, in the excess of his delight made a ridiculous sort of bow, at which the Count could not refrain from laughing, and observed, "He acts his part to perfection — this man can, doubtless, perform any character he pleases, and it is a pity that he has not hitherto been better employed."

An encomium so unusual was distressing to the other actors. Melina, however, did not share the general feeling, but rather coincided with the Count. He said with a respectful look, "It is indeed too true, and both he and many of us have long needed the proper appreciation of so excellent a judge as we perceive your Excellency to be."

"Is the whole company present?" inquired the Count.

"Several members are absent," replied the artful Melina, "but if we could calculate upon receiving support we should soon be able to complete our company without going far."

During this time Philina remarked to the Countess, "There is a very handsome young man upstairs, who will doubtless soon become a first-rate amateur."

"Why does he not show himself?" inquired the Countess.

"I will call him," answered Philina, and she immediately disappeared.

She found Wilhelm still engaged with Mignon, and she persuaded him to descend. He accompanied her with some reluctance, but curiosity induced him to comply, for having heard that some persons of rank had arrived, he was anxious to know something further about them. When he entered the apartment, his eyes at once encountered the look of the Countess, which was fixed upon him. Philina presented him to the lady, whilst the Count in the mean time was engaged with the rest of the company. Wilhelm bowed respectfully, but it was not without embarrassment that he answered the various inquiries of the charming Countess. Her beauty and youth, her grace and elegance, as well as her accomplished manners, produced the most delightful impression upon him, especially as her conversation and her looks were somewhat timid and embarrassed. Wilhelm was presented to the Count likewise, but the latter bestowed less attention upon him, but turning to the window where his lady was standing, he appeared to make some inquiries of her. It was easy to perceive that they agreed perfectly in opinion, and that she sought by her earnest entreaties to confirm him in his intentions, whatever they might be.

He turned soon afterwards to the company and said, "I cannot stay any longer at the present moment, but I will send a friend to you, and if you are moderate in your demands and will exert yourselves to the utmost, I have no objection that you should perform at the castle."

The whole company testified their joy at this announcement, and in particular Philina, who thereupon kissed the hand of the Countess with the greatest emotion. "See, little one!" said the Countess, at the same time patting the cheek of the light-hearted girl, "See, child, you must visit me again; I will keep my promise to you, but in the mean time you must dress yourself better." Philina observed, by way of excuse, that she had

not much money to spend upon her wardrobe, whereupon the Countess ordered her maid to give her an English bonnet and a silk handkerchief, articles which could be unpacked without difficulty. The Countess herself arranged them on Philina, who continued very cleverly both by her conduct and demeanor to support her claims to a saintlike sinless character.

The Count took his lady's hand and conducted her downstairs. As she passed the company she saluted them all in the most gracious manner, and turning to Wilhelm, she said to him in the kindest way, "We shall soon meet again."

The company felt cheered by these happy prospects, and each one allowed free scope to his hopes, to his wishes, and his fancies, suggested the character which he would like to perform, and spoke of the applause which he expected to receive. Melina in the mean time was considering whether he could not manage by means of a few hasty performances to extract a little money from the inhabitants of the town, and so to afford his company an opportunity for practicing their parts. Some of the others in the mean time made their way to the kitchen, where they ordered a better dinner than they had lately been accustomed to enjoy.

After a few days the Baron arrived, and Melina received him with some little trepidation. The Count had announced him as a critic, and the whole company apprehended that he might soon discover their inefficiency, and perceive that they were not a regular company of actors, as in point of fact they were scarcely able to perform a single play properly; but the fears of the manager and of the others were soon allayed upon finding that the Baron patronized the stage of his native land, and always gave a cordial welcome to every member of the profession. He saluted them with dignity, and expressed the happiness he felt in meeting so unexpectedly with a German company, in becoming connected with them, and in introducing the native Muses to the castle of his relative. He then drew a manuscript from his pocket, whereupon Melina fancied he was about to read the terms of the contract; but it turned out to be something of a wholly different nature. The Baron requested that they would listen attentively whilst he read to them a play of his own composing, which he was anxious they should perform. They at once formed a circle round him and

seemed delighted at the prospect of so easily securing the friendship of so important a patron, but they could not help feeling a simultaneous shudder at the thickness of the manuscript. They had good reason for their apprehensions, for the play consisted of five acts, and every act seemed interminable.

The hero of the piece was distinguished for his virtue and generosity, but was a misunderstood and persecuted man; finally, however, he proved victorious over his enemies, from whom the strictest poetical justice would have been exacted if he had not pardoned them upon the spot.

During the rehearsal of this piece, each of the audience found occasion to reflect upon his own particular circumstances, to recover from his previous depression of spirits, and to experience a sensation of the happiest self-contentment at the pleasant prospects which were opening in the future. Those who found no characters in the piece adapted for themselves, silently condemned the composition, and considered the Baron as an unsuccessful author, whilst, on the other hand, those who discovered an occasional passage which they thought would elicit the applause of an audience praised it in the most extravagant manner, and thus abundantly satisfied the vanity of the author.

The business was soon completed. Melina succeeded in concluding a most profitable engagement with the Baron, which he carefully concealed from the other members of the company.

In the course of conversation Melina mentioned Wilhelm's name to the Baron, described him as possessing qualities for dramatic composition and talents for succeeding as an actor. The Baron immediately sought Wilhelm's acquaintance as a colleague, and Wilhelm thereupon produced some small pieces of his own composition which with a few other trifles had escaped on that day when he had committed the greater part of his writings to the flames. The Baron praised not only the pieces, but Wilhelm's recitation of them, and he took it for granted that the latter would join the others in their visit to the castle, promising upon his departure that they should all experience the greatest hospitality, enjoy comfortable quarters, good fare, and receive an abundance of applause and of presents, to which Melina added the promise of a small pecuniary donation as pocket money.

We may conjecture how the spirits of the company were

revived by this visit. All parties were relieved from the apprehension of poverty and misfortune, and they were restored to the hope of honor and enjoyment. They lost no time in practically realizing their expectations, and they all from that moment considered it discreditable to keep a single farthing in their purse.

Wilhelm was in the mean time considering with himself whether he ought not to accompany the others to the castle, and for more than one reason he determined to do so. Melina hoped that this advantageous engagement would enable him to pay off a part of his debt, and Wilhelm, whose great object was to study mankind, felt unwilling to lose such an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the great world where he trusted to acquire so much experience of life in general, as well as of himself and of dramatic art. He was unwilling to admit his extreme desire to find himself once more in company with the beautiful Countess. He wished rather to impress upon himself the great value of becoming acquainted with persons in an exalted sphere of life. His mind was filled with visions of the Count, the Countess, and the Baron, he thought of the ease, the grace, and the propriety of their manners, and when he found himself alone, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Happy, thrice happy they who are raised by their birth above the lower ranks of mankind, who never even in a transient manner experience those difficulties which oppress many good men during the whole course of their lives. From their exalted position their view is extensive and commanding, and each step of their progress in life is easy. From the moment of their birth they embark as it were in a ship, and in the voyage of life which we all have to make, they profit by the favorable breeze, and overcome the adverse gale, more fortunate than others, who are condemned to waste their strength in swimming, deriving no advantage from the prosperous wind, and who when the storm arises become exhausted, and miserably perish. What ease, what a natural grace is theirs, who are born to hereditary fortune! How secure is mercantile enterprise when established on the basis of a solid capital, when the failure of some chance speculations cannot reduce the whole to ruin! Who can better understand the value and the worthlessness of earthly things than he who has enjoyed them from his youth, — who can earlier train his spirit to the pursuit of the useful, the necessary, and the true than he who is able to correct his

errors at an age when his strength is fresh to commence a new career!"

In such terms did Wilhelm congratulate the denizens of the higher regions, and not them only, but all who were privileged to approach their circle and to draw comfort from their fountain of refreshment. And he thanked his destiny for the prospect he saw before him of ascending to those spheres.

In the mean time Melina had taken much trouble to arrange the company according to the talents of each actor, that each might produce his proper effect. But when in pursuance of his own views and of the Count's commands, he had made many exertions for this purpose, he was obliged to feel satisfied when he came to execute his plans, with permitting the actors to take those parts for which they deemed themselves best adapted. In general therefore Laertes played the lover, Philina the attendant, whilst the two young ladies divided between them the characters of artless tender maidens — but the boisterous old man played his part the best. Melina considered himself competent to act the cavalier, whilst his wife to her great disappointment was forced to content herself with the character of a young wife or an affectionate mother; and as the modern plays rarely introduce the poet or the pedant in a ridiculous point of view, the Count's favorite usually personated a president or a minister of state, and they were generally represented as knaves and severely handled in the fifth act. Melina also as chamberlain or chamberlain's assistant took pleasure in repeating the absurdities which some worthy German authors introduce into certain plays — he was partial to these characters, because they afforded him an opportunity for assuming a fashionable dress, and practicing the airs of a courtier, which he fancied he could play with great perfection.

The company was soon joined by some other actors who arrived from different parts of the neighborhood, and who were engaged without undergoing a very strict examination, and without having to submit to very burdensome conditions.

Wilhelm, who had been more than once vainly entreated by Melina to perform as an amateur, evinced the greatest interest for the success of the enterprise, without however receiving the slightest recognition of his services from the new director. The latter indeed seemed to imagine that the assumption of his new office imparted to him the necessary qualities for filling it properly. The task of abbreviating the performances seemed

one of his most agreeable pursuits, and his skill herein enabled him to reduce any piece to the regular measure of time, without regarding any other consideration. He was warmly supported, the public seemed delighted, and the most refined classes in the town maintained that even the court theater was not so well managed as theirs.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

By GEORGE CRABBE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 4496.]

Drawn by the annual call, we now behold
Our Troop Dramatic, heroes known of old,
And those, since last they marched, enlisted and enrolled:
Mounted on hacks or borne in wagons some,
The rest on foot (the humbler brethren) come.
Three favored places, an unequal time,
Join to support this company sublime:
Ours for the longer period — see how light
Yon parties move, their former friends in sight,
Whose claims are all allowed, and friendship glads the night.
Now public rooms shall sound with words divine,
And private lodgings hear how heroes shine;
No talk of pay shall yet on pleasure steal,
But kindest welcome bless the friendly meal;
While o'er the social jug and decent cheer,
Shall be described the fortunes of the year.
Peruse these bills, and see what each can do, —
Behold the prince, the slave, the monk, the Jew;
Change but the garment, and they'll all engage
To take each part, and act in every age:
Culled from all houses, what a house are they!
Swept from all barns, our Borough critics say;
But with some portion of a critic's ire,
We all endure them; there are some admire;
They might have praise confined to farce alone;
Full well they grin, they should not try to groan;
But then our servants' and our seamen's wives
Love all that rant and rapture as their lives:
He who Squire Richard's part could well sustain,
Finds as King Richard he must roar amain —

"My horse! my horse!" — Lo! now to their abodes,
Come lords and lovers, empresses and gods.
The master mover of these scenes has made
No trifling gain in this adventurous trade;
Trade we may term it, for he duly buys
Arms out of use and undirected eyes;
These he instructs, and guides them as he can,
And vends each night the manufactured man:
Long as our custom lasts they gladly stay,
Then strike their tents, like Tartars! and away!
The place grows bare where they too long remain,
But grass will rise ere they return again.

Children of Thespes, welcome! knights and queens!
Counts! barons! beauties! when before your scenes,
And mighty monarchs thund'ring from your throne;
Then step behind, and all your glory's gone:
Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,
The pomp is vanished and the care is left.
Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,
When the full house secures the plenteous meal;
Flatt'ring and flattered, each attempts to raise
A brother's merits for a brother's praise:
For never hero shows a prouder heart,
Than he who proudly acts a hero's part;
Nor without cause; the boards, we know, can yield
Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.

Graceful to tread the stage, to be in turn
The prince we honor, and the knave we spurn;
Bravely to bear the tumult of the crowd,
The hiss tremendous, and the censure loud:
These are their parts, — and he who these sustains
Deserves some praise and profit for his pains.
Heroes at least of gentler kind are they,
Against whose swords no weeping widows pray,
No blood their fury sheds, nor havoc marks their way.

Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warned by misery, not enriched by gain:
Whom Justice, pitying, chides from place to place,
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain
Of tragic woe feel spirits light and vain,

Distress and hope — the mind's the body's wear,
The man's affliction, and the actor's tear:
Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.
Slaves though ye be, your wand'ring freedom seems,
And with your varying views and restless schemes,
Your griefs are transient, as your joys are dreams.
Yet keen those griefs — ah! what avail thy charms,
Fair Juliet! with that infant in thine arms;
What those heroic lines thy patience learns,
What all the aid thy present Romeo earns,
Whilst thou art crowded in that lumbering wain
With all thy plaintive sisters to complain?
Nor is their lack of labor — To rehearse,
Day after day, poor scraps of prose and verse;
To bear each other's spirit, pride, and spite;
To hide in rant the heartache of the night;
To dress in gaudy patchwork, and to force
The mind to think on the appointed course; —
This is laborious, and may be defined
The bootless labor of the thriftless mind.
There is a veteran dame: I see her stand
Intent and pensive with her book in hand;
Awhile her thoughts she forces on her part,
Then dwells on objects nearer to the heart;
Across the room she paces, gets her tone,
And fits her features for the Danish throne;
To-night a queen — I mark her motion slow,
I hear her speech, and Hamlet's mother know.
Methinks 'tis pitiful to see her try
For strength of arms and energy of eye;
With vigor lost, and spirits worn away,
Her pomp and pride she labors to display;
And when awhile she's tried her part to act,
To find her thoughts arrested by some fact;
When struggles more and more severe are seen,
In the plain actress than the Danish queen, —
At length she feels her part, she finds delight,
And fancies all the plaudits of the night;
Old as she is, she smiles at every speech,
And thinks no youthful part beyond her reach.
But as the mist of vanity again
Is blown away, by press of present pain,
Sad and in doubt she to her purse applies
For cause of comfort, where no comfort lies:

Then to her task she sighing turns again —
"Oh! Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!"
And who that poor, consumptive, withered thing,
Who strains her slender throat and strives to sing?
Panting for breath, and forced her voice to drop,
And far unlike the inmate of the shop,
Where she, i youth and health, alert and gay,
Laughed off at night the labors of the day;
With novels, verses, fancy's fertile powers,
And sister converse passed the evening hours;
But Cynthia's soul was soft, her wishes strong,
Her judgment weak, and her conclusions wrong:
The morning call and counter were her dread,
And her contempt the needle and the thread;
But when she read a gentle damsel's part,
Her woe, her wish! she had them all by heart.
At length the hero of the boards drew nigh,
Who spake of love till sigh reëchoed sigh;
He told in honeyed words his deathless flame,
And she his own by tender vows became;
Nor ring nor license needed souls so fond,
Alfonso's passion was his Cynthia's bond:
And thus the simple girl, to shame betrayed,
Sinks to the grave forsaken and dismayed.
Sick without pity, sorrowing without hope,
See her! the grief and scandal of the troop;
A wretched martyr to a childish pride,
Her woe insulted, and her praise denied;
Her humble talents, though derided, used;
Her prospects lost, her confidence abused;
All that remains — for she not long can brave
Increase of evils — is an early grave.
Ye gentle Cynthias of the shop, take heed
What dreams ye cherish, and what books ye read!

SKETCHES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LIFE.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

(From the "Waverley Novels.")

[Sir Walter Scott: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the

first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

Dandie Dinmont.

[A sketch of a Border Farmer and of his sports. The farmer is still a hard rider to hounds.]

Without noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary sylvan amusements of shooting and coursing, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with barbed spears, or a sort of long-shafted trident, called a *waster*, is much practiced at the mouth of the Esk, and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night, but most commonly in the latter, when the fish are discovered by means of torches, or fire grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar barrels, which shed a strong though partial light upon the water. On the present occasion, the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restraint of a mill weir, while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavored to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large rocks, attempted to conceal themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indications; the twinkling of a fin, the raising of an air bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapon.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it; but as Brown was not practiced to use the spear, he soon

tired of making efforts which were attended with no other consequences than jarring his arms against the rocks at the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he often bestowed his blow. Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon, as they lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood. He therefore requested to be put ashore, and, from the top of a *heugh*, or broken bank, enjoyed the scene much more to his satisfaction. Often he thought of his friend Dudley, the artist, when he observed the effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters like those which, according to the legends of the country, the water kelpie sends for the purpose of indicating the watery grave of his victims. Then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank, and rock, and tree, visible as it passed, tingeing them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed by the same red glare, into a color which might have befitted the regions of Pandemonium.

Having amused himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled homewards towards the farmhouse, gazing in his way at the persons engaged in the sport, two or three of whom are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it affords to strike their prey. As he observed one man struggling with a very weighty salmon which he had speared, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his exertions. The man who held the torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose sulky demeanor Brown had already noticed with surprise.

"Come here, sir! come here, sir! look at this ane! He turns up a side like a sow." Such was the cry from the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

"Ground the waster weel, man! ground the waster weel! — haud him down — ye haena the pith o' a cat!" — were the cries of advice, encouragement, and expostulation, from those

who were on the bank, to the sportsman engaged with the salmon, who stood up to his middle in water, jingling among broken ice, struggling against the force of the fish and the strength of the current, and dubious in what manner he should attempt to secure his booty. As Brown came to the edge of the bank, he called out — "Hold up your torch, friend huntsman!" for he had already distinguished his dusky features by the strong light cast upon them by the blaze. But the fellow no sooner heard his voice, and saw, or rather concluded, it was Brown who approached him, than, instead of advancing his light, he let it drop, as if accidentally, into the water.

"The deil's in Gabriel!" said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-blazing, half-sparkling, but soon extinguished, down the stream — "the deil's in the man! — I'll never master him without the light — and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never reisted abune a pair o' cleeks." Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed in safety.

The behavior of the huntsman struck Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently did, shun his observation. Could it be one of the footpads he had encountered a few days before? The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make upon the man's figure and face. To be sure, the villains wore their hats much slouched, and had loose coats, and their size was not in any way so peculiarly discriminated as to enable him to resort to that criterion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmont on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it were best to defer the explanation until a cool hour in the morning

The sportsmen returned loaded with fish, upwards of one hundred salmon having been killed within the range of their sport. The best were selected for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cotters, dependents, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turf smoke of their cabins, or shealings, formed a savory addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which was the principal part of their winter food. In the mean while, a liberal distribution of ale and whisky was made among them, besides what was called a kettle of fish, — two or

three salmon, namely, plunged into a caldron, and boiled for their supper. Brown accompanied his jolly landlord and the rest of his friends into the large and smoky kitchen, where this savory mess reeked on an oaken table, massive enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merry men. All was hearty cheer and huzza, and jest and clamorous laughter and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveler looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox hunter; but it was nowhere to be seen. At length he hazarded a question concerning him. "That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish."

"Awkward!" returned a shepherd, looking up (the same stout young fellow who had speared the salmon), "he deserved his paiks for't — to put out the light when the fish was on ane's witters! — I'm weel convinced Gabriel drapped the roughies in the water on purpose — he doesna like to see onybody do a thing better than himsel'."

"Ay," said another, "he's sair shamed o' himsel', else he would have been up here the night — Gabriel likes a little o' the gude thing as weel as ony o' us."

"Is he of this country?" said Brown.

"Na, na, he's been but shortly in office; but he's a fell hunter — he's frae down the country, some gate on the Dumfries side."

"And what's his name, pray?"

"Gabriel."

"But Gabriel what?"

"Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folks after-names muckle here, they run sae muckle into clans."

"Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising and speaking very slow, "the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots, and sic like — twa or three given names — and so, for distinction's sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at — as for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, and our good master here, o' the Charlies-hope. — Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye'll observe, are kend by sorts o' by-names some o' them, as Glaiket Christie, and the Deuke's Davie, or maybe, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment; as for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think onybody kens him by ony other name. But it's no right

to rin him doon ahint his back, for he's a fell fox hunter, though he's maybe no just sae clever as some o' the folk hereawa' wi' the waster."

After some further desultory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy themselves, unawed by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlies-hope, was spent in much innocent mirth and conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge of riot, but for the good women; for several of the neighboring *mistresses* (a phrase of a signification how different from what it bears in more fashionable life!) had assembled at Charlies-hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch bowl was so often replenished that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in valorously upon the recreant revelers, headed by our good mistress Ailie, so that Venus speedily routed Bacchus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter hunt the next day, and a badger baiting the day after, consumed the time merrily. — I hope our traveler will not sink in the reader's estimation, sportsman though he may be, when I inform him that on this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fore foot, and Mustard the second had been nearly throttled, he begged as a particular and personal favor of Mr. Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defense, should be permitted to retire to his earth without further molestation.

The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other person, was contented, in Brown's case, to express the utter extremity of his wonder. "Weel," he said, "that's queer eneuch! — But since ye take his part, deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day — we'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the captain's brock — and I'm sure I'm glad I can do onything to oblige you — but, Lord save us, to care about a brock!"

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel and the hospitality of Charlies-hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate and a favorite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure, and he was obliged to promise twenty

times that he would soon return and play over all their favorite tunes upon the flageolet till they had got them by heart. "Come back again, captain," said one little sturdy fellow, "and Jenny will be your wife." Jenny was about eleven years old: she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

"Captain, come back," said a little fat roll-about girl of six, holding her mouth up to be kissed, "and I'll be your wife my ainsel'."

"They must be of harder mold than I," thought Brown, "who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference." The good dame, too, with matron modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest — "It's little the like of us can do," she said, "little indeed — but yet — if there were but onything ——"

"Now, my dear Mrs. Dinmont, you embolden me to make a request — would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a gray plaid as the goodman wears?" He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

"A tait o' woo' would be scarce amang us," said the gudewife, brightening, "if ye shouldna hae that, and as gude a tweel as ever cam aff a pirn. I'll speak to Johnnie Goodsire, the weaver at the Castletown, the morn. Fare ye weel, sir! — and may ye be just as happy yoursel' as ye like to see a'body else — and that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention that our traveler left his trusty attendant Wasp to be a guest at Charlies-hope for a season. He foresaw that he might prove a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and concealment might be necessary. He was therefore consigned to the care of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,

and that he should be engaged in none of those perilous pastimes in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now prepared for his journey, having taken a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favor of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of

surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when twenty thousand horsemen assembled at the light of the beacon fires. But the truth is undeniable; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced that any one chooses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly, Dinmont insisted upon mounting his guest, and accompanying him on horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfriesshire, where he had directed his baggage to be sent, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended journey towards Woodbourne, the residence of Julia Mannering.

Upon the way he questioned his companion concerning the character of the fox hunter; but gained little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinmont was making the round of the Highland fairs. "He was a shake-rag like fellow," he said, "and, he dared to say, had gypsy blood in his veins; but at ony rate, he was nane o' the smacks that had been on their quarters in the moss — he would ken them weel if he saw them again. There are some no bad folk amang the gypsies too, to be sic a gang," added Dandie; "if ever I see that auld randle tree of a wife again, I'll gie her something to buy tobacco — I have a great notion she meant me very fair after a'."

When they were about finally to part, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, "Captain, the woo's sae weel up the year, that it's paid a' the rent, and we have naething to do wi' the rest o' the siller when Ailie has had her new gown, and the bairns their bits o' duds — now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it's ower muckle to ware on brandy and sugar — now I have heard that you army gentlemen can sometimes buy yoursel's up a step; and if a hundred or twa would help ye on such an occasion, the bit scrape o' your pen would be as good to me as the siller, and ye might just take yere ain time o' settling it — it wad be a great convenience to me." Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favor, thanked his grateful friend most heartily, and assured him he would have recourse to his purse, without scruple, should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

The End of an Auld Song.

[The last visit of Prince Charles (Charles III.) to cause a rising. The date must be after 1766. Redgauntlet is the chief of the detected conspiracy. The scene is not historical, though the prince not unfrequently visited England, and even walked in St. James' and the Park undetected.]

"Do not concern yourself about me," said the unfortunate prince; "this is not the worst emergency in which it has been my lot to stand; and if it were, I fear it not. Shift for yourselves, my lords and gentlemen."

"No, never!" said the young Lord ——. "Our only hope now is in an honorable resistance."

"Most true," said Redgauntlet; "let despair renew the union amongst us which accident disturbed. I give my voice for displaying the royal banner instantly, and — How now?" he concluded sternly, as Lilias, first soliciting his attention by pulling his cloak, put into his hand the scroll, and added, it was designed for that of Nixon.

Redgauntlet read — and, dropping it on the ground, continued to stare upon the spot where it fell with raised hands and fixed eyes. Sir Richard Glendale lifted the fatal paper, read it, and saying, "Now all is indeed over," handed it to Maxwell, who said aloud, "Black Colin Campbell, by God! I heard he had come post from London last night."

As if in echo to his thoughts the violin of the blind man was heard playing with spirit, "The Campbells are Coming," a celebrated clan march.

"The Campbells are coming in earnest," said MacKellar; "they are upon us with the whole battalion from Carlisle."

There was a silence of dismay, and two or three of the company began to drop out of the room.

Lord —— spoke with the generous spirit of a young English nobleman. "If we have been fools, do not let us be cowards. We have one here more precious than us all, and come hither on our warranty — let us save him at least."

"True, most true," answered Sir Richard Glendale. "Let the King be first cared for."

"That shall be my business," said Redgauntlet; "if we have but time to bring back the brig, all will be well — I will instantly dispatch a party in a fishing skiff to bring her to." — He gave his commands to two or three of the most active among his followers. — "Let him be once on board," he said,

"and there are enough of us to stand to arms and cover his retreat."

"Right, right," said Sir Richard, "and I will look to points which can be made defensible; and the old powder-plot boys could not have made a more desperate resistance than we shall. — Redgauntlet," continued he, "I see some of our friends are looking pale; but methinks your nephew has more mettle in his eye now than when we were in cold deliberation, with danger at a distance."

"It is the way of our house," said Redgauntlet; "our courage ever kindles highest on the losing side. I, too, feel that the catastrophe I have brought on must not be survived by its author. Let me first," he said, addressing Charles, "see your Majesty's sacred person in such safety as can now be provided for it, and then ——"

"You may spare all considerations concerning me, gentlemen," again repeated Charles, "yon mountain of Criffel shall fly as soon as I will."

Most threw themselves at his feet with weeping and entreaty; some one or two slunk in confusion from the apartment and were heard riding off. Unnoticed in such a scene, Darsie, his sister, and Fairford drew together, and held each other by the hands as those who, when a vessel is about to founder in the storm, determine to take their chance of life and death together.

Amid this scene of confusion, a gentleman, plainly dressed in a riding habit, with a black cockade in his hat, but without any arms except a *couteau de chasse*, walked into the apartment without ceremony. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a look and bearing decidedly military. He had passed through their guards, if in the confusion they now maintained any, without stop or question, and now stood almost unarmed among armed men, who, nevertheless, gazed on him as on the angel of destruction.

"You look coldly on me, gentlemen," he said. "Sir Richard Glendale — my Lord ——, we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? and you too, Ingoldsby — I must not call you by any other name — why do you receive an old friend so coldly? But you guess my errand."

"And are prepared for it, General," said Redgauntlet; "we are not men to be penned up like sheep for the slaughter."

"Pshaw! you take it too seriously — let me speak but one word with you."

"No words can shake our purpose," said Redgauntlet, "were your whole command, as I suppose is the case, drawn round the house."

"I am certainly not unsupported," said the general; "but if you would hear me ——"

"Hear *me*, sir," said the Wanderer, stepping forward; "I suppose I am the mark you aim at — I surrender myself willingly, to save these gentlemen's danger — let this at least avail in their favor."

An exclamation of "Never, never!" broke from the little body of partisans, who threw themselves round the unfortunate prince, and would have seized or struck down Campbell, had it not been that he remained with his arms folded, and a look rather indicating impatience because they would not hear him than the least apprehension of violence at their hand.

At length he obtained a moment's silence. "I do not," he said, "know this gentleman" (making a profound bow to the unfortunate prince), — "I do not wish to know him; it is a knowledge which would suit neither of us."

"Our ancestors, nevertheless, have been well acquainted," said Charles, unable to suppress, even at that hour of dread and danger, the painful recollections of fallen royalty.

"In one word, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "is it to be peace or war? — You are a man of honor, and we can trust you."

"I thank you, sir," said the general; "and I reply that the answer to your question rests with yourself. Come, do not be fools, gentlemen; there was perhaps no great harm meant or intended by your gathering together in this obscure corner for a bear bait or a cockfight, or whatever other amusement you may have intended, but it was a little imprudent considering how you stand with government, and it has occasioned some anxiety. Exaggerated accounts of your purpose have been laid before government by the information of a traitor in your own counsels; and I was sent down post to take the command of a sufficient number of troops in case these calumnies should be found to have any real foundation. I have come here, of course, sufficiently supported both with cavalry and infantry to do whatever might be necessary; but my commands are — and I am sure they agree with my inclination — to make no arrests,

nay, to make no further inquiries of any kind, if this good assembly will consider their own interest so far as to give up their immediate purpose and return quietly home to their own houses."

"What! — all?" exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale — "all, without exception?"

"ALL, without one single exception," said the general; "such are my orders. If you accept my terms, say so and make haste; for things may happen to interfere with his Majesty's kind purposes towards you all."

"His Majesty's kind purposes!" said the Wanderer. "Do I hear you aright, sir?"

"I speak the King's very words from his very lips," replied the general. "'I will,' said his Majesty, 'deserve the confidence of my subjects by reposing my security in the fidelity of the millions who acknowledge my title — in the good sense and prudence of the few who continue, from the errors of education, to disown it.' — His Majesty will not even believe that the most zealous Jacobites who yet remain can nourish a thought of exciting a civil war, which must be fatal to their families and themselves, besides spreading bloodshed and ruin through a peaceful land. He cannot even believe of his kinsman, that he would engage brave and generous, though mistaken, men in an attempt which must ruin all who have escaped former calamities; and he is convinced that, did curiosity or any other motive lead that person to visit this country, he would soon see it was his wisest course to return to the Continent; and his Majesty compassionates his situation too much to offer any obstacle to his doing so."

"Is this real?" said Redgauntlet. "Can you mean this? — Am I — are all, are any of these gentlemen at liberty, without interruption, to embark in yonder brig, which, I see, is now again approaching the shore?"

"You, sir — all — any of the gentlemen present," said the general — "all whom the vessel can contain are at liberty to embark uninterrupted by me; but I advise none to go off who have not powerful reasons unconnected with the present meeting, for this will be remembered against no one."

"Then, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet, clasping his hands together as the words burst from him, "the cause is lost forever!"

General Campbell turned away to the window, as if to

avoid hearing what they said. Their consultation was but momentary; for the door of escape which thus opened was as unexpected as the exigence was threatening.

"We have your word of honor for our protection," said Sir Richard Glendale, "if we dissolve our meeting in obedience to your summons?"

"You have, Sir Richard," answered the general.

"And I also have your promise," said Redgauntlet, "that I may go on board yonder vessel, with any friend whom I may choose to accompany me?"

"Not only that, Mr. Ingoldsby — or I *will* call you Mr. Redgauntlet once more — you may stay in the offing for a tide until you are joined by any person who may remain at Fairladies. After that there will be a sloop of war on the station, and I need not say your condition will then become perilous."

"Perilous it should not be, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "or more perilous to others than to us, if others thought as I do even in this extremity."

"You forget yourself, my friend," said the unhappy Adventurer; "you forget that the arrival of this gentleman only puts the copestone on our already adopted resolution to abandon our bullfight, or by whatever other wild name this headlong enterprise may be termed. I bid you farewell, unfriendly friends — I bid *you* farewell" (bowing to the general), "my friendly foe — I leave this strand as I landed upon it, alone and to return no more!"

"Not alone," said Redgauntlet, "while there is blood in the veins of my father's son."

"Not alone," said the other gentlemen present, stung with feelings which almost overpowered the better reasons under which they had acted. "We will not disown our principles, or see your person endangered."

"If it be only your purpose to see the gentleman to the beach," said General Campbell, "I will myself go with you. My presence among you, unarmed and in your power, will be a pledge of my friendly intentions, and will overawe, should such be offered, any interruption on the part of officious persons."

"Be it so," said the Adventurer, with the air of a prince to a subject, not of one who complied with the request of an enemy too powerful to be resisted.

They left the apartment — they left the house — an unau-

thenticated and dubious, but appalling, sensation of terror had already spread itself among the inferior retainers, who had so short time before strutted, and bustled, and thronged the doorway and the passages. A report had arisen, of which the origin could not be traced, of troops advancing towards the spot in considerable numbers; and men who for one reason or other were most of them amenable to the arm of power had either shrunk into stables or corners or fled the place entirely. There was solitude on the landscape excepting the small party which now moved towards the rude pier, where a boat lay manned, agreeably to Redgauntlet's orders previously given.

The last heir of the Stuarts leant on Redgauntlet's arm as they walked towards the beach; for the ground was rough, and he no longer possessed the elasticity of limb and of spirit which had, twenty years before, carried him over many a highland hill as light as one of their native deer. His adherents followed, looking on the ground, their feelings struggling against the dictates of their reason.

General Campbell accompanied them with an air of apparent ease and indifference, but watching at the same time, and no doubt with some anxiety, the changing features of those who acted in this extraordinary scene.

Darsie and his sister naturally followed their uncle, whose violence they no longer feared, while his character attracted their respect, and Alan Fairford attended them from interest in their fate, unnoticed in a party where all were too much occupied with their own thoughts and feelings, as well as with the impending crisis, to attend to his presence.

Halfway betwixt the house and the beach they saw the bodies of Nanty Ewart and Cristal Nixon blackening in the sun.

"That was your informer?" said Redgauntlet, looking back to General Campbell, who only nodded his assent.

"Caitiff wretch!" exclaimed Redgauntlet; — "and yet the name were better bestowed on the fool who could be misled by thee."

"That sound broadsword cut," said the general, "has saved us the shame of rewarding a traitor."

They arrived at the place of embarkation. The prince stood a moment with folded arms, and looked around him in deep silence. A paper was then slipped into his hands — he

looked at it and said, "I find the two friends I have left at Fairladies are apprised of my destination, and propose to embark from Bowness. I presume this will not be an infringement of the conditions under which you have acted?"

"Certainly not," answered General Campbell; "they shall have all facility to join you."

"I wish, then," said Charles, "only another companion. Redgauntlet, the air of this country is as hostile to you as it is to me. These gentlemen have made their peace, or rather they have done nothing to break it. But you — come you and share my home where chance shall cast it. We shall never see these shores again; but we will talk of them and of our disconcerted bullfight."

"I follow you, sire, through life," said Redgauntlet, "as I would have followed you to death. Permit me one moment."

The prince then looked round, and seeing the abashed countenances of his other adherents bent upon the ground he hastened to say, "Do not think that you, gentlemen, have obliged me less, because your zeal was mingled with prudence, entertained, I am sure, more on my own account and on that of your country than from selfish apprehensions."

He stepped from one to another, and amid sobs and bursting tears received the adieus of the last remnant which had hitherto supported his lofty pretensions, and addressed them individually with accents of tenderness and affection.

The general drew a little aloof, and signed to Redgauntlet to speak with him while this scene proceeded. "It is now all over," he said, "and Jacobite will be henceforward no longer a party name. When you tire of foreign parts and wish to make your peace, let me know. Your restless zeal alone has impeded your pardon hitherto."

"And now I shall not need it," said Redgauntlet. "I leave England forever; but I am not displeased that you should hear my family adieus. — Nephew, come hither. In presence of General Campbell, I tell you that, though to breed you up in my own political opinions has been for many years my anxious wish, I am now glad that it could not be accomplished. You pass under the service of the reigning monarch without the necessity of changing your allegiance — a change, however," he added, looking around him, "which sits more easy on honorable men than I could have anticipated; but some wear the badge of their loyalty on their sleeve and others in

the heart. You will from henceforth be uncontrolled master of all the property of which forfeiture could not deprive your father — of all that belonged to him — excepting this, his good sword" (laying his hand on the weapon he wore), "which shall never fight for the House of Hanover; and, as my hand will never draw weapon more, I shall sink it forty fathoms deep in the wide ocean. Bless you, young man! If I have dealt harshly with you, forgive me. I had set my whole desires on one point — God knows, with no selfish purpose; and I am justly punished by this final termination of my views for having been too little scrupulous in the means by which I pursued them. — Niece, farewell, and may God bless you also!"

"No, sir," said Lilias, seizing his hand eagerly. "You have been hitherto my protector — you are now in sorrow, let me be your attendant and your comforter in exile."

"I thank you, my girl, for your unmerited affection; but it cannot and must not be. The curtain here falls between us. I go to the house of another — if I leave it before I quit the earth, it shall be only for the House of God. Once more, farewell both! The fatal doom," he said with a melancholy smile, "will, I trust, now depart from the House of Redgauntlet, since its present representative has adhered to the winning side. I am convinced he will not change it, should it in turn become the losing one."

The unfortunate Charles Edward had now given his last adieus to his downcast adherents. He made a sign with his hand to Redgauntlet, who came to assist him into the skiff. General Campbell also offered his assistance, the rest appearing too much affected by the scene which had taken place to prevent him.

"You are not sorry, General, to do me this last act of courtesy," said the Chevalier; "and on my part I thank you for it. You have taught me the principle on which men on the scaffold feel forgiveness and kindness even for their executioner. — Farewell!"

They were seated in the boat, which presently pulled off from the land. The Oxford divine broke out into a loud benediction, in terms which General Campbell was too generous to criticise at the time or to remember afterwards; — nay, it is said that, Whig and Campbell as he was, he could not help joining in the universal Amen! which resounded from the shore.

The Clan Roll Call.

[Flora MacIvor, a Jacobite lady, sings to Edward Waverley, a young English gentleman whom she wishes to bring over to the Rightful Cause in the summer of 1745. Her poem is a Roll Call of the Clans.]

Here, like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Poussin, Waverley found Flora gazing on the waterfall. Two paces further back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands. The sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all the objects which surrounded Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted the richness and purity of her complexion, and enhanced the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created, an Eden in the wilderness.

Flora, like every beautiful woman, was conscious of her own power, and pleased with its effects, which she could easily discern from the respectful yet confused address of the young soldier. But, as she possessed excellent sense, she gave the romance of the scene, and other accidental circumstances, full weight in appreciating the feelings with which Waverley seemed obviously to be impressed; and, unacquainted with the fanciful and susceptible peculiarities of his character, considered his homage as the passing tribute which a woman of even inferior charms might have expected in such a situation. She therefore quietly led the way to a spot at such a distance from the cascade that its sound should rather accompany than interrupt that of her voice and instrument, and, sitting down upon a mossy fragment of rock, she took the harp from Cathleen.

"I have given you the trouble of walking to this spot, Captain Waverley, both because I thought the scenery would interest you, and because a Highland song would suffer still more from my imperfect translation, were I to introduce it without its own wild and appropriate accompaniments. To speak in the

poetical language of my country, the seat of the Celtic muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall."

Few could have heard this lovely woman make this declaration, with a voice where harmony was exalted by pathos, without exclaiming that the muse whom she invoked could never find a more appropriate representative. But Waverley, though the thought rushed on his mind, found no courage to utter it. Indeed, the wild feeling of romantic delight with which he heard the first few notes she drew from her instrument amounted almost to a sense of pain. He would not for worlds have quitted his place by her side; yet he almost longed for solitude, that he might decipher and examine at leisure the complication of emotions which now agitated his bosom.

Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant waterfall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung the seat of the fair harpress. The following verses convey but little idea of the feelings with which, so sung and accompanied, they were heard by Waverley: —

BATTLE SONG.

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded — it sunk on the land;
It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust;
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown!

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past;
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze,

O high-minded Murray! — the exiled — the dear! —
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O! sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Neil of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Here a large greyhound, bounding up the glen, jumped upon Flora, and interrupted her music by his importunate caresses. At a distant whistle, he turned, and shot down the path again with the rapidity of an arrow. "That is Fergus' faithful attendant, Captain Waverley, and that was his signal. He likes no poetry but what is humorous, and comes in good time to interrupt my long catalogue of the tribes, whom one of your saucy English poets calls

> "Our bootless host of highborn beggars,
> Mac-Leans, Mac-Kenzies, and Mac-Gregors."

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

"O, you cannot guess how much you have lost! The bard, as in duty bound, has addressed three long stanzas to Vich Ian Vohr of the Banners, enumerating all his great properties, and not forgetting his being a cheerer of the harper and bard, — 'a giver of bounteous gifts.' Besides, you should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green — the rider on the shining pampered steed, whose hue is like the raven, and whose neigh is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty, as well as by their courage. — All this you have lost; but since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge, from the distant sound of my brother's whistle, I may have time to sing the concluding stanzas before he comes to laugh at my translation."

> Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
> Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
> 'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
> 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.
>
> 'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
> When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath:
> They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
> To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.
>
> Be the brand of each Chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
> May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
> Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
> Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!

Diana Vernon's Farewell.

[Scott does not deal in kisses. This is the solitary caress of his most endearing heroine.]

A sharp frost wind, which made itself heard and felt from time to time, removed the clouds of mist which might otherwise have slumbered till morning on the valley; and, though it could not totally disperse the clouds of vapor, yet threw them in confused and changeful masses, now hovering round the heads of the mountains, now filling, as with a dense and voluminous stream of smoke, the various deep gullies where masses of the composite rock, or breccia, tumbling in fragments from the cliffs, have rushed to the valley, leaving each behind its course a rent and torn ravine resembling a deserted watercourse. The moon, which was now high, and twinkled with all the vivacity of a frosty atmosphere, silvered the windings of the river and the peaks and precipices which the mist left visible, while her beams seemed as it were absorbed by the fleecy whiteness of the mist, where it lay thick and condensed; and gave to the more light and vapory specks, which were elsewhere visible, a sort of filmy transparency resembling the lightest veil of silver gauze. Despite the uncertainty of my situation, a view so romantic, joined to the active and inspiring influence of the frosty atmosphere, elevated my spirits while it braced my nerves. I felt an inclination to cast care away, and bid defiance to danger, and involuntarily whistled, by way of cadence to my steps, which my feeling of the cold led me to accelerate, and I felt the pulse of existence beat prouder and higher in proportion as I felt confidence in my own strength, courage, and resources. I was so much lost in these thoughts, and in the feelings which they excited, that two horsemen came up behind me without my hearing their approach, until one was on each side of me, when the left-hand rider, pulling up his horse, addressed me in the English tongue: —

"Soho, friend! whither so late?"

"To my supper and bed at Aberfoil," I replied.

"Are the passes open?" he inquired, with the same commanding tone of voice.

"I do not know," I replied; "I shall learn when I get there. But," I added, the fate of Morris recurring to my recollection, "if you are an English stranger, I advise you to turn back till

daylight; there has been some disturbance in this neighborhood, and I should hesitate to say it is perfectly safe for strangers."

"The soldiers had the worst? — had they not?" was the reply.

"They had indeed; and an officer's party were destroyed or made prisoners."

"Are you sure of that?" replied the horseman.

"As sure as that I hear you speak," I replied. "I was an unwilling spectator of the skirmish."

"Unwilling!" continued the interrogator. "Were you not engaged in it, then?"

"Certainly not," I replied; "I was detained by the king's officer."

"On what suspicion? and who are you? or what is your name?" he continued.

"I really do not know, sir," said I, "why I should answer so many questions to an unknown stranger. I have told you enough to convince you that you are going into a dangerous and distracted country. If you choose to proceed, it is your own affair; but as I ask you no questions respecting your name and business, you will oblige me by making no inquiries after mine."

"Mr. Francis Osbaldistone," said the other rider, in a voice the tones of which thrilled through every nerve of my body, "should not whistle his favorite airs when he wishes to remain undiscovered."

And Diana Vernon — for she, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, was the last speaker — whistled in playful mimicry the second part of the tune which was on my lips when they came up.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, like one thunderstruck, "can it be you, Miss Vernon, on such a spot — at such an hour — in such a lawless country — in such ——"

"In such a masculine dress, you would say. — But what would you have? The philosophy of the excellent Corporal Nym is the best after all; things must be as they may — *pauca verba.*"

While she was thus speaking, I eagerly took advantage of an unusually bright gleam of moonshine, to study the appearance of her companion; for it may be easily supposed that, finding Miss Vernon in a place so solitary, engaged in a journey

so dangerous, and under the protection of one gentleman only, were circumstances to excite every feeling of jealousy, as well as surprise. The rider did not speak with the deep melody of Rashleigh's voice ; his tones were more high and commanding ; he was taller, moreover, as he sat on horseback, than that first-rate object of my hate and suspicion. Neither did the stranger's address resemble that of any of my other cousins ; it had that indescribable tone and manner by which we recognize a man of sense and breeding, even in the first few sentences he speaks.

The object of my anxiety seemed desirous to get rid of my investigation.

"Diana," he said, in a tone of mingled kindness and authority, "give your cousin his property, and let us not spend time here."

Miss Vernon had in the mean time taken out a small case, and, leaning down from her horse towards me, she said, in a tone in which an effort at her usual quaint lightness of expression contended with a deeper and more grave tone of sentiment, "You see, my dear coz, I was born to be your better angel. Rashleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and, had we reached this same village of Aberfoil last night, as we purposed, I should have found some Highland sylph to have wafted to you all these representatives of commercial wealth. But there were giants and dragons in the way ; and errant knights and damsels of modern times, bold though they be, must not, as of yore, run into useless danger.— Do not you do so either, my dear coz."

"Diana," said her companion, "let me once more warn you that the evening waxes late, and we are still distant from our home."

"I am coming, sir, I am coming.— Consider," she added, with a sigh, "how lately I have been subjected to control — besides, I have not yet given my cousin the packet, and bid him farewell — forever. Yes, Frank," she said, "*forever!* — there is a gulf between us — a gulf of absolute perdition ; — where we go, you must not follow — what we do, you must not share in.— Farewell — be happy ! "

In the attitude in which she bent from her horse, which was a Highland pony, her face, not perhaps altogether unwillingly, touched mine. She pressed my hand, while the tear that trembled in her eye found its way to my cheek instead of her own. It was a moment never to be forgotten — inexpressibly

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bitter, yet mixed with a sensation of pleasure so deeply soothing and affecting, as at once to unlock all the flood gates of the heart. It was *but* a moment, however; for, instantly recovering from the feeling to which she had involuntarily given way, she intimated to her companion she was ready to attend him, and, putting their horses to a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where I stood.

Heaven knows, it was not apathy which loaded my frame and my tongue so much that I could neither return Miss Vernon's half-embrace, nor even answer her farewell. The word, though it rose to my tongue, seemed to choke in my throat like the fatal *guilty*, which the delinquent who makes it his plea knows must be followed by the doom of death. The surprise — the sorrow, almost stupefied me. I remained motionless with the packet in my hand, gazing after them, as if endeavoring to count the sparkles which flew from the horses' hoofs. I continued to look after even these had ceased to be visible, and to listen for their footsteps long after the last distant trampling had died in my ears. At length, tears rushed to my eyes, glazed as they were by the exertion of straining after what was no longer to be seen. I wiped them mechanically, and almost without being aware that they were flowing — but they came thicker and thicker; I felt the tightening of the throat and breast — the *hysterica passio* of poor Lear; and, sitting down by the wayside, I shed a flood of the first and most bitter tears which had flowed from my eyes since childhood.

GIBBON AND HIS HISTORY.

(From the "Autobiography.")

[Edward Gibbon, the English historian, was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737. During his boyhood he lived with his aunt, and at fifteen entered Magdalen College, Oxford, from which he was expelled for his conversion to Catholicism. In consequence of this he was sent to Lausanne, Switzerland, and placed by his father with M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic divine, who reconverted him to Protestantism. Here also he fell in love with Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod (afterwards wife of Necker, the French financier, and mother of Madame de Staël), and would have married her but for his father's opposition. On his return to England he served as captain in the Hampshire militia for several years; revisited Europe (1763–1765); was a member of Parliament for eight sessions, after which he retired for quiet and economy to Lausanne. He died in London, January 15, 1794. It was at Rome in 1764 that the idea of writing the

"History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" first occurred to him as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The first volume appeared in 1776, and the last in 1788. This monumental work is virtually a history of the civilized world for thirteen centuries, and, in spite of its defects, is one of the greatest of historical compositions. Gibbon also wrote an entertaining autobiography.]

I HAD now attained the first of earthly blessings, independence; I was the absolute master of my hours and actions; nor was I deceived in the hope that the establishment of my library in town would allow me to divide the day between study and society. Each year the circle of my acquaintance, the number of my dead and living companions, was enlarged. To a lover of books the shops and sales of London present irresistible temptations; and the manufacture of my history required a various and growing stock of materials. The militia, my travels, the House of Commons, the fame of an author, contributed to multiply my connections: I was chosen a member of the fashionable clubs; and, before I left England in 1783, there were few persons of any eminence in the literary or political world to whom I was a stranger. It would most assuredly be in my power to amuse the reader with a gallery of portraits and a collection of anecdotes. But I have always condemned the practice of transforming a private memorial into a vehicle of satire or praise. By my own choice I passed in town the greatest part of the year: but whenever I was desirous of breathing the air of the country, I possessed an hospitable retreat at Sheffield Place in Sussex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd, whose character, under the name of Lord Sheffield, has since been more conspicuous to the public.

No sooner was I settled in my house and library than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my History. At the outset all was dark and doubtful, — even the title of the work, the true era of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was

tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns, from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends, some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

By the friendship of Mr. (now Lord) Elliot, who had married my first cousin, I was returned at the general election for the borough of Liskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not perhaps the interest, of the mother country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice,

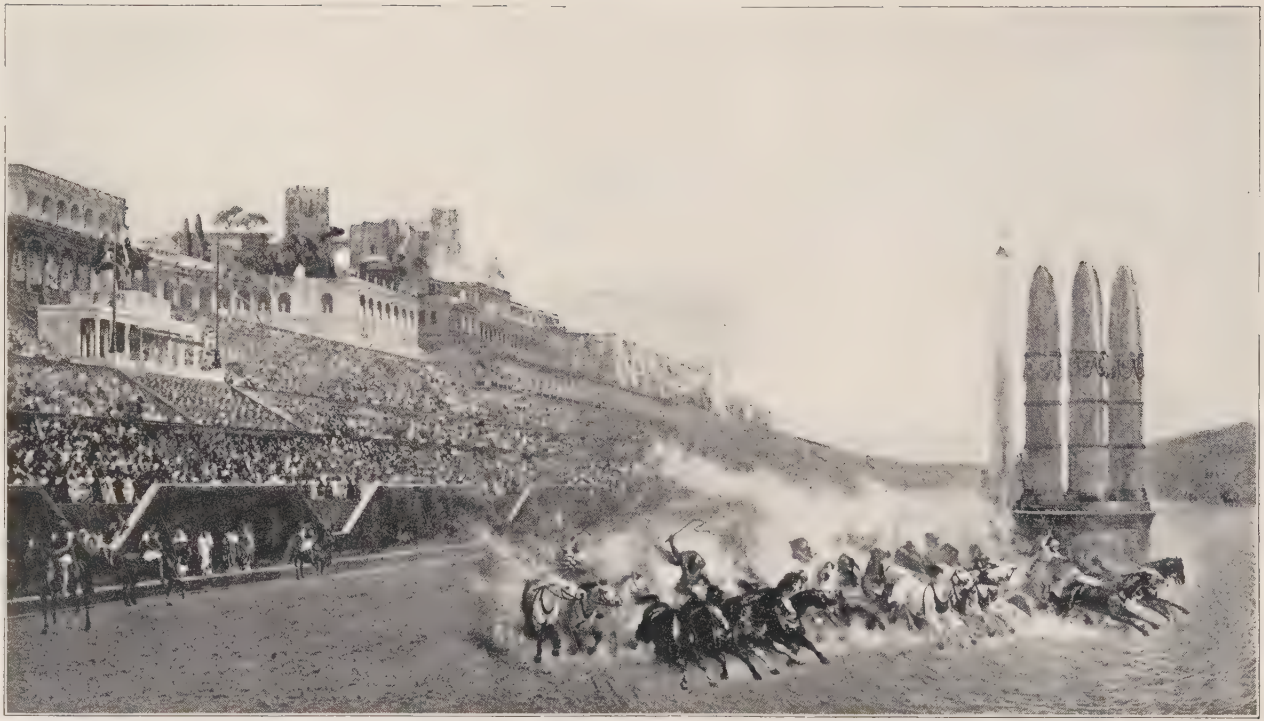
Vincentum strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice. But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly; I listened to the attack and defense of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the character, views, and passions of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by Lord North, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield with equal dexterity the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the treasury bench between his attorney and solicitor general, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes;* and the minister might indulge in a short slumber whilst he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow and the skillful eloquence of Wedderburne. From the adverse side of the house an ardent and powerful opposition was supported by the lively declamation of Barré, the legal

acuteness of Dunning, the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox, who in the conduct of a party approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

The volume of my History, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the schoolboy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading. I had likewise flattered myself that an age of light and liberty would receive, without scandal, an inquiry into the human *causes* of the progress and establishment of Christianity.

I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilet: the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane*



THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

critic. The favor of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprise of the public and their favorite is productive of those warm sensibilities which at a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candor of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labor of ten years; but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians. . . .

Nearly two years had elapsed between the publication of my first and the commencement of my second volume; and the causes must be assigned of this long delay. 1. After a short holiday, I indulged my curiosity in some studies of a very different nature; a course of anatomy, which was demonstrated by Dr. Hunter, and some lessons of chemistry, which were delivered by Mr. Higgins. The principles of these sciences, and a taste for books of natural history, contributed to multiply my ideas and images; and the anatomist and chemist may sometimes track me in their own snow. 2. I dived, perhaps too deeply, into the mud of the Arian controversy; and many days of reading, thinking, and writing were consumed in the pursuit of a phantom. 3. It is difficult to arrange, with order and perspicuity, the various transactions of the age of Constantine, and so much was I displeased with the first essay that I committed to the flames above fifty sheets. 4. The six months of Paris and pleasure must be deducted from the account. But when I resumed my task I felt my improvement; I was now master of my style and subject, and while the measure of my daily performance was enlarged, I discovered less reason to cancel or correct. It has always been my practice to cast a long paragraph in a single mold, to try it by my ear, to deposit it in my memory, but to suspend the action of the pen till I had given the last polish to my work. Shall I add that I never found my mind more vigorous, nor my composition more happy, than in the winter hurry of society and parliament?

Had I believed that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity; had I foreseen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility, I might perhaps have softened the two invidious chapters which

would create many enemies and conciliate few friends. But the shaft was shot, the alarm was sounded, and I could only rejoice that if the voice of our priests was clamorous and bitter, their hands were disarmed from the powers of persecution. . . .

Before I could apply for a seat at the general election, the list was already full; but Lord North's promise was sincere, his recommendation was effectual, and I was soon chosen on a vacancy for the borough of Lymington in Hampshire. In the first session of the new Parliament, administration stood their ground; their final overthrow was reserved for the second. The American war had once been the favorite of the country: the pride of England was irritated by the resistance of her colonies, and the executive power was driven by national clamor into the most vigorous and coercive measures. But the length of a fruitless contest, the loss of armies, the accumulation of debt and taxes, and the hostile confederacy of France, Spain, and Holland, indisposed the public to the American war and the persons by whom it was conducted; the representatives of the people followed, at a slow distance, the changes of their opinion; and the ministers, who refused to bend, were broken by the tempest. As soon as Lord North had lost, or was about to lose, a majority in the House of Commons, he surrendered his office, and retired to a private station, with the tranquil assurance of a clear conscience and a cheerful temper: the old fabric was dissolved, and the posts of government were occupied by the victorious and veteran troops of opposition. The Lords of Trade were not immediately dismissed, but the board itself was abolished by Mr. Burke's bill, which decency had compelled the patriots to revive; and I was stripped of a convenient salary, after having enjoyed it about three years.

So flexible is the title of my History, that the final era might be fixed at my own choice; and I long hesitated whether I should be content with the three volumes, the Fall of the Western Empire, which fulfilled my first engagement with the public. In this interval of suspense, nearly a twelvemonth, I returned by a natural impulse to the Greek authors of antiquity; I read with new pleasure the Iliad and the Odyssey, the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, a large portion of the tragic and comic theater of Athens, and many interesting dialogues of the Socratic school. Yet in the luxury of freedom I began to wish for the daily task, the active pur-

suit, which gave a value to every book and an object to every inquiry: the preface of a new edition announced my design, and I dropped without reluctance from the age of Plato to that of Justinian. The original texts of Procopius and Agathias supplied the events and even the characters of his reign; but a laborious winter was devoted to the codes, the pandects, and the modern interpreters, before I presumed to form an abstract of the civil law. My skill was improved by practice, my diligence perhaps was quickened by the loss of office; and, excepting the last chapter, I had finished the fourth volume before I sought a retreat on the banks of the Leman lake. . . .

In the fifth and sixth volumes the revolutions of the Empire and the world are most rapid, various, and instructive; and the Greek or Roman historians are checked by the hostile narratives of the barbarians of the East and the West.

It was not till after many designs, and many trials, that I preferred, as I still prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicuity. The style of the first volume is, in my opinion, somewhat crude and elaborate; in the second and third it is ripened into ease, correctness, and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen, and the constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms. Happily for my eyes, I have always closed my studies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long but temperate labor has been accomplished without fatiguing either the mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my task, it was apparent that, according to the season of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for a serious revisal.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake,

and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

CAGLIOSTRO'S PREDICTIONS.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Père.

(From "The Queen's Necklace.")

[Alexandre Dumas, Père, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803; his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated; the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms; at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III. and his Court." He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work. A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work. The most popular of his novels are: "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne") and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died December 5, 1870.]

It was the beginning of April, 1784, between twelve and one o'clock. Our old acquaintance, the Marshal de Richelieu, having with his own hands colored his eyebrows with a perfumed dye, pushed away the mirror which was held to him by his valet, the successor of his faithful Rafté, and shaking his head in the manner peculiar to himself, "Ah!" said he, "now I look myself;" and, rising from his seat with juvenile vivacity, he commenced shaking off the powder which had fallen from his wig over his blue velvet coat, then, after taking a turn or two up and down his room, called for his *maître d'hôtel*.

In five minutes this personage made his appearance, elaborately dressed.

The marshal turned towards him, and, with a gravity befitting the occasion, said, "Monsieur, I suppose you have prepared me a good dinner?"

"Certainly, monseigneur."

"You have the list of my guests?"

"I remember them perfectly, your grace; I have prepared a dinner for nine."

"There are two sorts of dinners, monsieur," said the marshal.

"True, monseigneur, but ——"

The marshal interrupted him with a slightly impatient movement, although still dignified.

"Do you know, monsieur, that whenever I have heard the word 'but,' — and I have heard it many times in the course of eighty-eight years, — it has been each time, I am sorry to say, the harbinger of some folly!"

"Monseigneur ——"

"In the first place, at what time do we dine?"

"Monseigneur, the citizens dine at two, the bar at three, the nobility at four."

"And I, monsieur?"

"Monseigneur will dine to-day at five."

"Oh, at five!"

"Yes, monseigneur, like the king."

"And why like the king?"

"Because, on the list of your guests is the name of a king."

"Not so, monsieur, you mistake; all my guests to-day are simply noblemen."

"Monseigneur is surely jesting; the Count Haga, who is among the guests ——"

"Well, monsieur!"

"The Count Haga is a king."

"I know no king so called."

"Monseigneur must pardon me then," said the *maître d'hôtel*, bowing, "but, I believed, supposed ——"

"Your business, monsieur, is neither to believe nor to suppose; your business is to read, without comment, the orders I give you. When I wish a thing to be known, I tell it; when I do not tell it, I wish it unknown."

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed again, more respectfully, perhaps, than he would have done to a reigning monarch.

"Therefore, monsieur," continued the old marshal, "you will, as I have none but noblemen to dinner, let us dine at my usual hour, — four o'clock."

At this order the countenance of the *maître d'hôtel* became

clouded, as if he had heard his sentence of death; he grew deadly pale, then, recovering himself with the courage of despair, he said, "In any event, your grace cannot dine before five o'clock."

"Why so, monsieur?" cried the marshal.

"Because it is utterly impossible."

"Monsieur," said the marshal, with a haughty air, "it is now, I believe, twenty years since you entered my service?"

"Twenty-one years, a month, and two weeks."

"Well, monsieur, to these twenty-one years, a month, and two weeks, you will not add a day, nor an hour. You understand me, monsieur," he continued, biting his thin lips and depressing his eyebrows; "this evening you seek a new master. I do not choose that the word 'impossible' shall be pronounced in my house; I am too old now to begin to learn its meaning."

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed a third time.

"This evening," said he, "I shall have taken leave of monseigneur, but at least up to the last moment my duty shall have been performed as it should be;" and he made two steps towards the door.

"What do you call as it should be?" cried the marshal. "Learn, monsieur, that to do it as it suits me is to do it as it should be. Now, I wish to dine at four, and it does not suit me when I wish to dine at four to be obliged to wait till five."

"Monseigneur," replied the *maître d'hôtel*, gravely, "I have served as butler to his Highness the Prince de Soubise, and as steward to his Eminence the Cardinal de Rohan: with the first, his Majesty, the late King of France, dined once a year; with the second, the Emperor of Austria dined once a month. I know, therefore, how a sovereign should be treated. When he visited the Prince de Soubise, Louis XV. called himself in vain the Baron de Gonesse; at the house of Monsieur de Rohan, the Emperor Joseph was announced as the Count de Packenstein; but he was none the less Emperor. To-day, monseigneur also receives a guest who vainly calls himself Count Haga,—Count Haga is still King of Sweden. I shall leave your service this evening, but Count Haga will have been treated like a king."

"But that," said the marshal, "is the very thing that I am tiring myself to death in forbidding; Count Haga wishes to preserve his incognito as strictly as possible. Well do I see

through your absurd vanity; it is not the crown that you honor but yourself that you wish to glorify with our crowns."

"I do not imagine," said the *maître d'hôtel*, morosely, "that monseigneur is in earnest when he speaks thus to me of money."

"No, no," said the marshal, somewhat abashed. "No, monsieur; money, — why in the devil's name speak of money? Do not beg the question. As I said before, my one object is to prevent the king's presence here from being suspected."

"What, then, does monseigneur take me for? Do you think I am blind? It is not that I wish it known that there is a king here."

"Then, in Heaven's name, do not be obstinate, but let us have dinner at four."

"But at four o'clock, monseigneur, what I am expecting will not have arrived."

"What are you expecting? a fish, like Monsieur Vatel?"

"Monsieur Vatel! Monsieur Vatel!" murmured the *maître d'hôtel*.

"Well, are you horrified at the comparison?"

"No; but Monsieur Vatel has been immortalized merely on account of a sword thrust which he gave himself through his body."

"Ah! ah! And you think that your fellow-artist has purchased glory at too small a price, monsieur?"

"No, monseigneur; but how many others, in our profession, suffer far more than he, and swallow insults and griefs one hundred times worse than a mere sword thrust, and still have never been immortalized."

"But, monsieur, do you not know that it is requisite for one to be either a member of the Academy, or dead, before one can be immortalized?"

"If that is the case, monseigneur, I should think it would be better to be alive, and to do one's duty. I shall not die, and my duty shall be as faithfully performed as that of Monsieur Vatel would have been, had Monsieur le Prince de Conde been patient enough to have waited half an hour."

"Oh, monsieur, you are promising me miracles. You are clever."

"No, monsieur; no miracles."

"But what, then, are you awaiting?"

"Does monseigneur wish that I should tell you?"

"On my faith, I am curious."

"Then, monseigneur, I wait for a bottle of wine."

"A bottle of wine! Explain yourself, monsieur; the thing begins to interest me."

"Listen, then, monseigneur, his Majesty, the King of Sweden — I beg pardon, the Count Haga I should have said — drinks nothing but tokay."

"Well, am I so poor as to have no tokay in my cellar? If so, I must dismiss my butler."

"Not so, your grace; on the contrary, you have about sixty bottles."

"Well, do you think Count Haga will drink sixty-one bottles with his dinner?"

"No, monseigneur; but when Count Haga first visited France, when he was only prince royal, he dined with the late king, who had received twelve bottles of tokay from the Emperor of Austria. You are aware that the tokay of the finest vintages is reserved exclusively for the cellar of the Emperor, and that kings themselves can only drink it when he pleases to send it to them."

"I know it."

"Then, monseigneur, of these twelve bottles of which the prince royal drank, only two remain. One is in the cellar of his Majesty Louis XVI."

"And the other?"

"Ah, monseigneur!" said the *maître d'hôtel*, with a triumphant smile, for he felt that, after the long battle he had been fighting, the moment of victory was at hand, "the other one was stolen."

"By whom, then?"

"By one of my friends, the late king's butler, who was under great obligations to me."

"Oh! and so he gave it to you?"

"Certainly, monseigneur," said the *maître d'hôtel*, with pride.

"And what did you do with it?"

"I placed it carefully in my master's cellar."

"Your master! And who was your master at that time?"

"His Eminence, the Cardinal de Rohan."

"Ah, mon Dieu! at Strasbourg?"

"At Saverne."

"And you have sent to seek this bottle for me!" cried the old marshal.

"For you, monseigneur," replied the *maître d'hôtel*, in a tone which plainly said, "ungrateful as you are."

The Duke de Richelieu seized the hand of the old servant and cried, "I beg pardon; you are the king of *maîtres d'hôtel*."

"And you would have dismissed me," he replied, with an indescribable shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh, I will pay you one hundred pistoles for this bottle of wine."

"And the expenses of its coming here will be another hundred; but you will grant that it is a bagatelle."

"I will grant anything you please, and, to begin, from to-day I double your salary."

"I seek no reward, monseigneur; I have but done my duty."

"And when will your courier arrive?"

"Monseigneur may judge if I have lost time. On what day did I have my orders for the dinner?"

"Why, three days ago, I believe."

"It takes a courier, at his utmost speed, twenty-four hours to go, and the same to return."

"There still remain twenty-four hours," said the marshal; "how have they been employed?"

"Alas! monseigneur, they were lost. The idea only came to me the day after I received the list of your guests. Now calculate the time necessary for the negotiation, and you will perceive that in asking you to wait till five I am only doing what I am absolutely obliged to do."

"The bottle is not yet arrived, then?"

"No, monseigneur."

"Ah, monsieur, if your colleague at Saverne be as devoted to the Prince de Rohan as you are to me, and should refuse the bottle, as you would do in his place ——"

"I? monseigneur ——"

"Yes; you would not, I suppose, have given away such a bottle, had it belonged to me?"

"I beg your pardon, humbly, monseigneur; but had a friend, having a king to provide for, asked me for your best bottle of wine, he should have had it immediately."

"Oh!" said the marshal, with a grimace.

"It is only by helping others that we can expect help in our own need, monseigneur."

"Well, then, I suppose we may calculate that it will be

given; but there is still another risk, — if the bottle should be broken?"

"Oh! monseigneur, who would break a bottle of wine of that value?"

"Well, I trust not; what time, then, do you expect your courier?"

"At four o'clock precisely."

"Then why not dine at four?" replied the marshal with the obstinacy of a Castilian mule.

"Monseigneur, the wine must rest for an hour; and had it not been for an invention of my own, it would have required three days to recover itself."

Beaten at all points, the marshal gave way.

"Besides," continued the old servant, "be sure, monseigneur, that your guests, knowing that they will have the honor to dine with the Count Haga, will not arrive before half-past four."

"And why not?"

"Consider, monseigneur: to begin with Monsieur de Launay; he comes from the Bastille, and with the ice at present covering the streets of Paris ——"

"No; but he will leave after the prisoners' dinner, at twelve o'clock."

"Pardon me, monseigneur, but the dinner hour at the Bastille has been changed since monseigneur was there; it is now one."

"Monsieur, you are learned on all points; pray go on."

"Madame Dubarry comes from Luciennes, one continued descent, and in this frost."

"That would not prevent her being punctual, since she is no longer a duke's favorite; she plays the queen only among barons. But let me tell you, monsieur, that I desired to have dinner early on account of Monsieur de la Pérouse, who sets off to-night and would not wish to be late."

"But, monseigneur, Monsieur de la Pérouse is with the king, discussing geography and cosmography; he will not get away too early."

"It is possible."

"It is certain, monseigneur, and it will be the same with Monsieur de Favras, who is with the Count de Provence, talking, no doubt, of the new play by the Canon de Beaumarchais."

"You mean the 'Marriage of Figaro'?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"Why, you are quite literary also, it seems."

"In my leisure moments I read, monseigneur."

"We have, however, Monsieur de Condorcet, who, being a geometrician, should at least be punctual."

"Yes; but he will be deep in some calculation, from which, when he rouses himself, it will probably be at least half an hour too late. As for the Count Cagliostro, as he is a stranger, and not well acquainted with the customs of Versailles, he will, in all probability, make us wait for him."

"Well," said the marshal, "you have disposed of all my guests, except Monsieur de Taverney, in a manner worthy of Homer, or of my poor Rafté."

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed. "I have not," said he, "named Monsieur de Taverney, because, being an old friend, he will probably be punctual. These are all the guests, I believe."

"Good; and where do we dine?"

"In the great dining room, monseigneur."

"But we shall freeze there."

"It has been warmed for three days, monseigneur; and I believe you will find it perfectly comfortable."

"Very well; but there is a clock striking. Why, it is half-past four!" cried the marshal.

"Yes, monseigneur; and there is the courier entering the courtyard with my bottle of tokay."

"May I continue for another twenty years to be served in this manner!" said the marshal, turning again to his looking-glass, while the *maître d'hôtel* ran downstairs.

"Twenty years!" said a laughing voice, interrupting the marshal in his survey of himself; "twenty years, my dear duke! I wish them to you; but then I shall be sixty, — I shall be very old."

"You, countess!" cried the marshal, "you are my first arrival, and, mon Dieu! you look as young and charming as ever."

"Duke, I am frozen."

"Come into the boudoir, then."

"Oh! *tête-à-tête*, marshal?"

"Not so," replied a somewhat broken voice.

"Ah! Taverney!" said the marshal; and then, whispering to the countess, "Plague take him for disturbing us!"

Madame Dubarry laughed, and they all entered the adjoining room.

At the same moment, the noise of carriages in the street warned the marshal that his guests were arriving; and soon after — thanks to the punctuality of his *maître d'hôtel* — nine persons were seated round the oval table in the dining room. Nine lackeys, silent as shadows, quick without bustle, and attentive without importunity, glided over the carpet, and passed among the guests, without ever touching their chairs, which were surrounded with furs, which were wrapped round the legs of the sitters. These furs, with the heat from the stoves, and the odors from the wine and the dinner, diffused a degree of comfort which manifested itself in the gayety of the guests, who had just finished their soup.

No sound was heard from without, and none within, save that made by the guests themselves; for the plates were changed and the dishes moved round with the most perfect quiet. Nor from the *maître d'hôtel* could a whisper be heard; he seemed to give his orders with his eyes.

The guests, therefore, began to feel as though they were alone. It seemed to them that servants so silent must also be deaf.

Monsieur de Richelieu was the first who broke the silence, by saying to the guest on his right hand, "But, count, you drink nothing."

This was addressed to a man about thirty-eight years of age, short, fair haired, and with high shoulders; his eye a clear blue, now bright, but oftener with a pensive expression; and with nobility stamped unmistakably on his open and manly forehead.

"I only drink water, marshal," he replied.

"Excepting with Louis XV.," returned the marshal; "I had the honor of dining at his table with you, and you deigned that day to drink wine."

"Ah! you recall a pleasing remembrance, marshal; that was in 1771. It was tokay, from the imperial cellar."

"It was like that with which my *maître d'hôtel* will now have the honor to fill your glass," replied Richelieu, bowing.

Count Haga raised his glass and looked through it. The wine sparkled in the light like liquid rubies. "It is true," said he; "marshal, I thank you."

MADAME DU BARRY

These words were uttered in a manner so noble, that the guests, as if by a common impulse, rose, and cried: —

"Long live the king!"

"Yes," said Count Haga, "long live his Majesty the King of France. What say you, Monsieur de la Pérouse?"

"Monseigneur," replied the captain, with that tone, at once flattering and respectful, common to those accustomed to address crowned heads, "I have just left the king, and his Majesty has shown me so much kindness, that no one will more willingly cry 'Long live the king!' than I. Only, as in another hour I must leave you to join the two ships which his Majesty has put at my disposal, once out of this house I shall take the liberty of saying, 'Long life to another king,' whom I should be proud to serve, had I not already so good a master." And raising his glass, he bowed respectfully to the Count de Haga.

"This health that you propose," said Madame Dubarry, who sat on the marshal's left hand, "we are all ready to drink, but the oldest of us should take the lead."

"Is it you that that concerns, or me, Taverney?" said the marshal, laughing.

"I do not believe," said another on the opposite side, "that Monsieur de Richelieu is the senior of our party."

"Then it is you, Taverney," said the duke.

"No, I am eight years younger than you. I was born in 1704," returned he.

"How rude," said the marshal, "to expose my eighty-eight years!"

"Impossible, duke, that you are eighty-eight!" said Monsieur de Condorcet.

"It is, however, but too true; it is a calculation easy to make, and therefore unworthy of an algebraist like you, marquis. I am of the last century, — the great century, as we call it. My date is 1696."

"Impossible!" cried De Launay.

"Oh, if your father were here, he would not say impossible, — he who, when governor of the Bastille, had me for a lodger in 1714."

"The senior in age, here, however," said Monsieur de Favras, "is the wine Count Haga is now drinking."

"You are right, Monsieur de Favras; this wine is a hundred and twenty years old; to the wine, then, belongs the honor of proposing the health of the king."

"One moment, gentlemen," said Cagliostro, raising his eyes, beaming with intelligence and vivacity; "I claim the precedence."

"You claim precedence over the tokay!" exclaimed all the guests in chorus.

"Assuredly," returned Cagliostro, calmly; "since it was I who bottled it."

"You?"

"Yes, I; on the day of the victory won by Montecuculli over the Turks in 1664."

A burst of laughter followed these words, which Cagliostro had pronounced with perfect gravity.

"By this calculation, you would be something like one hundred and thirty years old," said Madame Dubarry; "for you must have been at least ten years old when you bottled the wine."

"I was more than ten when I performed that operation, madame, as on the following day I had the honor of being deputed by his Majesty the Emperor of Austria to congratulate Montecuculli, who, by the victory of Saint-Gothard, had avenged the day at Especk, in Sclavonia, in which the infidels treated the imperialists so roughly, who were my friends and companions in arms in 1536."

"Oh," said Count Haga, as coolly as Cagliostro himself, "you must have been at least ten years old when you were at that memorable battle."

"A terrible defeat, count," returned Cagliostro.

"Less terrible than Crécy, however," said Condorcet, smiling.

"True, monsieur, for at the battle of Crécy, it was not only an army, but all France, that was beaten; but then this defeat was scarcely a fair victory to the English; for King Edward had cannon, a circumstance of which Philippe de Valois was ignorant, or rather, which he would not believe, although I warned him that I had with my own eyes seen four pieces of artillery which Edward had bought from the Venetians."

"Ah!" said Madame Dubarry; "you knew Philippe de Valois?"

"Madame, I had the honor to be one of the five lords who escorted him off the field of battle; I came to France with the poor old King of Bohemia, who was blind, and who threw away his life when he heard that the battle was lost."

"Ah, monsieur," said Monsieur de la Pérouse, "how much I regret that, instead of the battle of Crécy, it was not that of Actium at which you assisted."

"Why so, monsieur?"

"Oh, because you might have given me some nautical details, which, in spite of Plutarch's fine narration, have ever been obscure to me."

"Which, monsieur? I should be happy to be of service to you."

"Oh, you were there, then, also?"

"No, monsieur; I was then in Egypt. I had been employed by Queen Cleopatra to restore the library at Alexandria, — an office for which I was better qualified than any one else, from having personally known the best authors of antiquity."

"And you have seen Queen Cleopatra?" said Madame Dubarry.

"As I now see you, madame."

"Was she as pretty as they say?"

"Madame, you know beauty is only comparative; a charming queen in Egypt, in Paris she would only have been a pretty grisette."

"Say no harm of grisettes, count."

"God forbid!"

"Then Cleopatra was ——"

"Little, slender, lively, and intelligent; with large almond-shaped eyes, a Grecian nose, teeth like pearls, and a hand like your own, countess, — a fit hand to hold a scepter. See, here is a diamond which she gave me, and which she had had from her brother Ptolemy; she wore it on her thumb."

"On her thumb?" cried Madame Dubarry.

"Yes; it was an Egyptian fashion; and I, you see, can hardly put it on my little finger;" and, taking off the ring, he handed it to Madame Dubarry.

It was a magnificent diamond, of such fine water, and so beautifully cut, as to be worth thirty thousand or forty thousand francs.

The diamond was passed round the table, and returned to Cagliostro, who, putting it quietly on his finger again, said, "Ah, I see well you are all incredulous; this fatal incredulity I have had to contend against all my life. Philippe de Valois would not listen to me when I told him to leave open a retreat to Edward; Cleopatra would not believe me when I warned

her that Antony would be beaten; the Trojans would not credit me when I said to them, with reference to the wooden horse, 'Cassandra is inspired; listen to Cassandra.'"

"Oh! it is charming," said Madame Dubarry, shaking with laughter; "I have never met a man at once so serious and so diverting."

"I assure you," replied Cagliostro, "that Jonathan was much more so. He was really a charming companion; until he was killed by Saul, he nearly drove me crazy with laughing."

"Do you know," said the Duke de Richelieu, "if you go on in this way you will drive poor Taverney crazy; he is so afraid of death, that he is staring at you with all his eyes, hoping you to be an immortal."

"Immortal I cannot say, but one thing I can affirm ——"

"What?" cried Taverney, who was the most eager listener.

"That I have seen all the people and events of which I have been speaking to you."

"You have known Montecuculli?"

"As well as I know you, Monsieur de Favras; and, indeed, much better, for this is but the second or third time I have had the honor of seeing you, while I lived nearly a year under the same tent with him of whom you speak."

"You knew Philippe de Valois?"

"As I have already had the honor of telling you, Monsieur de Condorcet; but when he returned to Paris, I left France and returned to Bohemia."

"And Cleopatra."

"Yes, countess; Cleopatra, I can tell you, had eyes as black as yours, and shoulders almost as beautiful."

"But what do you know of my shoulders?"

"They are like what Cassandra's once were; and there is still a further resemblance, — she had like you, or rather you have like her, a little black spot on your left side just above the sixth rib."

"Oh, count, now you really are a sorcerer."

"No, no," cried the marshal, laughing; "it was I who told him."

"And pray how do you know?"

The marshal bit his lips, and replied, "Oh, it is a family secret."

"Well, really, marshal," said the countess, "one should put on a double coat of rouge before visiting you;" and turning

again to Cagliostro, "Then, monsieur, you have the art of renewing your youth? For although you say you are three or four thousand years old, you scarcely look forty."

"Yes, madame, I do possess that secret."

"Oh, then, monsieur, impart it to me."

"To you, madame? It is useless; your youth is already renewed; your age is only what it appears to be, and you do not look thirty."

"Ah! you flatter."

"No, madame, I speak only the truth, but it is easily explained: you have already tried my receipt."

"How so?"

"You have taken my elixir."

"I?"

"You, countess. Oh! you cannot have forgotten it. Do you not remember a certain house in the Rue Saint-Claude, and coming there on some business respecting Monsieur de Sartines? You remember rendering a service to one of my friends, called Joseph Balsamo, and that this Joseph Balsamo gave you a bottle of elixir, recommending you to take three drops every morning? Do you not remember having done this regularly until the last year, when the bottle became exhausted? If you do not remember all this, countess, it is more than forgetfulness, — it is ingratitude."

"Oh! Monsieur de Cagliostro, you are telling me things —"

"Which were only known to yourself, I am aware; but what would be the use of being a sorcerer if one did not know one's neighbor's secrets?"

"Then Joseph Balsamo has, like you, the secret of this famous elixir?"

"No, madame, but he was one of my best friends, and I gave him three or four bottles."

"And has he any left?"

"Oh! I know nothing of that; for the last two or three years poor Balsamo has disappeared. The last time I saw him was in America, on the banks of the Ohio: he was setting off on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and since then I have heard that he is dead."

"Come, come, count," cried the marshal; "let us have the secret, by all means."

"Are you speaking seriously, monsieur?" said Count Haga.

"Very seriously, sire, — I beg pardon, I mean count;" and Cagliostro bowed in such a way as to indicate that his error was a voluntary one.

"Then," said the marshal, "Madame Dubarry is not old enough to be made young again?"

"No, on my conscience."

"Well, then, I will give you another subject: here is my friend Taverney, — what do you say to him? Does he not look like a contemporary of Pontius Pilate? But perhaps he, on the contrary, is too old?"

Cagliostro looked at the baron. "No," said he.

"Ah! my dear count," exclaimed Richelieu; "if you will renew his youth, I will proclaim you a true pupil of Medea."

"You wish it?" asked Cagliostro of the host, and looking round at the same time on all assembled.

Every one called out, "Yes."

"And you also, Monsieur de Taverney?"

"I more than any one," said the baron.

"Well, it is easy," returned Cagliostro; and he drew from his pocket a small bottle, and poured into a glass some of the liquid it contained. Then, mixing these drops with half a glass of iced champagne, he passed it to the baron.

All eyes followed his movements eagerly.

The baron took the glass, but as he was about to drink he hesitated.

Every one began to laugh, but Cagliostro called out, "Drink, baron, or you will lose a liquor of which each drop is worth a hundred louis d'or."

"The devil," cried Richelieu; "that is even better than tokay."

"I must then drink?" said the baron, almost trembling.

"Or pass the glass to another, sir, that some one at least may profit by it."

"Pass it here," said Richelieu, holding out his hand.

The baron raised the glass, and, decided doubtless by the delicious smell and the beautiful rose color which those few drops had given to the champagne, he swallowed the magic liquor. In an instant a kind of shiver ran through him; he seemed to feel all his old and sluggish blood rushing quickly through his veins, from his heart to his feet, his wrinkled skin seemed to expand, his eyes, half covered by their lids, appeared to open without his will, and the pupils to grow and brighten,

the trembling of his hands to cease, his voice to strengthen, and his limbs to recover their former youthful elasticity. In fact, it seemed as if the liquid in its descent had regenerated his whole body.

A cry of surprise, wonder, and admiration rang through the room.

Taverney, who had been slowly eating with his gums, began to feel famished ; he seized a plate and helped himself largely to a ragout, and then demolished a partridge, bones and all, calling out that his teeth were coming back to him. He ate, laughed, and cried for joy for half an hour, while the others remained gazing at him in stupefied wonder ; then little by little he failed again, like a lamp whose oil is burning out, and all the former signs of old age returned upon him.

"Oh !" groaned he, "once more adieu to my youth," and he gave utterance to a deep sigh, while two tears rolled over his cheeks.

Instinctively, at this mournful spectacle of the old man first made young again, and then seeming to become yet older than before from the contrast, the sigh was echoed all round the table.

"It is easy to explain, gentlemen," said Cagliostro; "I gave the baron but thirty-five drops of the elixir. He became young, therefore, for only thirty-five minutes."

"Oh more, more, count !" cried the old man, eagerly.

"No, monsieur, for perhaps the second trial would kill you."

Of all the guests, Madame Dubarry, who had already tested the virtue of the elixir, seemed most deeply interested while old Taverney's youth seemed thus to renew itself ; she had watched him with delight and triumph, and half fancied herself growing young again at the sight, while she could hardly refrain from endeavoring to snatch from Cagliostro the wonderful bottle ; but now, seeing him resume his old age even quicker than he had lost it, "Alas !" she said sadly, "all is vanity and deception ; the effects of this wonderful secret last for thirty-five minutes."

"That is to say," said Count Haga, "that, in order to resume your youth for two years, you would have to drink a perfect river."

Every one laughed.

"Oh !" said De Condorcet, "the calculation is simple, a mere nothing of 3,153,000 drops for one year's youth."

"An inundation," said La Pérouse.

"However, monsieur," continued Madame Dubarry, "according to you I have not needed so much, as a small bottle about four times the size of that you hold given me by your friend Joseph Balsamo has been sufficient to arrest the march of time for ten years."

"Just so, madame. And you alone approach this mysterious truth. The man who has already grown old needs this large quantity to produce an immediate and powerful effect; but a woman of thirty, as you were, or a man of forty, as I was, when I began to drink this elixir, still full of life and youth, needs but ten drops at each period of decay; and with these ten drops may eternally continue his life and youth at the same point of attractiveness and power."

"What do you call the periods of decay?" asked Count Haga.

"The natural periods, count. In a state of nature, man's strength increases until thirty-five years of age. It then remains stationary until forty; and from that time forward it begins to diminish, but almost imperceptibly, until fifty; then the process becomes quicker and quicker to the day of his death. In our state of civilization, when the body is weakened by excess, cares, and maladies, increase of strength is arrested at thirty years, the failure begins at thirty-five. The time, then, to take nature is when she is stationary, so as to forestall the beginning of decay. He who, possessor as I am of the secret of this elixir, knows how to seize the happy moment will live as I live; always young, or at least always young enough for what he has to do in the world."

"Oh, Monsieur de Cagliostro," cried the countess, "why, if you could choose your own age, did you not stop at twenty instead of at forty?"

"Because, madame," said Cagliostro, smiling, "it suits me better to be a man of forty, still healthy and vigorous, than a raw youth of twenty."

"Oh!" said the countess.

"Doubtless, madame," continued Cagliostro, "at twenty, one pleases women of thirty; at forty, we govern women of twenty and men of sixty."

"I yield, monsieur," said the countess, "for you are a living proof of the truth of your own words."

"Then I," said Taverney, piteously, "am condemned; it is too late for me."

"Monsieur de Richelieu has been more skillful than you," said La Pérouse naïvely, with the frankness of a sailor, "and I have always heard that he had some secret."

"It is a report that the women have spread," laughed Count Haga.

"Is that a reason for disbelieving it, duke?" asked Madame Dubarry.

The old duke colored, a rare thing for him; but replied, "Do you wish, gentlemen, to have my receipt?"

"Oh, by all means."

"Well, then, it is simply to take care of yourself."

"Oh, oh!" cried all.

"I should question the efficacy of the receipt," replied the countess, "had I not already proved the virtue of that given me by Monsieur de Cagliostro. But, monsieur," continued Madame Dubarry, "I must ask more about the elixir."

"Well, madame?"

"You said you first used it at forty years of age ——"

"Yes, madame."

"And that since that time, that is, since the siege of Troy ——"

"A little before, madame."

"That you have always remained forty years old?"

"You see me now."

"But then, monsieur," said De Condorcet, "you prove more to us than your theory requires."

"How so, Monsieur le Marquis? what do I prove to you?"

"You prove not only the perpetuation of youth, but the preservation of life; for if since the siege of Troy you have been always forty, you have never died."

"True, marquis, I have never died."

"But are you, then, invulnerable, like Achilles, or still more so, for Achilles was killed by a wound in the heel inflicted by the arrow of Paris?"

"No, I am not invulnerable, and there is my great regret," said Cagliostro.

"Then, monsieur, you may be killed."

"Alas! yes."

"How, then, have you escaped all accidents for three thousand five hundred years?"

"It is chance, marquis, but will you follow my reasoning?"

"Yes, yes," cried all, with eagerness.

Cagliostro continued: "What is the first requisite to life?" he asked, spreading out his white and beautiful hands covered with rings, among which Cleopatra's shone conspicuously. "Is it not health?"

"Certainly."

"And the way to preserve health is ——"

"Proper management," said Count Haga.

"Right, count. And why should not my elixir be the best possible method of treatment?"

"Who knows that?"

"You, count."

"Yes, doubtless, but ——"

"But no one else," said Madame Dubarry.

"That, madame, is a question that we will discuss later. Well, I have always followed the regimen of my drops; and as they are the fulfillment of the fondest dreams of men of all times, as they are the water of youth of the ancients, the elixir of life of our modern philosophers, I have continually preserved my youth, consequently my health and my life. That is plain."

"But all things exhaust themselves; the finest constitution, as well as the worst."

"The body of Paris, like that of Vulcan," said the countess. "Perhaps you knew Paris, by the bye?"

"Perfectly, madame; he was a fine young man, but really did not deserve all that has been said of him. In the first place, he had red hair."

"Red hair! horrible!"

"Unluckily, madame, Helen was not of your opinion. But to return to our subject. You say, Monsieur de Taverney, that all things exhaust themselves; but you also know that everything recovers again, regenerates, or is replaced, whichever you please to call it. The famous knife of Saint-Hubert, which so often changed both blade and handle, is an example, for through every change it still remained the knife of Saint-Hubert. The wine which the monks of Heidelberg preserve so carefully in their cellars remains still the same wine, although each year they pour into it a fresh supply. Therefore this wine always remains clear, bright, and delicious; while the wine which Opimus and I hid in the earthen jars was, when I tried it a hundred years after, only a thick, dirty substance, which might have been eaten, but certainly could not have

been drunk. Well, I follow the example of the monks of Heidelberg, and preserve my body by introducing into it every year new elements, which regenerate the old. Every morning a new and fresh atom replaces in my blood, my flesh, and my bones some particle which has perished. I stay that ruin which most men allow insensibly to invade their whole being, and I force into action all those powers which God has given to every human being, but which most people allow to lie dormant. Consequently they have retained their first vigor, and have received constantly a new stimulant. As a result of this careful observation of the laws of life and health, my brain, my muscles, my heart, my nerves, and my soul have never failed in their various functions. This is the great study of my life, and, as in all things he who does one thing constantly does that thing better than others, I am becoming more skillful than others in avoiding the dangers of an existence of three thousand years. Thus, you would not get me to enter a tottering house; I have seen too many houses not to tell at a glance the safe from the unsafe. You would not see me go out hunting with a man who managed his gun badly. From Cephalus, who killed his wife Procris, down to the Regent, who shot the prince in the eye, I have seen too many unskillful people. You could not make me accept in battle the post which many a man would take without thinking, because I should calculate in a moment the chances of danger at each point. You will tell me that one cannot foresee a stray bullet; but the man who has escaped a million gunshots will hardly fall a victim to one now. Ah! you look incredulous, but am I not a living proof? I do not tell you that I am immortal, only that I know better than others how to avoid danger; for instance, I would not remain here now alone with Monsieur de Launay, who is thinking that, if he had me in the Bastille, he would put my immortality to the test of starvation; neither would I remain with Monsieur de Condorcet, for he is thinking that he might just empty into my glass the contents of that ring which he wears on his left hand, and which is full of poison, — not with any evil intent, but just as a scientific experiment, to see if I should die."

The two people named looked at each other, and colored.

"Confess, Monsieur de Launay, we are not in a court of justice; besides, thoughts are not punished. Did you not think what I said? And you, Monsieur de Condorcet, would you not

have liked to let me taste the poison in your ring, in the name of your beloved mistress, science?"

"Indeed," said Monsieur de Launay, laughing. "I confess you are right; it was folly, but that folly did pass through my mind just before you accused me."

"And I," said Monsieur de Condorcet, "will not be less candid. I did think that if you tasted the contents of my ring, I would not give much for your life."

A cry of admiration burst from the rest of the party; these avowals confirming not the immortality, but the penetration, of Count Cagliostro.

"You see," said Cagliostro, quietly, "that I divined these dangers; well, it is the same with other things. The experience of a long life reveals to me at a glance much of the past and of the future of those whom I meet. My capabilities in this way extend even to animals and inanimate objects. If I get into a carriage, I can tell from the look of the horses if they are likely to run away, and from that of the coachman if he will overturn me. If I go on board ship, I can see if the captain is ignorant or obstinate, and consequently likely to endanger me. I should then leave the coachman or captain, escape from those horses or that ship. I do not deny chance, I only lessen it, and instead of incurring a hundred chances, like the rest of the world, I prevent ninety-nine of them, and endeavor to guard against the hundredth. This is the good of having lived three thousand years."

"Then," said La Pérouse, laughing, amidst the wonder and enthusiasm created by this speech of Cagliostro's, "you should come with me when I embark to make the tour of the world; you would render me a signal service."

Cagliostro did not reply.

"Monsieur de Richelieu," continued La Pérouse, "as the Count Cagliostro, which is very intelligible, does not wish to quit such good company, you must permit me to do so without him. Excuse me, Count Haga, and you, madame, but it is seven o'clock, and I have promised his Majesty to start at a quarter past. But since Count Cagliostro will not be tempted to come with me and see my ships, perhaps he can tell me what will happen to me between Versailles and Brest. From Brest to the Pole I ask nothing; that is my own business. But he ought to tell me what may happen on my way to Brest."

Cagliostro looked at La Pérouse with such a melancholy air,

so full both of pity and kindness, that the others were struck by it. The sailor himself, however, did not remark it. He took leave of the company, put on his fur riding coat, into one of the pockets of which Madame Dubarry pushed a bottle of delicious cordial, welcome to a traveler, but which he would not have provided for himself, to recall to him, she said, his absent friends during the long nights of a journey in such bitter cold.

La Pérouse, still full of gayety, bowed respectfully to Count Haga, and held out his hand to the old marshal.

"Adieu, dear La Pérouse," said the latter.

"No, duke, *au revoir*," replied La Pérouse; "one would think I was going away forever. Now I have but to circumnavigate the globe, — five or six years' absence; it is scarcely worth while to say 'Adieu' for that."

"Five or six years," said the marshal; "you might almost as well say five or six centuries; days are years at my age, therefore I say adieu."

"Bah! ask the sorcerer," returned La Pérouse, still laughing; "he will promise you twenty years' more life. Will you not, Count Cagliostro? Oh, count, why did I not hear sooner of those precious drops of yours? Whatever the price, I should have shipped a tun on the Astrolabe. Madame, another kiss of that beautiful hand; I shall certainly not see such another till I return. *Au revoir*," and he left the room.

Cagliostro still preserved the same mournful silence. They heard the steps of the captain as he left the house, his gay voice in the courtyard, and his farewells to the people assembled to see him depart. Then the horses shook their heads covered with bells, the door of the carriage shut with some noise, and the wheels were heard rolling along the street.

La Pérouse had started on that voyage from which he was destined never to return.

When they could no longer hear a sound, all looks, as if controlled by a superior power, were again turned to Cagliostro; there seemed a kind of inspired light in his eyes.

Count Haga first broke the silence, which had lasted for some minutes. "Why did you not reply to his question?" he inquired of Cagliostro.

Cagliostro started, as if the question had roused him from a reverie. "Because," said he, "I must either have told a falsehood or a sad truth."

"How so?"

"I must have said to him, 'Monsieur de la Pérouse, the duke is right in saying to you adieu, and not *au revoir*.'"

"Oh," said Richelieu, turning pale, "what do you mean?"

"Reassure yourself, marshal; this sad prediction does not concern you."

"What," cried Madame Dubarry, "this poor La Pérouse, who has just kissed my hand ——"

"Not only, madame, will never kiss it again, but will never again see those he has just left," said Cagliostro, looking attentively at the glass of water he was holding up, which in that position exhibited a luminous surface of an opal tint, crossed by the shadows of surrounding objects.

A cry of astonishment burst from all. The interest of the conversation deepened every moment, and you might have thought, from the solemn and anxious air with which all regarded Cagliostro, that it was some ancient and infallible oracle they were consulting.

In the midst of this preoccupation, Monsieur de Favras, expressing the sentiments of them all, rose, made a gesture, and walked on tiptoe to the antechamber, that he might be sure there were no servants listening. But, as we have already said, this house was as carefully kept as that of Monsieur le Maréchal de Richelieu, and Monsieur de Favras found in the adjoining room only an old servitor, who, rigorous as a sentinel at an exposed post, guarded the approach to the dining room while the solemn hour of dessert was passing.

He returned to his former seat, and made a sign to the others at the table, indicating that they were indeed quite alone.

"Pray, then, count," said Madame Dubarry, motioning to De Favras that she understood his meaning, although he had not uttered a word, "tell us what will befall poor La Pérouse."

Cagliostro shook his head.

"Oh, yes, let us hear!" cried all the rest.

"Well, then, Monsieur de la Pérouse intends, as you know, to make the tour of the globe, and continue the researches of poor Captain Cook, who was killed in the Sandwich Islands."

"Yes, yes, we know."

"Everything should foretell a happy termination to this voyage; Monsieur de la Pérouse is a good seaman, and his route has been most skillfully traced by the king."

"Yes," interrupted Count Haga, "the King of France is a clever geographer; is he not, Monsieur de Condorcet?"

"More skillful than is needful for a king," replied the marquis; "kings ought to know things only slightly, then they will let themselves be guided by those who know them thoroughly."

"Is this a lesson, marquis?" said Count Haga, smiling.

Condorcet blushed. "Oh, no," said he; "only a simple reflection, a general truth."

"Well, he is gone," said Madame Dubarry, anxious to bring the conversation back to La Pérouse.

"Yes, he is gone," replied Cagliostro, "but don't believe, in spite of his haste, that he will soon embark. I foresee much time lost at Brest."

"That would be a pity," said De Condorcet; "this is the time to set out; it is even now rather late, — February or March would have been better."

"Oh, do not grudge him these few months, Monsieur de Condorcet, for during them he will at least live and hope."

"He has got good officers, I suppose?" said Richelieu.

"Yes; he who commands the second ship is a distinguished officer. I see him, — young, adventurous, brave, unhappily."

"Why unhappily?"

"A year after I look for him, and see him no more," said Cagliostro, anxiously consulting his glass. "No one here is related to Monsieur de Langle?"

"No."

"No one knows him?"

"No."

"Well, death will commence with him; I see him no longer."

A murmur of affright escaped from all the guests.

"But he, La Pérouse?" cried several voices.

"He sails, he lands, he reëmbarks; I see one, two years of successful navigation; we hear news of him, and then ——"

"Then?"

"Years pass."

"But at last?"

"The sea is vast, the heavens are clouded, here and there appear unknown lands, and figures hideous as the monsters of the Grecian Archipelago. They watch the ship, which is being carried in a fog amongst the breakers, by a tempest less

fearful than themselves, and then ominous flames. Oh! La Pérouse, La Pérouse, if you could hear me, I would cry to you. You set out, like Columbus, to discover a world; beware of unknown isles!"

He ceased, and an icy shiver ran through the assembly.

"But why did you not warn him?" asked Count Haga, who, in spite of himself, had succumbed to the influence of this extraordinary man.

"Yes," cried Madame Dubarry, "why not send after him and bring him back? The life of a man like La Pérouse is surely worth a courier, my dear marshal."

The marshal understood, and rose to ring the bell.

Cagliostro extended his arm to stop him. "Alas!" said he, "all advice would be useless. I can foretell destiny, but I cannot change it. Monsieur de la Pérouse would laugh if he heard my words, as the son of Priam laughed when Cassandra prophesied; and see, you begin to laugh yourself, Count Haga, and laughing is contagious: your companions are catching it. Do not restrain yourselves, gentlemen — I am accustomed to an incredulous audience."

"Oh, we believe," said Madame Dubarry and the Duke de Richelieu; "and I believe," murmured Taverney; "and I also," said Count Haga, politely.

"Yes," replied Cagliostro, "you believe because it concerns La Pérouse; but if I spoke of yourself, you would not believe."

"Oh!"

"I am sure of it."

"I confess that what would have made me believe, would have been if you had said to him, 'Beware of unknown isles.' Then he would at least have had the chance of avoiding them."

"I assure you no, count; and if he had believed me, it would only have been more horrible, for the unfortunate man would have seen himself approaching those isles destined to be fatal to him without the power to flee from them. Therefore he would have died, not one, but a thousand deaths, for he would have gone through it all by anticipation. Hope, of which I should have deprived him, is the last consolation of the unfortunate wretch beneath the knife. The blade touches him, he feels its sharp edge, his blood flows, and still he hopes; even to his last breath, until life itself is extinct, he clings to hope."

"That is true," said several of the guests, in a low voice.

"Yes," said De Condorcet; "the veil which hides from us our future is the only real good which God has vouchsafed to man."

"Nevertheless," said Count Haga, "did a man like you say to me, Shun a certain man, or a certain thing, I would beware, and I would thank you for the counsel."

Cagliostro shook his head with a sad smile.

"I mean it, Monsieur de Cagliostro," continued Count Haga; "warn me, and I will thank you."

"You wish me to tell you what I would not tell La Pérouse?"

"Yes, I wish it."

Cagliostro opened his mouth as if to begin, and then stopped, and said, "No, count, no!"

"I beg you."

Cagliostro turned away his head. "Never," he murmured.

"Take care," said the count, "you are making me incredulous."

"Incredulity is better than misery."

"Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the count, gravely, "you forget one thing, which is, that though there are men who had better remain ignorant of their destiny, there are others who should know it, as it concerns not themselves alone, but millions of others."

"Then," said Cagliostro, "command me; if your Majesty commands, I will obey."

"I command you to reveal to me my destiny, Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the king, with an air at once courteous and dignified.

At this moment, as Count Haga had dropped his incognito in speaking to Cagliostro, Monsieur de Richelieu advanced towards him, and said, "Thanks, sire, for the honor that the King of Sweden has done my house; will your Majesty assume the place of honor? My house is yours from this moment."

"Let us remain as we are, marshal; I wish to hear what Monsieur de Cagliostro is about to say."

"One does not speak the truth to kings, sire."

"Bah! I am not in my kingdom; take your place again, duke. Proceed, Monsieur de Cagliostro, I beg."

Cagliostro looked again through his glass, and one might have imagined the particles agitated by this look, as they

danced in the light. "Sire," said he, "tell me what you wish to know."

"Tell me by what death I shall die."

"By a gunshot, sire."

The eyes of Gustavus grew bright. "Ah, in a battle!" said he; "the death of a soldier! Thanks, Monsieur de Cagliostro, a hundred times thanks. Oh, I foresee battles, and Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. have shown me how a King of Sweden should die."

Cagliostro drooped his head without replying.

"Oh!" cried Count Haga, "will not my wound then be given in battle?"

"No, sire."

"In a sedition?—yes, that is possible."

"No, not in a sedition, sire."

"But where, then?"

"At a ball, sire."

The king remained silent, and Cagliostro buried his head in his hands.

Every one looked pale and frightened except the prophet and him whom the prophecy chiefly concerned. Then Monsieur de Condorcet took the glass of water and examined it, as if there he could solve the problem of all that had been going on. In fact, the scholar was trying to gauge the depth of the water, its luminous refractions and microscopic play. He, who sought a reason for everything, pondered over the fact that a mere juggler could, by the magic of his charlatanism, disturb men of sense like those around the table; and he could not deny that Cagliostro possessed an extraordinary power; but finding nothing to satisfy him, he ceased his scrutiny and placed the water on the table, in the midst of the general stupefaction caused by Cagliostro's predictions. "Well, I also," said he, "will beg our illustrious prophet to consult for me his magic mirror: unfortunately, I am not a powerful lord; I cannot command, and my obscure life concerns no millions of people."

"Monsieur," said Count Haga, "you command in the name of science, and your life belongs not only to a nation, but to all mankind."

"Thanks," said De Condorcet; "but perhaps your opinion on this subject is not shared by Monsieur de Cagliostro."

Cagliostro raised his head. "Yes, marquis," said he, in a

manner which began to be excited, "you are indeed a powerful lord in the kingdom of intelligence; look me, then, in the face, and tell me, seriously, if you also wish that I should prophesy to you."

"Seriously, count, upon my honor."

"Well, marquis," said Cagliostro, in a hoarse voice, "you will die of that poison which you carry in your ring; you will die——"

"Oh, but if I throw it away?"

"Throw it away!"

"You allow that that would be easy."

"Throw it away!"

"Oh, yes, marquis!" cried Madame Dubarry; "throw away that horrid poison! Throw it away, if it be only to falsify this prophet of evil, who threatens us all with so many misfortunes. For if you throw it away you cannot die by it, as Monsieur de Cagliostro predicts; so there, at least, he will have been wrong."

"Madame la Comtesse is right," said Count Haga.

"Bravo, countess!" said Richelieu. "Come, marquis, throw away that poison, for now I know you carry it, I shall tremble every time we drink together; the ring might open of itself, and——"

"The two glasses touched together come very close," said Taverney. "Throw it away, marquis, throw it away!"

"It is useless," said Cagliostro, quietly; "Monsieur de Condorcet will not throw it away."

"No," returned De Condorcet, "I shall not throw it away; not that I wish to aid my destiny, but because this is a unique poison, prepared by Cabanis, and which chance has completely hardened, and that chance might never occur again; therefore I will not throw it away. Triumph if you will, Monsieur de Cagliostro."

"Destiny," replied he, "ever finds some way to work out its own ends."

"Then I shall die by poison," said the marquis; "well, so be it. It is an admirable death, I think; a little poison on the tip of the tongue, and I am gone. It is scarcely dying; it is merely minus life, to use an algebraic term."

"It is not necessary for you to suffer, monsieur," said Cagliostro, coldly; and he made a gesture to indicate that he would say no more regarding Monsieur de Condorcet.

"Then, monsieur," said Monsieur de Favras, "we have a shipwreck, a gunshot, and a poisoning, which makes my mouth water. Will you not do me the favor also to predict some little pleasure of the same kind for me?"

"Oh, marquis!" replied Cagliostro, beginning to grow warm under this irony, "do not envy these gentlemen; you will have still better."

"Better!" said Monsieur de Favras, laughing; "that is pledging yourself to a great deal. It is difficult to beat the sea, fire, and poison."

"There remains the cord, marquis," said Cagliostro, bowing.

"The cord! what do you mean?"

"I mean that you will be hanged," replied Cagliostro, seeming no more the master of his prophetic rage.

"Hanged! the devil!" cried the guests.

"Monsieur forgets that I am a nobleman," said Monsieur de Favras, coldly; "or if he means to speak of a suicide, I warn him that I shall respect myself sufficiently, even in my last moments, not to use a cord while I have a sword."

"I do not speak of a suicide, monsieur."

"Then you speak of a punishment?"

"Yes."

"You are a foreigner, monsieur, and therefore I pardon you."

"What?"

"Your ignorance, monsieur. In France we decapitate noblemen."

"You may arrange this, if you can, with the executioner," replied Cagliostro, crushing him with this rough response.

Monsieur de Favras said no more. There was a general silence and shrinking for a few minutes.

"Do you know that I tremble at last," said Monsieur de Launay; "my predecessors have come off so badly, that I fear for myself if I now take my turn."

"Then you are more reasonable than they; you are right. Do not seek to know the future; good or bad, let it rest, — it is in the hands of God."

"Oh! Monsieur de Launay," said Madame Dubarry, "I hope you will not be less courageous than the others have been."

"I hope so too, madame," said the governor. Then, turning to Cagliostro, "Monsieur," he said, "favor me, in my turn, with my horoscope, if you please."

"It is easy," replied Cagliostro; "a blow on the head with the hatchet, and all will be over."

A look of dismay was once more general. Richelieu and Taverney begged Cagliostro to say no more, but female curiosity carried the day.

"To hear you talk, count," said Madame Dubarry, "one would think the whole universe must die a violent death. Here we were, eight of us, and five are already condemned by you."

"Oh, you understand that it is all prearranged to frighten us, and we shall only laugh at it," said Monsieur de Favras, trying to do so.

"Certainly we will laugh," said Count Haga, "be it true or false."

"Oh, I will laugh too, then," said Madame Dubarry. "I will not dishonor the assembly by my cowardice; but, alas! I am only a woman. I cannot rank among you and be worthy of a tragical end. A woman dies in her bed. My death, a sorrowful old woman abandoned by every one, will be the worst of all. Will it not, Monsieur de Cagliostro?"

She stopped, and seemed to wait for the prophet to reassure her. Cagliostro did not speak; so, her curiosity obtaining the mastery over her fears, she went on: "Well, Monsieur de Cagliostro, will you not answer me?"

"How can I answer you unless you question me?"

"But ——" said she.

"Come," said Cagliostro, "will you question me, yes or no?"

She hesitated; then, rallying her courage, "Yes," she cried, "I will run the risk. Tell me the fate of Jeanne de Vaubernier, Countess Dubarry."

"On the scaffold, madame," replied the prophet of evil.

"A jest, monsieur, is it not?" said she, looking at him with a supplicating air.

Cagliostro seemed not to see it. "Why do you think I jest?" said he.

"Oh, because to die on the scaffold one must have committed some crime, — stolen, or committed murder, or done something dreadful; and it is not likely I shall do that. It was a jest, was it not?"

"Oh, mon Dieu! yes," said Cagliostro; "all I have said is but a jest."

The countess laughed, but scarcely in a natural manner.

"Come, Monsieur de Favras," said she, "let us order our funerals."

"Oh, that will be needless for you, madame," said Cagliostro.

"Why so, monsieur?"

"Because you will go to the scaffold in a car."

"Oh, how horrible! This dreadful man, marshal! For Heaven's sake choose more cheerful guests next time, or I will never visit you again."

"Excuse me, madame," said Cagliostro, "but you, like all the rest, would have me speak."

"I like all the rest! At least, I hope you will grant me time to choose my confessor."

"It will be superfluous, countess."

"Why?"

"The last person who will mount the scaffold in France with a confessor will be the King of France." And Cagliostro pronounced these words in so thrilling a voice that every one was struck with horror.

All were silent.

Cagliostro raised to his lips the glass of water in which he had read these fearful prophecies, but scarcely had he touched it, when he set it down with a movement of disgust. He turned his eyes to Monsieur de Taverney.

"Oh," cried he, in terror, "do not tell me anything! I do not wish to know."

"Well, then, I will ask instead of him," said Richelieu.

"You, marshal, be happy; you are the only one of us all who will die in his bed."

"Coffee, gentlemen, coffee," cried the marshal, enchanted with the prediction. Every one rose.

But before passing into the drawing-room, Count Haga, approaching Cagliostro, said, "Monsieur, I am not trying to evade my destiny, but tell me what to beware of."

"Of a muff, monsieur," replied Cagliostro.

"And I?" said Condorcet.

"Of an omelette."

"Good; I renounce eggs," and he left the room.

"And I?" said Monsieur de Favras; "what must I fear?"

"A letter."

"And I?" said De Launay.

"The taking of the Bastille."

"Oh, you quite reassure me." And he went away laughing.

"Now for me, monsieur," said the countess, trembling.

"You, beautiful countess, shun the Place Louis XV."

"Alas!" said the countess, "one day already I lost myself there; that day I suffered much. I nearly lost my head."

"Ah, well, countess, this time you will lose it and never find it again."

Madame Dubarry uttered a cry and left the room, and Cagliostro was about to follow her, when Richelieu stopped him.

"One moment," said he; "there remains only Taverney and I, my dear sorcerer."

"Monsieur de Taverney begged me to say nothing, and you, marshal, have asked me nothing."

"Oh, I do not wish to hear," again cried Taverney.

"But come, to prove your power, tell us something that only Taverney and I know," said Richelieu.

"What?" asked Cagliostro, smiling.

"Tell us what makes Taverney come to Versailles, instead of living quietly in his beautiful house at Maison-Rouge, which the king bought for him three years ago."

"Nothing more simple, marshal," said Cagliostro. "Ten years ago, Monsieur de Taverney wished to give his daughter, Mademoiselle Andrée, to the King Louis XV., but he did not succeed."

"Oh!" growled Taverney.

"Now, monsieur wishes to give his son, Philippe de Taverney, to the Queen Marie Antoinette; ask him if I speak the truth."

"On my word," said Taverney, trembling, "this man is a sorcerer; devil take me if he is not!"

"Do not speak so cavalierly of the devil, my old comrade," said the marshal.

"It is frightful," murmured Taverney, and he turned to implore Cagliostro to be discreet, but he was gone.

"Come, Taverney, to the drawing-room," said the marshal, "or they will drink their coffee without us."

But when they arrived there the room was empty; no one had courage to face again the author of these terrible predictions.

The wax lights burned in the candelabra, the fire burned on the hearth, but all for nothing.

"Ma foi, old friend, it seems we must take our coffee *tête-à-tête*. Why, where the devil has he gone?" Richelieu looked all around him, but Taverney had vanished like the rest. "Never mind," said the marshal, chuckling as Voltaire might have done, and rubbing his withered though still white hands; "I shall be the only one to die in my bed. Well, Count Cagliostro, at least I believe. In my bed! that was it; I shall die in my bed, and I trust not for a long time. Holla! my *valet de chambre* and my drops."

The valet entered with the bottle, and the marshal went with him into the bedroom.

MISTAKES, METHODS, AND CRIMES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By EDMUND BURKE.

(From "Reflections on the Revolution in France.")

[Edmund Burke, British orator and political philosopher, was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 12, 1729. He gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1746; in 1750 went to London to study law, — but never was called to the bar; became noted in literary and theatrical circles, and in 1756 published his "Vindication of Natural Society," in answer to Bolingbroke, and the treatise on "The Sublime and the Beautiful." In 1759 he became private secretary to "Single speech" William Gerard Hamilton, but a few years later quarreled with and left him. In 1764 he became a member of the famous club with Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, etc. In 1765 he was appointed private secretary to Lord Rockingham, just made first lord of the treasury, and was shortly returned to Parliament. His speeches are part of the enduring monuments of English literature. In 1769 he published his pamphlets, "Observations on a Late Publication (George Grenville's) on the Present State of the Nation"; and in 1770 "Thoughts on the Present Discontents." He was made privy councilor and paymaster of the forces in 1782. For several years from 1783, he was occupied with the affairs of India, the prosecution of Warren Hastings, etc. Late in 1789 he wrote "Reflections on the Revolution in France," issued a year later; in 1796, "Letters on a Regicide Peace." He died July 9, 1797.]

You will observe that from *Magna Charta* to the Declaration of Right, it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an entailed inheritance derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity, as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom without any reference whatever to any other

GIRONDISTS ON THE WAY TO THE SCAFFOLD.

more general or prior right. By this means our constitution preserves an unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritable crown; an inheritable peerage; and an house of commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

This policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity who never look back to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of government. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement, grasped as in a kind of mortmain forever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down, to us and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, molding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth

of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchers, and our altars.

Through the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several other, and those no small benefits, from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its galleries of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men: on account of their age, and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.

You might, if you pleased, have profited of our example, and have given to your recovered freedom a correspondent dignity. Your privileges, though discontinued, were not lost to memory. Your constitution, it is true, whilst you were out of possession, suffered waste and dilapidation; but you possessed in some parts the walls, and in all the foundations, of a noble and venerable castle. You might have repaired those walls; you might have built on those old foundations. Your constitution was suspended before it was perfected; but you had the elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished. In your old states you possessed that variety of parts corresponding with the various descriptions of which your community was happily composed; you had all that combination, and all that opposition of interests, you had that action and counteraction which, in the natural and in the political

world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe. These opposed and conflicting interests, which you considered as so great a blemish in your old and in our present constitution, interpose a salutary check to all precipitate resolutions; they render deliberation a matter not of choice, but of necessity; they make all change a subject of compromise, which naturally begets moderation; they produce temperaments preventing the sore evil of harsh, crude, unqualified reformations; and rendering all the headlong exertions of arbitrary power, in the few or in the many, forever impracticable. Through that diversity of members and interests, general liberty had as many securities as there were separate views in the several orders; whilst by pressing down the whole by the weight of a real monarchy, the separate parts would have been prevented from warping and starting from their allotted places.

You had all these advantages in your ancient states; but you chose to act as if you had never been molded into civil society, and had everything to begin anew. You began ill, because you began by despising everything that belonged to you. You set up your trade without a capital. If the last generations of your country appeared without much luster in your eyes, you might have passed them by, and derived your claims from a more early race of ancestors. Under a pious predilection for those ancestors, your imaginations would have realized in them a standard of virtue and wisdom, beyond the vulgar practice of the hour; and you have risen with the example to whose imitation you aspired. Respecting your forefathers, you would have been taught to respect yourselves. You would not have chosen to consider the French as a people of yesterday, as a nation of lowborn servile wretches until the emancipating year of 1789. In order to furnish, at the expense of your honor, an excuse to your apologists here for several enormities of yours, you would not have been content to be represented as a gang of Maroon slaves, suddenly broke loose from the house of bondage, and therefore to be pardoned for your abuse of the liberty to which you were not accustomed, and ill fitted. Would it not, my worthy friend, have been wiser to have you thought, what I, for one, always thought you, a generous and gallant nation, long misled to your disadvantage by your high and romantic sentiments of fidelity, honor, and loyalty; that events had been unfavorable to you,

but that you were not enslaved through any illiberal or servile disposition; that in your most devoted submission you were actuated by a principle of public spirit, and that it was your country you worshiped, in the person of your king? Had you made it to be understood that in the delusion of this amiable error you had gone further than your wise ancestors; that you were resolved to resume your ancient privileges, whilst you preserved the spirit of your ancient and your recent loyalty and honor; or, if diffident of yourselves, and not clearly discerning the almost obliterated constitution of your ancestors, you had looked to your neighbors in this land, who had kept alive the ancient principles and models of the old common law of Europe meliorated and adapted to its present state — by following wise examples you would have given new examples of wisdom to the world. You would have rendered the cause of liberty venerable in the eyes of every worthy mind in every nation. You would have shamed despotism from the earth, by showing that freedom was not only reconcilable but as, when well disciplined it is, auxiliary to law. You would have had an unoppressive but a productive revenue. You would have had a flourishing commerce to feed it. You would have had a free constitution; a potent monarchy; a disciplined army; a reformed and venerated clergy; a mitigated but spirited nobility, to lead your virtue, not to overlay it; you would have had a liberal order of commons, to emulate and to recruit that nobility; you would have had a protected, satisfied, laborious, and obedient people, taught to seek and to recognize the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions; in which consists the true moral equality of mankind, and not in that monstrous fiction, which, by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walk of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and imbitter that real inequality which it never can remove; and which the order of civil life establishes as much for the benefit of those whom it must leave in a humble state, as those whom it is able to exalt to a condition more splendid, but not more happy. You had a smooth and easy career of felicity and glory laid open to you, beyond anything recorded in the history of the world; but you have shown that difficulty is good for man.

Compute your gains: see what is got by those extravagant and presumptuous speculations which have taught your leaders to despise all their predecessors, and all their contemporaries,

and even to despise themselves, until the moment in which they became truly despicable. By following those false lights, France has bought undisguised calamities at a higher price than any nation has purchased the most unequivocal blessings. France has bought poverty by crime! France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest; but she has abandoned her interest, that she might prostitute her virtue. All other nations have begun the fabric of a new government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing originally, or by enforcing with greater exactness, some rites or other of religion. All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners, and a system of a more austere and masculine morality. France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the license of a ferocious dissoluteness in manners, and of an insolent irreligion in opinions and practices; and has extended through all ranks of life, as if she were communicating some privilege, or laying open some secluded benefit, all the unhappy corruptions that usually were the disease of wealth and power. This is one of the new principles of equality in France.

France, by the perfidy of her leaders, has utterly disgraced the tone of lenient council in the cabinets of princes, and disarmed it of its most potent topics. She has sanctified the dark suspicious maxims of tyrannous distrust, and taught kings to tremble at (what will hereafter be called) the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians. Sovereigns will consider those who advise them to place an unlimited confidence in their people as subverters of their thrones, as traitors who aim at their destruction, by leading their easy good nature, under specious pretenses, to admit combinations of bold and faithless men into a participation of their power. This alone, if there were nothing else, is an irreparable calamity to you and to mankind. Remember that your parliament of Paris told your king that in calling the states together, he had nothing to fear but the prodigal excess of their zeal in providing for the support of the throne. It is right that these men should hide their heads. It is right that they should bear their part in the ruin which their counsel has brought on their sovereign and their country. Such sanguine declarations tend to lull authority asleep; to encourage it rashly to engage in perilous adventures of untried policy; to neglect those provisions, preparations, and precautions which distinguish benevolence from

imbecility ; and without which no man can answer for the salutary effect of any abstract plan of government or of freedom. For want of these, they have seen the medicine of the state corrupted into its poison. They have seen the French rebel against a mild and lawful monarch, with more fury, outrage, and insult than ever any people has been known to rise against the most illegal usurper, or the most sanguinary tyrant. Their resistance was made to concession ; their revolt was from protection ; their blow was aimed at a hand holding out graces, favors, and immunities.

This was unnatural. The rest is in order. They have found their punishment in their success. Laws overturned ; tribunals subverted ; industry without vigor ; commerce expiring ; the revenue unpaid, yet the people impoverished ; a church pillaged, and a state not relieved ; civil and military anarchy made the constitution of the kingdom ; everything human and divine sacrificed to the idol of public credit, and national bankruptcy the consequence ; and to crown all, the paper securities of new, precarious, tottering power, the discredited paper securities of impoverished fraud, and beggared rapine, held out as a currency for the support of an empire, in lieu of the two great recognized species that represent the lasting conventional credit of mankind, which disappeared and hid themselves in the earth from whence they came, when the principle of property, whose creatures and representatives they are, was systematically subverted.

Were all these dreadful things necessary ? Were they the inevitable results of the desperate struggle of determined patriots, compelled to wade through blood and tumult, to the quiet shore of a tranquil and prosperous liberty ? No ! nothing like it. The fresh ruins of France, which shock our feelings wherever we can turn our eyes, are not the devastation of civil war ; they are the sad, but instructive, monuments of rash and ignorant counsel in time of profound peace. They are the display of inconsiderate and presumptuous, because unresisted and irresistible, authority.

The persons who have thus squandered away the precious treasure of their crimes, the persons who have made this prodigal and wild waste of public evils (the last stake reserved for the ultimate ransom of the state) have met in their progress with little, or rather with no opposition at all. Their whole march was more like a triumphal procession than the progress

of a war. Their pioneers have gone before them, and demolished and laid everything level at their feet. Not one drop of their blood have they shed in the cause of the country they have ruined. They have made no sacrifices to their projects of greater consequence than their shoe buckles, whilst they were imprisoning their king, murdering their fellow-citizens, and bathing in tears, and plunging in poverty and distress, thousands of worthy men and worthy families. Their cruelty has not even been the base result of fear. It has been the effect of their sense of perfect safety, in authorizing treasons, robberies, rapes, assassinations, slaughters, and burnings throughout their harassed land. But the cause of all was plain from the beginning.

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE.[1]

By ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

(Translated by Henry Curwen.)

Let a stoic with tearless eyes hastily clutch at death,
But I with my tears and prayers at the chilly North wind's breath
Will shiver and hide and flee.
There may be sorrowful days, but then there are hours of joy —
Ah! was there ever a sweet but sooner or late must cloy —
Or ever a stormless sea?

Illusions and hopes and dreams are fluttering thro' my brain,
Till the dreary dungeon walls would fetter my soul in vain,
For I borrow me airy wings;
O joy for heaven's free air, as merrily up I fly,
Away from the snarer's nets, to the blue fields of the sky,
Where Philomel soaring sings!

Why should I die so young, when the lingering, peaceful years,
Full of soft lulling delights, are waiting to still my tears
In their dreamless depths profound?
Laughing his love in my eyes, my darling kissed me to-day,
Till my own joy overflows, to conjure and soothe away
The sorrows of all around.

[1] From "Sorrow and Song." By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

O Death! thou canst wait awhile, for a moment let me hide,
There are weary hearts eno', whose dolorous shame and pride
Hail thee with pitiful cry;
For me the summer has still such tremulous green delights,
And Love such soft caresses, and my songs such wild delights,
That I do not wish to die!

LAST NIGHT AND EXECUTION OF THE GIRONDISTS.

By A. DE LAMARTINE.

[Alphonse Marie Louis de Lamartine, French poet, historian, Academician, and statesman, was born at Mâcon, October 21, 1790, and spent much of his youth in Italy. In 1820 appeared his "Méditations Poétiques," containing the famous elegy "Le Lac" (The Lake). The success of this work helped to open up for him a diplomatic career. He held several posts in Italy to the accession of Louis Philippe, and sat in the National Assembly from 1833 to the revolution of 1848, when he became minister of foreign affairs, and exercised a great influence over the first movements of the new republic. A pension of 25,000 francs was granted to him by the government in 1867. Lamartine's important prose works are: "History of the Girondins" (1847), which unquestionably had much influence in bringing about the events of 1848; "Graziella"; "History of the Restoration"; and "Souvenirs of the East." He died at Paris in 1869.]

These first symptoms of a return of popular feeling to the Gironde alarmed the Commune. Auduin, Pache's son-in-law, who had formerly been a priest, and was now one of the church's bitterest persecutors, called on the Committee of Safety to close the debate by allowing the president to declare that sufficient evidence had been heard. The jury, constrained by this declaration, closed the debate on the 30th of October, at eight o'clock in the evening. All the accused were declared guilty of having conspired against the unity and indivisibility of the republic, and condemned to death.

At this sentence a cry of astonishment and horror burst from the accused; the greater number, and especially Boileau, Ducos, Fonfrède, Antiboul, Mainvielle, expected an acquittal. One of the accused, who had made a motion with his hand as though to tear his garments, slipped from his seat on to the floor. It was Valazé. "What, Valazé, are you losing your courage?" said Brissot, striving to support him. "No, I am dying," re-

turned Valazé; and he expired, his hand on the poniard with which he had pierced his heart.

At this spectacle silence instantly prevailed, and the example of Valazé made the young Girondists blush for their momentary weakness.

Boileau alone protesting against the sentence which confounded him with the Gironde, cast his hat into the air, exclaiming, "I am innocent; I am a Jacobin; I am a Montagnard." The sarcasms of the spectators were the sole reply, and, instead of pity, he only met with contempt. Brissot inclined his head on his breast, and appeared immersed in reflection. Fauchet and Lasource clasped their hands, and raised their eyes to heaven. Vergniaud, seated on the highest bench, gazed on the tribunal, his colleagues, and the crowd, with a look that seemed to scan the scene, and to seek in the past an example of such a decision of destiny, and such ingratitude on the part of the people. Sillery cast away his crutch, and exclaimed, "This is the most glorious day of my life." Fonfrède threw his arms round Ducos, and burst into tears. "Mon ami," said he, "I cause your death, but console yourself, we shall die together."

At this moment a cry was heard, and a young man in vain strove to force his way through the crowd. "Let me fly from this spectacle," cried he, covering his eyes with his hands. "Wretch that I am, it is I who have killed them. It is my '*Brissot dévoilé*' which has killed them. I cannot bear the sight of my work. I feel their blood fall on the hand that has denounced them." This young man was Camille Desmoulins, inconsiderate in his pity as his hatred, and whom the crowd detained and silenced as though he had been a child.

It was eleven o'clock at night. After a moment's pause, occasioned by the unexpectedness of the sentence, and the emotion of the prisoners, the sitting was closed amidst cries of *Vive la République!*

The Girondists, as they quitted their places, assembled round the corpse of Valazé, extended on a bench; touched it respectfully, to assure themselves that life was extinct, and then, as though seized with an electric inspiration by contact with the republican who had perished by his own hand, they exclaimed simultaneously, "We die innocent. *Vive la République!*" Some of them threw amongst the crowd handfuls of *assignats*, not, as it has been supposed, to excite the people to revolt and

disorder, but, like the Romans, to bequeath to them wealth no longer useful to themselves. The populace eagerly collected these legacies of the dying, and appeared touched with pity. Hermann ordered the *gens d'armes* to remove the prisoners ; and their presence of mind, which had for a moment forsaken them, now returned with the conviction of their fate.

In fulfillment of the promise they had made the other prisoners in the Conciergerie to inform them of their fate by the echoes of their voices, they burst, on quitting the tribunals, into the "Marseillaise" hymn : —

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

and sang the chorus with an energy that made the vaults ring again.

At these sounds the prisoners awoke and comprehended that the accused sang their own death song ; and tears, acclamations, and sobs replied to their strains. They were all confined for this their last night on earth in the large dungeon, the waiting room of death. The tribunal had just decreed that the yet warm corpse of Valazé "*should be carried back to prison, conveyed in the same cart with his accomplices to the scaffold, and interred with them.*" The only sentence perhaps that ever punished the dead.

Four *gens d'armes* followed the column of the condemned, bearing on a litter the bleeding corpse, and laid it down in a corner of the dungeon. The Girondists came one by one to kiss the hand of their friend, and then covered his visage with his mantle. They were so soon to rejoin him that their adieus were rather respectful than sad. "To-morrow," said they : and they recruited their strength for this morrow.

It was near at hand, for it was already midnight. The deputy Bailleul, their colleague at the Assembly, proscribed like them, but who had escaped the proscription, and was concealed in Paris, had promised to send them from without, on the day of their trial, a last repast, triumphant or funereal, according to the sentence ; to rejoice at their freedom, or commemorate their death. Bailleul, though invisible, kept his promise through the agency of a friend. The funereal supper was set out in the large dungeon ; the daintiest meats, the choicest wines, the rarest flowers, and numerous flambeaux decked the oaken table of the prison. The last luxury of an

eternal farewell, — prodigality of dying men, who have no need to save aught for the following day. The Girondists took their places in silence, to recruit their exhausted strength, and then await the day. A priest, then a young man, but destined to survive them more than half a century, the Abbé Lambert, the friend of Brissot and the other Girondists, who had obtained admittance into the Conciergerie to console or bless the dying, awaited in the corridor the conclusion of the supper; the doors were open, and he observed and noted down in his mind the gestures, the sighs, and the words of those assembled there: and it is to him that posterity owes the greater portion of these details, — faithful as conscience, and exact as the memory of a last friend.

The repast was prolonged till dawn. Vergniaud, seated at the center of the table, presided, with the same calm dignity he had presided at the Convention, on the night of the 10th of August. Vergniaud was of all the one who least regretted life, — for he had gained sufficient glory, and left neither father, mother, wife, nor children behind him. The others formed groups, with the exception of Brissot, who sat at the end of the table, eating but little, and not uttering a word.

For a long time nothing in their features or conversation indicated that this repast was the prelude to death. They ate and drank with appetite, but sobriety; but when the table was cleared, and nothing left except the fruit, wine, and flowers, the conversation became alternately animated, noisy, and grave, as the conversation of careless men, whose thoughts and tongues are freed by wine. Mainvielle, Antiboul, Duchâtel, Fonfrède, Ducos, and all those young men who could not feel themselves sufficiently aged in an hour to die on the morrow, burst into gay and joyous sallies; but their language, contrasted with approaching death, profaned the sanctity of their last hours, and threw a glacial expression over the false gayety of these young men.

Brissot, Fauchet, Sillery, Lasource, Lehardy, Carra, strove sometimes to reply to these noisy provocations, but the misplaced gayety of these young men found no echo in the hearts of their elder colleagues. Vergniaud, more grave, and more really intrepid in his gravity, gazed on Ducos and Fonfrède with a smile in which indulgence was mingled with compassion.

Towards the morning the conversation became more solemn.

Brissot spoke prophetically of the misfortunes of the republic, deprived of her most virtuous and eloquent citizens. "How much blood will it require to wash out our own," cried he. They were silent for a moment, and appeared terrified at the phantom of the future evoked by Brissot. "My friends," replied Vergniaud, "we have killed the tree by pruning it. It was too aged: Robespierre cuts it. Will he be more fortunate than ourselves? No; the soil is too weak to nourish the roots of civic liberty: this people is too childish to wield its laws without hurting itself. It will return to its kings as babes return to their toys. We were deceived as to the age in which we were born, and in which we die for the freedom of the world," continued he. "We deemed ourselves at Rome, and we were at Paris. But revolutions are like those crises which blanch in a single night the hair of a man, — they soon bring nations to maturity. Our blood is sufficiently warm to fertilize the soil of the republic. Let us not carry away with us the future; and let us bequeath to the people hope, in exchange for the death we shall receive at their hands."

A long silence followed this speech of Vergniaud's, and the conversation turned from earth to heaven. "What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" said Ducos, who always mingled mirth with the most serious subjects. Each replied according to his nature. "We shall sleep after the fatigues of the day," replied some. The skepticism of the age corrupted even their last thoughts, and only promised the destruction of the soul to those men who were about to die for the immortality of a human idea. The immortality of the soul, and the sublime conjectures of that future life to which they were so near, offered a more fitting theme for their last moment. Their voices sank, their accents became more solemn. Fonfrède, Gensonné, Carra, Fauchet, and Brissot spoke in terms in which breathed all the divinity of human reason and all the certainty of conscience on the mysterious problems of the immaterial destiny of the human mind.

Vergniaud, who had hitherto been silent, now appealed to by his friends, joined in the debate. "Never," said the eye-witness whom we have before cited, and who had often admired him in the tribune, "never had his look, his gesture, his language, and his voice more profoundly affected his hearers."

The words of Vergniaud were lost, their impression alone remained.

After having united all the moral proofs of the existence of a being whom he termed the Supreme Being, — after having demonstrated the necessity of a Providence, the consequence of the excellence of this Supreme Being, and the necessity of justice, a divine debt of the Creator, towards his creatures, — after having cited, from Socrates to Cicero, and from Cicero to all the just who have perished, the universal belief of all peoples and philosophers, a proof above all others, since there is in nature an instinct of a future existence, as strong as the instinct of a present life, — after having carried, even to enthusiasm, the certainty of a continuation of existence, after this present state, which is not destroyed but metamorphosed by death, — "But," added he, in more eloquent language, exalted even to lyricism, and bringing the subject to the condition of his fellow-prisoners, to deduce his strongest proof from themselves, "are not we ourselves the best proof of immortality? We, calm, serene, unmoved in the presence of the corpse of our friend — of our own corpse — discussing, like a peaceful assembly of philosophers, on the light or darkness which shall succeed our last sigh; dying, more happy than Danton, who will live, — than Robespierre, who will triumph. Whence then arises this calmness in our discourse, and this serenity in our souls? Is it not in us the result of the feeling that we have performed a great duty towards humanity? What is our country — what is humanity? Is it this mass of animated dust which is to-day man, to-morrow a heap of clay? No, it is not for this living clod of earth, it is for the spirit of humanity and our fatherland that we die. What are we ourselves but atoms of this collective spirit of the human race? Each of the men who compose our species has an immortal spirit, imperishable, and confounded with that soul of his country and mankind for which it is so sweet, so glorious, to devote ourselves — to suffer, and to die. It is for this reason," continued he, "that we are not sublime dupes, but beings who obey their moral instinct; and who, when they have fulfilled this duty, will live, suffer, or enjoy in immortality the destinies of humanity. Let us die then, not with confidence, but certainty. Our conscience is our guide in this mighty trial; our judge, the great Eternal, whose name is sought for by ages, and to whose designs we are subservient as tools which he breaks in the work, but whose fragments fall at his feet. Death is but the greatest act of life, since it gives birth to a higher state of

existence. Were it not thus," added he, more solemnly, "there would be something greater than God. It would be the just man, immolating himself uselessly and hopelessly for his country. This supposition is a folly of blasphemy, and I repel it with contempt or horror. No! Vergniaud is not greater than God, but God is more just than Vergniaud, and will not, to-morrow, suffer him to ascend a scaffold, but to justify and avenge him in future ages."

Fauchet made an eloquent discourse on the Passion, comparing their death to Calvary. They were all much moved, and many wept.

Vergniaud reconciled, in a few words, all the different opinions. "Let us believe what we will," said he, "but let us die certain of our life and the price of our death. Let us each sacrifice what we possess, the one his doubt, the other his faith, all of us our blood for liberty. When man offers himself as a victim to Heaven, what more can he give?"

Daylight began to stream in at the windows. "Let us go to bed," said Ducos: "life is so trifling a thing that it is not worth the hour of sleep we lose in regretting it." "Let us watch," said Lasource to Sillery and Fauchet; "eternity is so certain and so terrible that a thousand lives would not suffice to prepare for it." They rose from table, and reëntered their chambers, where most of them threw themselves on their beds.

Thirteen remained in the larger dungeon; some conversed in whispers, others wept, some slept. At eight o'clock they were allowed to walk about in the corridors. The Abbé Lambert, the pious friend of Brissot, who had passed the night at the door of their dungeon, was still awaiting permission to communicate with them. Brissot, perceiving him, sprang forward and clasped him in his arms. The priest offered him the assistance of his ministry, to soften or sanctify death; but Brissot gratefully but firmly refused. "Do you know anything more holy than the death of an honest man, who dies for having refused the blood of his fellow-creatures to wretches?" said he. The abbé said nothing more.

Lasource, who had witnessed the interview, approached Brissot. "Do you believe," said he to him, "in the immortality of your soul, and the providence of God?" "I do believe in them," returned Brissot; "and it is because I believe in them that I am about to die." "Well," replied Lasource,

"there is but a step from thence to religion. I, the minister of another faith, have never so much admired the ministers of yours, as in these dungeons into which they bring the pardon of Heaven to the condemned. In your place I should confess." Brissot made no reply, but joined Vergniaud, Gensonné, and the younger prisoners, most of whom declined the aid of the priest. Some sat on the stone parapet, others walked about arm in arm; some knelt at the priest's feet, and received absolution after a brief confession of their faults. All awaiting calmly the signal for their departure, and resembling by their attitude a halt previous to the battle.

The Abbé Emery, although a nonjuring priest, had obtained permission to see Fauchet at the grating that separated the court from the corridor, and there listened to and absolved the bishop of Calvados. Fauchet, absolved and penitent, listened to the confession of Sillery, and bestowed on his friend the divine pardon he had just received.

At ten o'clock the executioners came to prepare them for the scaffold. Gensonné, picking up a lock of his black hair, gave it to the Abbé Lambert, and begged him to give it to his wife, whose residence he named. "Tell her it is all I can send her of my remains, and that my last thoughts in death were hers." Vergniaud drew his watch from his pocket, scratched with a pen some initials, and the date of the 30th of October, in the inside of the gold case, and gave it to one of the assistants to transmit it to a young girl to whom he was tenderly attached, and whom it is said he had intended to marry.

All had a name, a regret, a friendship; all had some souvenir of themselves to send to those they left on earth. The hope of a remembrance here is the last tie that binds the dying to life.

These mysterious legacies were all duly delivered.

When all was ready, and the last lock of hair had fallen on the stones of the dungeon, the executioners and *gens d'armes* made the condemned march in a column to the court of the palace, where five carts, surrounded by an immense crowd, awaited them. The moment they emerged from the Conciergerie the Girondists burst into the "Marseillaise," laying stress on these verses, which contained a double meaning —

> "Contre nous de la tyrannie
> L'étendard sanglant est levé."

From this moment they ceased to think of themselves, in

order to think of the example of the death of republicans they wished to leave the people. Their voices sank at the end of each verse, only to rise more sonorous at the first line of the next verse. Each cart contained four, with the exception of the last, in which lay the body of Valazé. His head, shaken by the concussion over the stones, swayed to and fro before his friends, who were forced to close their eyes to avoid seeing his livid features, but who still joined in the strain. On their arrival at the scaffold they all embraced, in token of community in liberty, life, and death, and then resumed their funereal chant. All died without weakness. Sillery, with irony, after ascending the platform, walked round, saluting the people as though to thank them for his glory and death. The hymn became feebler at each fall of the ax; one voice still continued it, that of Vergniaud, executed the last. Like his companions, he did not die, but passed away in enthusiasm, and his life, commenced by immortal orations, ended by a hymn to the eternity of the Revolution.

One cart bore away their bodies, and one grave, by the side of that of Louis XVI., received them.

Some years afterwards, in searching the archives of the parish of La Madeleine, the bill of the gravedigger of the Commune was found, with the order of the president on the national treasury for its payment. "Twenty-two deputies of the Gironde; the coffins, 147 francs; expenses of interment, 63 francs; total 210 francs."

Such was the price of the shovelfuls of earth that covered the founders of the republic. Never did Æschylus or Shakespeare invent a more bitter derision of fate than this bill of a gravedigger, demanding and receiving his pay for having alternately buried all the monarchy and all the republic of a mighty nation.

Such were the last moments of these men; they had, during their short life, all the illusions of hope; they had in death the greatest happiness which Heaven reserves for great minds, that martyrdom that rejoices in itself, and which elevates to the sanctity of a victim the man who perishes for his conscience and his country. It would be superfluous to judge them; they have been judged by their life and death. They committed three errors: the first in not having boldly proclaimed the republic before the 10th of August, at the opening of the Legislative Assembly; the second, in having conspired

against the constitution of 1791, and by this means forcing the national sovereignty to act as a faction, taken part of the death of the king, and forced the Revolution to employ cruel means; the third was in the time of the Convention, having sought to govern when they should have given battle.

They had three virtues which amply atoned for their defects in the eyes of posterity. They adored liberty, they founded the republic, that precocious truth of future governments, and they died for having refused blood to the people. Their age condemned them to death, and the future has glorified and pardoned them. They died because they would not permit liberty to sully herself, and on their memory will be engraved that inscription which Vergniaud, their voice, wrote with his own hand on the wall of his dungeon — "Death rather than dishonor." "*Potius mori quam fœdari.*"

Scarcely had their heads rolled on the scaffold than a gloomy and sanguinary hue spread itself, instead of the luster of their party, over the Convention. Youth, beauty, illusion, genius, eloquence, — all seemed to disappear with them. Paris might have said with Lacedæmon, after the loss of her youth in battle, "The country has lost its flower; liberty has lost its *prestige;* the republic has lost its spring."

Whilst the twenty-two Girondists perished thus at Paris, Pétion, Buzot, Barbaroux, and Guadet wandered, hunted like wild beasts, in the forests and caves of the Gironde. Madame Roland awaited her fate in a dungeon of the prison of the Abbaye. Dumouriez plotted in exile to escape his remorse; and La Fayette, who had been faithful to liberty at least, expiated in the subterranean cells of the fortress of Olmütz the crime of having been its apostle, and of still professing it even in his chains.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[Charles Dickens, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved

into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

The Sea Still Rises.

Haggard Saint Antoine had had only one exultant week, in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread to such extent as he could, with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations, when Madame Defarge sat at her counter as usual, presiding over the customers. Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head, for the great brotherhood of Spies had become, even in one short week, extremely chary of trusting themselves to the saint's mercies. The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them.

Madame Defarge, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine shop and the street. In both, there were several knots of loungers, squalid and miserable, but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggedest nightcap, awry on the wretchedest head, had this crooked significance in it: "I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support life in myself; but do you know how easy it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to destroy life in you?" Every lean bare arm, that had been without work before, had this work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear. There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine; the image had been hammering into this for hundreds of years, and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

"Hark!" said The Vengeance. "Listen then! Who comes?"

As if a train of powder laid from the outermost bound of

the Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine-shop door had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

"It is Defarge," said madame. "Silence, patriots!"

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked around him! "Listen, everywhere!" said madame again. "Listen to him!" Defarge stood, panting, against a background of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine shop had sprung to their feet.

"Say then, my husband. What is it?"

"News from the other world!"

"How then?" cried madame, contemptuously. "The other world?"

"Does everybody here recall old Foulon, who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died, and went to Hell?"

"Everybody!" from all throats.

"The news is of him. He is among us!"

"Among us!" from the universal throat again. "And dead?"

"Not dead! He feared us so much — and with reason — that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! *Had* he reason?"

Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten, if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

"Patriots!" said Defarge, in a determined voice, "are we ready?"

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle; the drum was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic; and The Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they

had, and came pouring down into the streets; but the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such household occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another, and themselves, to madness with the wildest cries and actions. Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! Then, a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming: Foulon alive! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! O mother of God, this Foulon! O heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father: I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands, and brothers, and young men, Give us the blood of Foulon, Give us the head of Foulon, Give us the heart of Foulon, Give us the body and soul of Foulon, Rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground that grass may grow from him! With these cries, numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own friends until they dropped into a passionate swoon, and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled underfoot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the Hôtel de Ville, and might be loosed. Never, if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast, and drew even these last dregs after them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the Hall of Examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the Hall.

"See!" cried madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a

"Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter'

bunch of grass upon his back. Ha! ha! that was well done. Let him eat it now!" Madame put her knife under her arm and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighboring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarly, during two or three hours of drawl, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvelous quickness, at a distance; the more readily, because certain men who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building.

At length the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray as of hope of protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The favor was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly, to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace — Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied — The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall, like birds of prey from their high perches — when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Down and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees; now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy; now full of vehement agony of action, with a small clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go — as a cat might have done to a mouse — and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready, and while he besought her: the women passion-

ately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once, he went aloft and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was merciful, and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.

Nor was this the end of the day's bad work, for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up, that it boiled again, on hearing when the day closed in that the son-in-law of the dispatched, another of the people's enemies and insulters, was coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong, in cavalry alone. Saint Antoine wrote his crimes on flaring sheets of paper, seized him — would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company — set his head and heart on pikes, and carried the three spoils of the day, in Wolf procession, through the streets.

Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children, wailing and breadless. Then, the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting to buy bad bread; and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty, they beguiled the time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually, these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away; and then poor lights began to shine in high windows, and slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbors cooked in common, afterwards supping at their doors.

Scanty and insufficient suppers those, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet, human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands, and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them. Fathers and mothers who had had their full share in the worst of the day played gently with their meager children; and lovers, with such a world around them and before them, loved and hoped.

It was almost morning, when Defarge's wine shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monsieur Defarge said to madame his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door: —

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"Eh well," returned madame. "Almost."

Saint Antoine slept, the Defarges slept: even The Vengeance slept with her starved grocer, and the drum was at rest. The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine that blood and

hurry had not changed. The Vengeance, as custodian of the drum, could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastile fell, or old Foulon was seized: not so with the hoarse tones of the men and women in Saint Antoine's bosom.

Fire Rises.

There was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore; there were soldiers to guard it, but not many; there were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them knew what his men would do — beyond this: that it would probably not be what he was ordered.

Far and wide lay a ruined country, yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shriveled and poor as the miserable people. Everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them — all worn out.

Monseigneur (often a most worthy individual gentleman) was a national blessing, gave a chivalrous tone to things, was a polite example of luxurious and shining life, and a great deal more to equal purpose; nevertheless, Monseigneur as a class had, somehow or other, brought things to this. Strange that Creation, designed expressly for Monseigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something shortsighted in the eternal arrangements, surely! Thus it was, however; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flint, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by, Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasure of the chase — now found in hunting the people; now found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of bar-

barous and barren wilderness. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high-caste, chiseled, and otherwise beatified and beatifying features of Monseigneur.

For, in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary in the dust, not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it — in these times, as he raised his eyes from his lonely labor, and viewed the prospect, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts, but was now a frequent presence. As it advanced, the mender of roads would discern without surprise that it was a shaggy-haired man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads, grim, rough, swart, steeped in the mud and dust of many highways, dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds, sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many byways through woods.

Such a man came upon him, like a ghost, at noon in the July weather, as he sat on the heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail.

The man looked at him, looked at the village in the hollow, at the mill, and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what benighted mind he had, he said, in a dialect that was just intelligible :—

"How goes it, Jacques?"

"All well, Jacques."

"Touch then!"

They joined hands, and the man sat down on a heap of stones.

"No dinner?"

"Nothing but supper now," said the mender of roads, with a hungry face.

"It is the fashion," growled the man. "I meet no dinner anywhere."

He took out a blackened pipe, filled it, lighted it with flint and steel, pulled at it until it was a bright glow, then suddenly held it from him and dropped something into it from between his finger and thumb that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

"Touch then." It was the turn of the mender of roads to

say it this time, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.

"To-night?" said the mender of roads.

"To-night," said the man, putting the pipe into his mouth.

"Where?"

"Here."

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with a hail driving in between them like a pygmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

"Show me!" said the traveler then, moving to the brow of the hill.

"See!" returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. "You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain——"

"To the Devil with all that!" interrupted the other, rolling his eye over the landscape. "*I* go through no streets and past no fountains. Well?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

"Good. When do you cease to work?"

"At sunset."

"Will you wake me, before departing? I have walked two nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe, and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?"

"Surely."

The wayfarer smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road mender plied his dusty labor, and the hail-clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now, in place of his blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. His eyes were so often turned towards it that he used his tools mechanically, and, one would have said, to very poor account. The bronze face, the shaggy black hair and beard, the coarse woolen red cap, the rough medley dress of homespun stuff and hairy skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by spare living, and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep, inspired the mender of roads with awe. The traveler had traveled far, and his feet were footsore, and his ankles

chafed and bleeding; his great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been heavy to drag over the many long leagues, and his clothes were chafed into holes as he himself was into sores. Stooping down beside him, the road mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or where not; but in vain, for he slept with his arms crossed upon him, and set as resolutely as his lips. Fortified towns with their stockades, guardhouses, gates, trenches, and drawbridges seemed to the mender of roads to be so much air as against this figure. And when he lifted his eyes from it to the horizon and looked around, he saw in his small fancy similar figures, stopped by no obstacle, tending to centers all over France.

The man slept on, indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness, to sunshine on his face and shadow, to the pattering lumps of dull ice on his body and the diamonds into which the sun changed them, until the sun was low in the west, and the sky was glowing. Then, the mender of the roads having got his tools together and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

"Good!" said the sleeper, rising on his elbow. "Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself in among the lean kine brought there to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper, it did not creep to bed, as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A curious contagion of whispering was upon it, and also, when it gathered together at the fountain in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his house top alone, and looked in that direction too; glanced down from behind his chimneys at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sacristan who kept the keys of the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin by and by.

The night deepened. The trees environing the old château, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they threatened the pile of buildings massive and dark

in the gloom. Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly, and beat at the great door, like a swift messenger rousing those within; uneasy rushes of wind went through the hall, among the old spears and knives, and passed lamenting up the stairs, and shook the curtains of the bed where the last Marquis had slept. East, West, North, and South, through the woods, four heavy-treading, unkempt figures crushed the high grass and cracked the branches, striding on cautiously to come together in the courtyard. Four lights broke out there, and moved away in different directions, and all was black again.

But not for long. Presently, the château began to make itself strangely visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then, a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, picking out transparent places, and showing where balustrades, arches, and windows were. Then it soared higher, and grew broader and brighter. Soon, from a score of the great windows flames burst forth, and the stone faces awakened, stared out of fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there was a saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, Gabelle! Help, every one!" The tocsin rang impatiently, but other help (if that were any) there was none. The mender of roads, and two hundred and fifty particular friends, stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky. "It must be forty feet high," said they, grimly; and never moved.

The rider from the château, and the horse in a foam, clattered away through the village, and galloped up the stony steep, to the prison on the crag. At the gate, a group of officers were looking at the fire; removed from them, a group of soldiers. "Help, gentlemen officers! The château is on fire; valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid! Help, help!" The officers looked towards the soldiers, who looked at the fire; gave no orders; and answered, with shrugs and biting of lips, "It must burn."

As the rider rattled down the hill again and through the street, the village was illuminating. The mender of roads, and the two hundred and fifty particular friends, inspired as

one man and woman by the idea of lighting up, had darted into their houses, and were putting candles in every dull little pane of glass. The general scarcity of everything occasioned candles to be borrowed in a rather peremptory manner of Monsieur Gabelle; and in a moment of reluctance and hesitation on that functionary's part, the mender of roads, once so submissive to authority, had remarked that carriages were good to make bonfires with, and that post horses would roast.

The château was left to itself to flame and burn. In the roaring and raging of the conflagration, a red-hot wind, driving straight from the infernal regions, seemed to be blowing the edifice away. With the rising and falling of the blaze, the stone faces showed as if they were in torment. When great masses of stone and timber fell, the face with the two dints in the nose became obscured: anon struggled out of the smoke again, as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis, burning at the stake and contending with the fire.

The château burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by the fire, scorched and shriveled; trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry; the extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls, like crystallization; stupefied birds wheeled about and dropped into the furnace; four fierce figures trudged away, East, West, North, and South, along the night-enshrouded roads, guided by the beacon they had lighted, towards their next destination. The illuminated village had seized hold of the tocsin, and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang for joy.

Not only that; but the village, light-headed with famine, fire, and bell ringing, and bethinking itself that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of rent and taxes — though it was but a small installment of taxes, and no rent at all, that Gabelle had got in those latter days — became impatient for an interview with him and, surrounding his house, summoned him to come forth for personal conference. Whereupon Monsieur Gabelle did heavily bar his door, and retire to hold counsel with himself. The result of that conference was that Gabelle again withdrew himself to his house top behind his stack of chimneys; this time resolved, if his door were

broken in (he was a small Southern man of retaliative temperament), to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet, and crush a man or two below.

Probably Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant château for fire and candle, and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing, for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his posting-house gate, which the village showed a lively inclination to displace is his favor. A trying suspense, to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean, to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved! But, the friendly dawn appearing at last, and the rush candles of the village guttering out, the people happily dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down bringing his life with him for that while.

Within a hundred miles, and in the light of other fires, there were other functionaries less fortunate, that night and other nights, whom the rising sun found hanging across once peaceful streets, where they had been born and bred; also, there were other villagers and townspeople less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows, upon whom the functionaries and soldiery turned with success, and whom they strung up in their turn. But the fierce figures were steadily wending East, West, North, and South, be that as it would; and whosoever hung, fire burned. The altitude of the gallows that would turn to water and quench it, no functionary, by any stretch of mathematics, was able to calculate successfully.

EPISODES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

[THOMAS CARLYLE, Scotch moralist, essayist, and historian, was born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795. He studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, taught school, studied law, became a hack writer and tutor; in 1826 married Jane Welsh, and in 1828 removed to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where he wrote essays and "Sartor Resartus"; in 1834 removed to his final home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. His "French Revolution" was issued in 1837. He lectured for three years, "Heroes and Hero Worship" gathering up one course. His chief succeeding works were "Chartism Past and Present," "Cromwell's Letters," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," and "Frederick the Great." He died February 4, 1881.]

Count Fersen.

Royalty should, by this time, be far on with its preparations. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could a Hereditary Representative be carried in leather vache, how easy were it! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed; as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages; consider "Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty sempstresses," in that iron Nibelungen Song! No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan whisks assiduous to this mantuamaker and to that; and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small; such a clipping and sewing as — might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step anywhither without her Nécessaire; dear Nécessaire, of inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds perfumes, toilet implements, infinite small queenlike furnitures: necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers, — never to get to hand. All which, you would say, augurs ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humored.

Bouillé, on his side, is making a fortified Camp at Montmédi; gathering Royal-Allemand, and all manner of other German and true French Troops thither, "to watch the Austrians." His Majesty will not cross the frontiers, unless on compulsion. Neither shall the Emigrants be much employed, hateful as they are to all people. Nor shall old war god Broglie have any hand in the business; but solely our brave Bouillé; to whom, on the day of meeting, a Marshal's Baton shall be delivered, by a rescued King, amid the shouting of all the troops. In the mean while, Paris being so suspicious, were it not perhaps good to write your Foreign Ambassadors an ostensible Constitutional Letter; desiring all Kings and men to take heed that King Louis loves the Constitution, that he has voluntarily sworn, and does again swear, to maintain the same, and will reckon those his enemies who affect to say otherwise? Such a Constitutional Circular is dispatched by Couriers, is communicated confidentially to the Assembly, and printed in

all Newspapers; with the finest effect. Simulation and dissimulation mingle extensively in human affairs.

We observe, however, that Count Fersen is often using his Ticket of Entry; which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant Soldier and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen; — as indeed the Highest Swede now is. Has not King Gustav, famed fiery Chevalier du Nord, sworn himself, by the old laws of chivalry, her Knight? He will descend on fire wings, of Swedish musketry, and deliver her from these foul dragons, — if, alas, the assassin's pistol intervene not!

But, in fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of alert decisive ways: he circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul, nephew of Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased; he and Engineer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the Tuileries: and Letters go in cipher, — one of them, a most important one, hard to *de*cipher; Fersen having ciphered it in haste. As for Duke de Villequier, he is gone ever since the Day of Poniards; but his Apartment is useful for her Majesty.

On the other side, poor Commandant Gouvion, watching at the Tuileries, second in National command, sees several things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long months ago, at the Townhall, gazing helpless into that Insurrection of Women; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sincerer Patriot there is not; but many a shiftier. He, if Dame Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love court to a certain false Chambermaid of the Palace, who betrays much to him: the Nécessaire, the clothes, the packing of jewels, — could he understand it when betrayed? Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it; stirs up his sentries to vigilance; walks restless to and fro; and hopes the best.

But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris; having come "to see his children." Also that Fersen has got a stupendous new Coach built, of the kind named Berline; done by the first artists; according to a model: they bring it home to him, in Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof drive in it, along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to "Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy," far North, to wait

there till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, with Waiting Woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homeward with some state: in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A Passport has been procured for her; and much assistance shown, with Coach Builders and such like; — so helpful-polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting maids; further, certain necessary horses; one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlay? We observe finally that their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at Corpus-Christi Day, this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here at Paris, to the joy of all the world. For which same day, moreover, brave Bouillé, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of friends to dinner; but indeed is gone from home, in the interim, over to Montmédi.

These are of the Phenomena, or visual Appearances, of this wide-working terrestrial world: which truly is all phenomenal, what they call spectral: and never rests at any moment: one never at any moment can know why.

On Monday night, the 20th of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney coach, and glass coach (carrosse de remise), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was; "opposite Ronsin the saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children, has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court of Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the Glass Coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass Coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's Couchée, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace world is retiring home. But the Glass Coachman still waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm and arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door;

starts a shoe buckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is, however, by the Glass Coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass Coachman still waits. — Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel, — where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her badine, — light little magic rod which she calls badine, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court of Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy hat, and touched the wheel spoke with her badine? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid ci-devant Bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue de Bac; far from the Glass Coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts — which he must button close up, under his jarvey surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the City steeples; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass Coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvey drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvey dialect: the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff; decline drinking together; and part with good night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen lady, in gypsy hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard, has done: and now, O Glass Coachman

of a thousand, — Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou, — drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass Coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired Kings went in Bullock Carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, — these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Toward the Barrier, not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience, ye royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's: "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?" — "Gone with it an hour and half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter. — "C'est bien." Yes, it is well; — though had not such hour and half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy; then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right hand of him; silent except for some snoring hum: and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin: looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou knowest? — and as for us of the Glass Coach, haste too; O haste; much time is already lost! The august Glass Coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline; two Bodyguard Couriers behind. The Glass Coach itself is turned adrift, its head toward the City; to wander whither it lists, — and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammercloths; flourishing his whip; he bolts forward toward Bondy. There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with

post horses ready ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting Maids and their bandboxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting Women; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvey surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off: forever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, toward Bougret; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! Baroness de Korff is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. Baroness de Korff's *Waiting Maid* is the Queen in gypsy hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. The other hooded Dame, styled *Traveling Companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy: — over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouillé? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy, — where Long-haired Childeric Donothing was struck through with iron; not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone towers are Raincy; towers of wicket D'Orléans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb Merchant, with his ass and

early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But right ahead the great Northeast sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn: from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and Galaxies; Street Lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the GREAT HIGH KING. Thou, poor King Louis, farest nevertheless, as mortals do, toward Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with *its* Levees, and France and the Earth itself, is but a larger kind of dog hutch,—occasionally going rabid.

THE RETURN.

So, then, our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has *executed* itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal *ultimatum*, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily to some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one after another, cunningly devised, that were to explode like powder mines and thunderclaps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder mine of a Séance Royale on the 23d of June, 1789, which exploded as we then said, "through the touchhole"; which next, your war god Broglie having *re*loaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera Repast, with flourishing of sabers, and *O Richard, O my King;* which aided by Hunger, produces Insurrection of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valor profits not; neither has fortune smiled on fanfaronade. The Bouillé Armament ends as the Broglie one has done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the 6th of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witnessed; we prophesied him Two more such; and accordingly another of them, after this Flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. Théroigne will not escort here; neither does Mirabeau now "sit in one of the accompanying carriages." Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liège, professionally, and been seized there. Bemurmured now by

CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE AT ECCLEFECHAN

the hoarse-flowing Danube: the light of her Patriot Supper Parties gone quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies — how! Fleeting Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National Assembly Commissioners, famed Barnave, famed Pétion, generally respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel and the Soubrettes.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor joy dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury dance of hate and revenge: but in silence, with vague look of conjecture, and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard has given notice this morning that "whosoever insults Louis shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged." Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes; Pétion, Barnave, their Majesties, with sister Elizabeth, and the children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, "Eh bien, me voilà (Well, here you have me);" and what is not evident, "I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers;" speeches natural for that poor Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks, to some Procession du Roi de Basoche; or say, Procession of King Crispin, with

his Dukes of Sutormania and royal blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is *not* comic: ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest flebile ludibrium of a Pickle-herring Tragedy! It sweeps along there, in most *un*gorgeous pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace, — toward its doom, of slow torture, peine forte et dure.

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them*. But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave, "all dusty," is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Pétion; who, if Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wineglass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying, "France cannot be a Republic," answered, "No, it is not ripe yet." Barnave is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit: and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave; and that, in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.

On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickle-herring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, toward "pain strong and hard." Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. Watched even in its sleeping apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little!

Charlotte Corday.

In the leafy months of June and July, several French Departments germinate a set of rebellious *paper* leaves, named

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

Proclamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals, "of the Union for Resistance to Oppression." In particular, the Town of Caen, in Calvados, sees its paper leaf of *Bulletin de Caen* suddenly bud, suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there; under the Editorship of Girondin National Representatives!

For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more desperate humor. Some, as Vergniaud, Valazé, Gensonné, "arrested in their own houses," will await with stoical resignation what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to flight, to concealment; which, as the Paris Barriers are opened again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados; or far over France, to Lyons, Toulon, Nantes, and elsewhither, and then rendezvous at Caen: to awaken as with war trumpet the respectable Departments; and strike down an anarchic Mountain Faction; at least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we count some score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-arrested: a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Pétion, who have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes; a Salles, a Pythagorean Valady, a Duchâtel, the Duchâtel that came in blanket and nightcap to vote for the life of Louis, who have escaped from danger and likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge here, at the "Intendance or Departmental Mansion," of the town of Caen in Calvados; welcomed by Persons in Authority; welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the *Bulletin de Caen* comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs: How the Bourdeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself; sixty, or say sixty-nine, or seventy-two respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay, Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said, That she will march. But on the other hand, that Montélimart Town has said, No thoroughfare; and means even to "bury herself" under her own stone and mortar first, — of this be no mention in *Bulletin de Caen.*

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper; and fervors and eloquent sarcasm: tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's "Provincials." What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez; also a secondary questionable General

Puisaye, and others; and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart: gather in, ye National Volunteers, friends of Liberty; from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near: forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy! Thus at Caen in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting: Staff and Army; Council; Club of Carabots, Anti-jacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of Bulletins, a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated; and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the "Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us." And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, *this* is the conclusion we have arrived at: To put down Anarchy by Civil War! Durum et durum, the Proverb says, non faciunt murum. La Vendée burns: Santerre can do nothing there; he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed; — lovers of the Picturesque (as Goethe will testify), washed country people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work and counterwork; "you only duck a little while the shot whizzes past." Condé is capitulating to the Austrians; Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famars was stormed; General Dampierre was killed; General Custine was blamed, — and indeed is now come to Paris to give "explanations."

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not without severity; they ray-forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Commissioners come even to Caen; but without effect. Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d'Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison; there may Romme lie, under lock and key, "for fifty days"; and meditate his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria, La Vendée, and Civil War! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb. —

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a

young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance; her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret, — him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand. "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision, is in this fair female Figure. "By energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendor; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries! — Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without and the dim-simmering 25,000,000 within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday, the 9th of July, seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good Journey; her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along, amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday: — yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the

Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! — The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. — Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day laborers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight, — toward a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the 13th of the month; eve of the Bastille day, — when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then"; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has traveled; — and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever, — of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven pence halfpenny of ready money, in paper; with slipper bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid — Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led them. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity: yet surely on the way toward that? — Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and

wished to speak with you. — Be seated, mon enfant. Now, what are the Traitors going at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen? — Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's friend, clutching his tablets to write: Barbaroux, Pétion, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: Pétion, and Louvet, and — Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "À moi, chère amie (Help, dear)!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman, left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat People's friend is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar, — *whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; reëchoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honors, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One whom they think it honor to call "the good Sansculotte," — whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and newborn children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise, but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapped once in swaddling clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men! — A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The chère amie, and neighbors of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables," intrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet,

all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed, — which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? — "By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (extrêmement), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying toward death, — alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the

neckerchief from her neck: a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it."

In this manner have the Beautifulest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace?" Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent stillness, are dreaming not of Love paradises and the light of Life, but of Codrus' sacrifices and Death well earned? That 25,000,000 hearts have got to such temper, this *is* the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this; whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well, — in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-demonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus*. Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[1777–1844.]

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown!
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's Crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone:
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between:
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried: when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;—
Then ceased;—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the Victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save,—
So peace instead of death let us bring!
But yield, proud foe! thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king!"

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose:
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;

While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England! raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze
Whilst the wine cup shines in light!
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride,
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of Fame that died
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing Glory to the souls
Of the Brave!

THE HUNTSMEN.

By CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

(From "Atala": translated by Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint Pierre.)

[François René Auguste, Vicomte de Châteaubriand, French writer and diplomatist, was born of a noble Breton family at St. Malo, September 14, 1768. He entered the army at eighteen; traveled in America among the Indians (1791–1792); was wounded while serving with the royalist forces at Thionville; and subsequently emigrated to England, where he supported himself by teaching and general literary work. "Atala" (1801), a romance of the North American Indians, created a sensation, and "The Genius of Christianity" (1802) was enthusiastically received. In 1803 he was appointed by Napoleon secretary of legation at Rome and later minister to the Swiss republic of Valais, a post which he resigned on the murder of the Duc d'Enghien (1804). Under the Bourbon dynasty he was created a peer of France, and held several important diplomatic posts. He died at Paris, July 4, 1848. Besides the works already mentioned Châteaubriand wrote: "René," "The Martyrs," "The Natchez," "Journey from Paris to Jerusalem," memoirs, etc.]

Nothing but a miracle could save Atala from the fascinating solicitations of love, and the persuasive voice of nature:

and that miracle was wrought. The daughter of Simaghan invoked the God of Christians; her matchless form, prostrate on the ground, in the humble posture of supplication, she offered a pious prayer to Heaven. What a sublime idea I then formed, O René! of a religion which, in the midst of deserts, amid the wants of life, pours innumerable comforts on a wretched being; of a religion which can, at will, curb the most impetuous passion, when the secrecy of woods, the absence of men, the mystery of the shade, all seem to favor it. How heavenly she looked, the ingenious savage, the innocent Atala, when on her knees before a fallen pine, which seemed as a victim at the foot of the altar, she offered to the Lord of life through the tufted trees the most fervent prayers for the conversion of her idolatrous lover. Her eyes turned toward the refulgent lamp of night, her cheeks bedewed with tears of love and piety, she appeared like an immortal spirit. Often did I think I saw her take her flight to Heaven; often methought I saw descending from the azure skies, and that I heard whispering among the branches, those aërial beings the Great Spirit sends to the holy hermits of the rocks, when he chooses to recall them to his bosom. I trembled, as I feared Atala had but a short time to spend on this mortal earth.

She sobbed, she wept so bitterly, she looked so distressed, that I felt almost tempted to obey and leave her, when the cries of death resounded through the forest, and I was seized by four armed warriors. Our flight had been discovered, and their chief had sent them in our pursuit.

Atala, who seemed divine, so dignified were her mien and her steps, cast a scornful look on them; and, without uttering a word, she hastened to her father.

He was deaf to all her supplications, he increased the number of my guards, he doubled my fetters, and refused to let my beloved come near me. Five days elapsed, and we perceived Apalachucla lying near the river Chatautché. I was immediately crowned with flowers, my face was painted with blue and vermilion, pearls were tied to my nose and ears, and a Chechikoué was put into my hands.

Thus adorned for the sacrifice, I entered Apalachucla, followed by the shouts of an immense crowd. I gave myself up for lost, when the sound of a conch was heard, and the Mico, chief of the whole tribe, ordered the council to assemble. You know, my boy, what horrid tortures the savages inflict upon

their prisoners of war. Christian missionaries, at the peril of their lives, with an indefatigable zeal had prevailed on several nations to replace, by a mild slavery, the torments of death. The Muscogulges had not yet adopted that humane custom; but a numerous party had declared for it; and it was to determine on that important question that Mico had assembled the Sachems. I was brought to the hall of debate, situate on an isolated spot near Apalachucla. Three circles of columns composed the elegant and simple architecture of the building: they were made of cypress, well carved and polished; the columns augmented in height and size and decreased in number as they drew near the center, which was supported by a single pillar, from whose top long strips of bark, bending over the other columns, covered the rotunda like a transparent fan.

The council met. Fifty old men, clad in magnificent beaver cloaks, sat upon steps opposite the entrance of the pavilion; the great chief stood in the midst of them, holding in his hand the calumet of peace, half painted for war. On the right of the elders were placed fifty matrons, dressed in flowing garments, made of the down of swans. The chiefs of the warriors, a tomahawk in their hands, feathers on their heads, their wrists and breasts stained with blood, sat on the left. At the foot of the central column burnt the fire of council. The first juggler, followed by eight attendants in long robes, a stuffed owl on his head, threw some copal in the flame, and offered a sacrifice to the sun. The triple range of elders, matrons, and warriors, the clouds of frankincense, the sacrifice, all gave to the savage council an awful and pompous appearance.

I stood in the center loaded with chains. The sacrifice over, the Mico simply exposed the reasons for which he had convened them, and threw a blue collar in the room as a token of what he had said. Then arose a Sachem, of the tribe of the eagle, who spoke thus: —

"Father and venerable Mico, Sachems, matrons, and you warriors of the tribes of the eagle, the beaver, the serpent, and the tortoise, do not alter any of the customs of our ancestors: burn the prisoner. Let no reason whatever abate our courage. The plan was suggested by white men, and therefore must be pernicious: here is a red collar as a pledge of my words." And he threw it in the hall.

A matron rose and said: —

"Father of the tribe of the eagle, you possess the shrewd

penetration of the fox, and the slow prudence of the tortoise. I will strengthen the ties of friendship between us, and we shall both plant the tree of peace. But let us remove from the customs of our forefathers all that shocks humanity and reason. Let us have slaves to cultivate our fields, and suffer the groans of prisoners no longer to disturb infants in their mothers' womb."

As when the stormy sea dashes her tumultuous billows; or when the faded leaves in autumn are whirled by the winds; or when the reeds in the Meschacébé bend and suddenly rise under the emerging floods; or when a herd of amorous stags roar in the solitary woods — such was the murmur of the council. Sachems, warriors, matrons, all spoke together. The opinions varied, no one could agree; the council was on the point of breaking up. At last the ancient custom prevailed, and it was resolved that I should be burnt with the usual tortures. A circumstance protracted my fate. The feast of the dead, or the banquet of souls, drew near, and it was forbidden to put any prisoner to death during the days allotted to that holy rite. I was intrusted to the care of a vigilant guard, and the Sachems, no doubt, kept away the daughter of Simaghan, for I saw her no more. . . .

How much are men to be pitied, dear boy! Those very Indians whose customs are so affecting, those very women who had expressed so much compassion for my misfortunes, now called aloud for my death; nay, whole nations delayed their journey to behold the tortures of a harmless youth.

In the middle of a valley, towards the north, and at some distance from the village, was a dark wood of cypress and pines, called the grove of blood. A narrow path led to it amid the moldering ruins of old monuments that had belonged to a tribe now unknown in the desert; there was a wide lawn in the center of the wood, on which they sacrificed their prisoners of war: thither was I conducted in triumph. All was prepared for my death: the fatal stake of Areskoui planted, ancient pines, cypress, and elms felled to the ground, the pile erected, and amphitheaters constructed for the spectators. Each inventing new tortures; one wanted to tear the skin off my forehead, another to burn my eyes with red-hot hatchets. I thus began my death song: —

"I am a true man, I fear neither fire nor death, O Muscogulges! I defy you, and think you less than women. My

father, the warlike Outalissi, son of Miscou, has drunk in the skulls of your most renowned heroes. You shall not draw one single sigh from my heart."

Provoked at my song, one of the warriors pierced my arm with an arrow. I said, "Brother, I thank thee."

Expeditious as were my tormentors, they could not get everything ready for my execution, before the setting sun. They consulted the juggler, who forbade to disturb the genii of the night, and my death was therefore postponed until the next day. But impatient to behold the horrid sight, and to be ready against the morrow's dawn, they remained in the wood, kindled the evening fire, and began their dances.

I was stretched on my back, and cords entwined around my neck, my arms and my feet were tied to spears stuck deep in the ground: guards sat on the ropes, and I could not move unfelt by them. Night darkened on the skies, the songs and dances ended, the half-consumed piles threw but a glimmering light, which reflected the shadows of a few wandering savages. At last all was asleep, and as the busy hum of men decreased, the roaring of the storm augmented, and succeeded to the confused din of voices.

It was at that hour when the newly delivered Indian awakes from her slumbers, and thinking she hears the cries of her first-born, starts from her couch to press her milky breast on his coral lips. My eyes turned toward the murky heavens, I sadly reflected on my dismal fate; Atala seemed a monster of ingratitude to me, who had preferred the most horrid death rather than forsake her: she left me forlorn in the most awful moment, yet I felt I loved her, and that I gladly died for her.

In exquisite pleasure, a secret impulse leads us to profit of each precious instant. In extreme pain, on the contrary, our soul, blighted and torn by excessive sorrow, slumbers almost senseless; our eyes oppressed with tears naturally close, and thus Providence administers his balmy comfort to the unfortunate. I felt, in spite of myself, that momentary sleep which suspends for a time the sufferings of the wretched. I dreamt that a generous hand tore away my bonds, and I experienced that sweet sensation so delicious to the freed prisoner, whose limbs were bruised by galling fetters.

The sensation became so powerful that I opened my eyes. By the light of the moon, whose propitious rays darted through the fleecy clouds, I perceived a tall figure dressed in white, and

silently occupied in untying my chains. I was going to call aloud, when a well-known hand stopt my mouth. One single cord remained, which it seemed impossible to break without waking the guard that lay stretched upon it. Atala pulled it, the warrior, half awake, started; Atala stood motionless; he stared, took her for the genius of the ruins, and fell aghast on the ground, shutting his eyes and invoking his manitou.

The cord is broken. I rise and follow my deliverer. But how many perils surround us! now we are ready to stumble against some savage sleeping in the shade; sometimes called by a guard, Atala answers, altering her voice; children shriek, dogs bark, we had scarcely passed the fatal inclosure when the most terrific yells resounded through the forest, the whole camp awaked, the savages light their torches to pursue us, and we hasten our steps: when the first dawn of morn appeared we were already far in the desert. Great Spirit! thou knowest how exquisite was my felicity, when I found myself once more in the wilderness with Atala, with my deliverer, my beloved Atala, who gave herself to me forever! Throwing myself at her feet, I said with a faltering voice, "Men are poor beings, O daughter of Simaghan! but when they are visited by the genii, they are mere atoms. Thou art my genius, thou hast visited me; gratitude cannot find utterance." Atala offered her hand with a melancholy smile; "I must follow you, since you will not fly without me. Last night I bribed the juggler, intoxicated your guards with the essence of fire, and cheerfully hazarded my life for you, who gave yours for me. Yes, young idolater!" exclaimed she, with an accent that terrified me, "Yes, the sacrifice shall be reciprocal."

Atala gave me weapons she had carried with her, dressed my wound with the leaves of papaia, and bathed it with her tears. "It is a salutary balm you pour on my wound," said I. "Alas! I fear it is poison," she replied, "which flows from a blighted heart." She tore a veil from her bosom, and tied my arm with her hair.

Intoxication, which among savages lasts long, and is a kind of malady, prevented our enemies, no doubt, from pursuing us for the first day. If they sought for us afterwards, they probably went towards the western side, thinking we were gone down the Meschacébé. But we had bent our course towards the fixed star, guiding our steps by the moss on the oaks.

We soon perceived how little we had gained by my deliver-

ance. The desert now displayed its boundless solitudes before us; inexperienced in a lonely life, in the midst of forests, wandering from the right path, we strayed helpless and forlorn. While I gazed on Atala, I often thought of the history of Hagar in the desert of Beersheba, which Lopez had made me read, and which happened in those remote times when men lived three ages of oaks. . . .

Alas! I soon perceived how much Atala's seeming serenity had deceived me: as we went farther into the desert, she grew more melancholy. Sometimes she suddenly shuddered, and quickly turned her head, or I surprised her casting on me the most impassioned looks, and then she would raise her eyes to heaven in deep affliction. What terrified me most was a secret painful thought she kept concealed from me, but which her agitated countenance partly discovered. Constantly encouraging and repelling my solicitations, reviving or destroying my hopes; when I thought I had made some progress in her heart, she always disappointed my expectations. Often did she say, "I cherish thee, O my beloved! as the shady groves in the sultry heat; thou art as beauteous as the verdant landskip, embalmed with the flowers of spring; when I approach thee I tremble; if my hand meets with thine I think myself dying: the other day, as thou wert slumbering on my bosom, the wind scattered thy locks on my face, methought I felt the touch of some spirit. Yes, I have seen the young kids sport on the sloping mountain of Occona; I have listened to the language of men advanced in years. But the meekness of playful kids, the wisdom of elders, are neither so sweet nor so persuasive as thy words. Well, Chactas, I can never be thy wife!"

The perpetual contradictions of love and religion, her excessive tenderness, her chaste purity, her noble mind, her exquisite sensibility, the elevation of her soul on great occasions, and her susceptibility in trifles, showed me in Atala the most incomprehensible being. She could not obtain a momentary empire of the heart; her exalted love and her rigid virtue forced man to worship, or to hate her.

After a rapid march of fifteen nights, we reached the mountains of Alleghany, and came to the banks of the Tennasse, a river that empties itself in the Ohio. By the advice of Atala, I built a canoe, which I calked with the gum of plum trees, seaming the barks with the roots of pines; and embarking on the frail pirogue, we were carried along by the stream.

Solitude, the constant presence of the beloved object, our misfortunes, all increased our love. Atala's resolution began to forsake her, and her passion in weakening her delicate frame was triumphing over her virtue. She constantly prayed to her mother, whose angry ghost she seemed endeavoring to appease. Sometimes she asked me if I did not hear the groans of an invisible spirit; or if I did not see flames darting from the ground. Worn by fatigue, consumed by desire, and thinking that we were forever lost in these vast forests: often, clasping my beloved in my arms, did I propose to her to build a hut, and spend the remainder of our days in those deserts; she obstinately refused, saying, "Remember, my dear friend, what a warrior owes to his country. What is a poor weak woman, in comparison of the many duties thou hast to fulfill? Take courage, son of Outalassi, do not murmur against thy destiny. The heart of man is like the sponge in the river; in fair weather it imbibes the purest water, and when the storms have disturbed the waves, it is swelled by the slimy flood. Has the sponge a right to say, I thought there never should have been a storm, nor that I should have been dried by the scorching sun?"

O René! if you fear the aching of the heart, avoid lonely retreats; great passions are solitary, bringing them to a desert is leading them to their own empire. Distracted with grief and fears, exposed every moment to fall into the hands of Indian foes, or to be swallowed by the waves, to be stung by serpents, or devoured by wild beasts, scarce able to procure our miserable pittance, knowing not where to bend our steps, we thought our misfortunes could never be greater, when the most fatal accident filled up the measure of our woes. It was on the twenty-seventh sun, since our flight from the grove of blood. The moon of fire had begun her course, and all foreboded a storm. About the hour when the Indian matrons suspended their rakes to the branches of savin trees, when the parrots shelter themselves from the heat of the day in the hollow cypresses, the sky began to darken. All was still in the wilderness. Soon distant peals of thunder were repeated by the echoes of woods as ancient as the world; dreading to perish in the flood, we hurried on shore to seek shelter in the forest.

Walking on a marshy ground, we could hardly proceed under arches of smilax, amongst clumps of vines, indigoes, and creeping lianes that entangled our feet like nets; the earth

was sinking under us, we feared to be buried in the mire. Numberless insects, enormous bats, almost blinded us; we heard the fatal rattle of the poisonous snake; wolves, bears, buffaloes, carcajoux, and tigers flocked in crowds to save themselves in the forest. They rent the air with their terrific yells.

Total darkness overspread the atmosphere, the lowering clouds covered the tops of trees, lurid lightnings tore the blazing skies, the tempestuous wind whirled cloud upon cloud, the firmament, rent asunder, unveiled through its crevices a new heaven on fire; the whole mass of the forest bowed in awful reverence. What a sublime and tremendous sight! the thunder poured conflagration on the woods; the flames spread in oceans of fire, columns of smoke assailed the heavens, disgorging their bolts in the vast combustion; the rolling thunder, the clash of shattered trees, the groaning of phantoms, the howling of wild beasts, the roaring of torrents, the hissing of lightning extinguished in the waves. All seemed a wreck of matter, ringing through the desert.

The Great Spirit knows that, during the seeming dissolution of nature, I saw or feared for none but Atala. Leaning against the tree which served us as a refuge, my body bent over her lovely form, I endeavored to shelter her from the rain that fell from the dripping foliage; seated on the wet ground, I held her on my knees, warming her cold feet in my hands. Listening attentively to the storm, I felt Atala's tears, hot like the milk pouring from the luxuriant udder, drop on my burning cheek. "O Atala!" exclaimed I, "open thy heart to me, tell the painful secret thou hast ostensibly concealed: thou knowest how sweet it is to unfold our most private thoughts to a friend. Yes, I see it, thou weepest for thy native hut!" — "Child of nature," she replied, "why should I weep for my native hut, since my father was not born in the land of palms?" — "What," said I, with amazement, "your father was not born in the land of palms! who then was he that placed you in this world of sorrow?" She resumed, "Before my mother brought to Simaghan, as her marriage portion, thirty mares, twenty oxen, one hundred tubs of acorn oil, fifty beavers' skins, and many more treasures, she had known a white man. But the mother of my mother, throwing water on her face, obliged her to espouse Magnanimous Simaghan, our chief, revered by the nation as one of the genii. My mother told her bridegroom, 'My womb

has conceived, O slay me!' 'No,' replied generous Simaghan, 'may the Great Spirit spare me the horrid deed. I will not mangle you, I shall not cut your nose nor your ears, because you have spoken truth, and have not deceived the bridal couch. The fruit of your womb shall be mine, and I will not approach you till the ricebird is flown, and that the thirteenth moon has illumined the sky.' About that time she gave me birth; and as I grew, I soon displayed the haughtiness of a Spaniard, blended with the pride of a savage. She made me a Christian like my father and herself; shortly after the sorrows of love assailed her, and she now rests in the narrow hut hung with skins, from which no one ever returns." So Atala ended her narrative. I asked, "Who then was thy father, poor orphan of the wilderness? What name did he bear among men? How was he called among the genii?" — "I never bathed my father's feet," replied Atala; "I only know that he resided with his sister at St. Augustine, and that he has ever been faithful to my mother. Philip was his name among the angels, and men called him Lopez."

Hearing these last words, I exclaimed with rapture, clasping my beloved to my throbbing breast, "O sister! O daughter of Lopez! O the child of my benefactor!" Atala, alarmed, inquired the cause of my emotion. But when she learned Lopez was that generous protector who had adopted me at St. Augustine, and whom I had forsaken to wander in the desert, she shared my frantic joy. Already overwhelmed by our passion, fraternal love was too much. The fainting Atala vainly tried to escape me, with a convulsive motion she raised her hands to her face, and then reclined her beauteous head on my bosom. Already had I tasted on her quivering lips the intoxicating draught of love; my eyes directed towards heaven, in those dreary wilds, and in presence of the Eternal Spirit, I held my adored entwined in my arms, — nuptial pomp, fit to grace our exquisite love, and worthy of our misfortunes! Superb forests, that bent your lofty heads in verdant domes over us like the canopy of the bridal couch, — burning pines that served as hymeneal torches, — roaring torrents, groaning mountains, horrid and sublime nature, could you not one instant conceive in your terrific mysteries the felicity of one man?

Atala opposing but a weak resistance, I was going to taste ecstatic bliss, when a thunderbolt, darting through the dark space, felled a pine close by us. The forest filled with sul-

phurous smoke, aghast we fly; O surprise! when silence suspended the tremendous crushing of nature, we heard the sound of a bell. We listened, and shortly distinguished the barking of a dog; the sound draws near, the dog appears, runs and skips, licking our feet with joy. A venerable hermit followed along the shade, with a lantern in his hand. "Blessed be Providence!" exclaimed he, when he saw us; "I have been long looking for you—we usually ring our bell at night during a storm to call the straying traveler. Like our brethren on Mount Lebanon and on the Alps, we teach our dogs to track the wandering stranger in these deserts. Mine scented you as soon as the storm began, and led me hither. Good God, how young they are! Poor children, how they must have suffered in these wilds! Come, I have brought a bearskin; it will serve for you, young maid; here is some wine in my gourd that will strengthen you. The Almighty be praised in all his works! great is his mercy, his goodness is infinite."

Atala, throwing herself at his feet, said, "Chief of prayer! I am a Christian, and Heaven sends you here to save me." To me the old man was incomprehensible: his charity appeared so much above human that I thought myself in a dream. By the light of his lantern, I saw the hermit's hoary locks and beard dripping with rain; his face, his hands, his feet, were mangled by thorns. "Old man," said I, "what a heart is thine, since thou hast not feared to be crushed by the thunderbolt?"—"Feared!" replied he, warmly, "feared! when I knew my fellow-creatures in peril, and that I could assist them? Alas! I should prove a wretched servant of Christ!"—"But do you know that I am no Christian?"—"Young man," resumed he, "have I asked thy religion? Christ never said, my blood shall wash this and not that man. He died for the Jew as well as the Gentile, and in us poor mortals he beheld none but brethren. What I now do for you is a trifle; in other climes you would meet with greater assistance. But glory be to God, and not to priests. What are we but weak men, and the humble tools the Omnipotent employs to accomplish his works? Who then is the cowardly soldier that would basely forsake his leader when, the cross in his hand, his forehead crowned with thorns, he hastens to the help of the unfortunate?"

The old man's words penetrated my heart, and tears of admiration and gratitude rushed from my eyes. "My dear Neophytes," said the missionary, "I am the pastor of some of

your savage brethren in these deserts: my cell is near, on the mountain. Come, follow me, there you may rest; and although you will not find the luxuries of life, it will prove a refuge against the storm, and you must return thanks to the Most High; for, alas! there are many who now want an asylum."

CASABIANCA.

By FELICIA D. HEMANS.

[1793–1835.]

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the "Orient," remained at his post in the battle of the Nile after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm —
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

DUC D'ENGHIEN.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

THE MURDER OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.[1]

By PIERRE LANFREY.

(From "The History of Napoleon.")

[PIERRE LANFREY: A French historian and publicist; born at Chambéry, Savoy, October 26, 1828; died at Pau, November 16, 1877. He was educated at the Jesuits' College in his native town, and at the Collège Bourbon, Paris. He studied law but did not practice, giving his attention exclusively to historical research and literary work. His published writings include: "The Church and the Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century" (1857), "Essay on the French Revolution" (1858), "Political Studies and Portraits" (1863), and "History of Napoleon I." (5 vols., 1867-1875). The last named is his principal work, and was left incomplete. M. Lanfrey was a soldier in the war with Germany; was elected deputy to the National Assembly in 1871; and was ambassador to Thiers (1871-1873). He was chosen senator in 1875, but, owing to feeble health, he was unable to serve.]

DECIDED as he was to strike the Bourbons personally, in order to disgust them with conspiracies and terrify their partisans, he had immediately inquired if there were not within his reach another member of this family, which he doubly detested since they had fought hand to hand with him, and since they had contemptuously rejected his offer of two millions as the price of a renunciation of the crown of France. Unhappily for

[1] By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

the glory of the First Consul, this Bourbon was found; he had resided for nearly two years at Ettenheim, very near Strasburg, but in the territory of Baden. He was the Duc d'Enghien, son of the Prince de Condé, a young man full of ardor and courage, always in the foremost rank in the battles in which his father's army had taken part. Having retired to Ettenheim at the end of the war, he had lived there, attracted by a romantic passion for the Princess Charlotte de Rohan, whom he had secretly married, while the neighborhood of the Black Forest allowed him to satisfy his taste for hunting. A perfect stranger to the conspiracy, of which he had not even known the existence, he was waiting till the English Cabinet, which gave him a pension, should send him notice to resume his services in the corps of the emigrants. Bonaparte caused him to be watched by an ancient servitor of his house, named Lamothe, whose report gave no evidence of his complicity with the conspirators of Paris, but mentioned two circumstances calculated to raise suspicions: the first was the presence at Ettenheim of Dumouriez, whose name the agent had by mistake confused with that of the Marquis de Thumery; the second was a widely spread report, though equally erroneous, that the Duc d'Enghien sometimes ventured to go to the theater at Strasburg. But these two facts, supposing them proved, which was not the case, did not constitute a serious presumption, for nothing had hitherto shown that Dumouriez belonged to the conspiracy, and if the duke went stealthily to Strasburg, it by no means followed that he had come as far as Paris. The Government had, moreover, in their hands the correspondence of Drake with Méhée; they had the reports of their agents in the neighborhood, of Taylor and Spencer Smith; they had the dispatches of M. de Massias, our minister at Baden; and they knew so much the better that there was no foundation in Drake's conspiracy, that Bonaparte had himself organized it, and held all the threads of the imbroglio. If the Duc d'Enghien had played at Ettenheim the part attributed to him, it is certain that some mention of it would be found in the various documents, which are all silent about him. Napoleon could not for a moment believe that the Duc d'Enghien was conspiring against him, and we can only regard as an abominable comedy the famous scene, so often brought forward, which Desmarest first related: "Well, M. Réal, you never told me that the Duc d'Enghien was four leagues from my frontier, organizing a military plot; am I then

a dog, that the first comer may murder with impunity?" Then came Talleyrand, who met with the same reception, and after him Cambacérès, who, on hearing that it was proposed to seize and shoot the Duc d'Enghien, respectfully expressed a wish that the severity would not go so far. "Learn," replied Bonaparte, "that I will not spare my murderers!" Moreover, this explosion of feigned anger appears so uncalled for, even to the author of this narrative, that he explains it by Napoleon's persuasion that the Duc d'Enghien was the French prince who was to put himself at the head of the conspirators. But they had named this French prince more than a month before in their depositions; it was the Count d'Artois, followed by the Duc de Berri. This prince was to come from England and not from the banks of the Rhine; it was he whom Savary had been awaiting twenty-eight days at Biville cliff. This second error is then still less admissible than the first. The only crime of the Duc d'Enghien was being within reach of Bonaparte at the moment that Bonaparte needed the blood of a Bourbon, and it was for this reason alone that he was chosen and struck.

All of the arguments invented both at the time and since for throwing upon chance or passive instruments the responsibility of the murder, fall to the ground before a simple statement of the facts. It was at the end of February when Bonaparte learned that he must definitely renounce all hope of drawing the Count d'Artois into the ambuscade of Biville; he immediately made Réal write to the prefect of Strasburg, to inquire if the Duc d'Enghien was at Ettenheim. In this letter of March 1st to M. Shée, Réal does not ask: "Is the duke conspiring? Have you any information to give concerning him?" He simply asks this: "Is the duke still at Ettenheim?" Lamothe's report arrived at Paris March 9, the 10th of March Bonaparte gave Caulaincourt and Ordener orders to cross the frontier, and invest one Offenburg, and the other Ettenheim. This fact is closely connected with all that precedes it; it was the resolution of a violent soul impatient to strike. How can it be attributed to another than himself, who was then everything, and who alone in this affair was carried away by passion and blinded by self-interest! In his conversations at St. Helena, sometimes he claimed the resolution as his own; at others, he ascribed it to the perfidious counsels of involuntary actors who were mixed up in this melancholy drama, as if he was accustomed to be influenced by those around him, espe-

cially upon questions of such importance! And whom does he accuse of this? The man who, by his position, had the least interest in hurrying him on to such an excess, and who, by his character, felt the most repugnance to it, Talleyrand,—the cold, prudent, moderate Talleyrand, the man of middle courses, the enemy of extreme parties, whose nature was complaisant even to cowardice, but neither bad nor cruel. And to what end would Talleyrand have imagined this crime? To compromise Bonaparte forever with the Bourbons and render their return impossible? But why? What fear or what ambition could inspire in him such madness? Was this royal race between himself and the throne? What had he so much to dread in the Bourbons,—he who had been steeped in none of the excesses of the Revolution, who had not been either a regicide like Fouché or a terrorist like Bonaparte,—he who was one of the few possible statesmen in the event of a restoration?

To this false and cowardly excuse, pleaded by a man who sometimes repudiated his own crime, and sometimes gloried in it with cynical pride, according as he thought of appeasing or amazing historians, the apologists of the reign have added justifications of which he had himself never thought, and of which the success would probably have furnished him with fresh reasons for despising men more ingenious than the tyrant himself in freeing his tyranny from reproach. Such is the tale of the pretended *quid pro quo*, which was Bonaparte's determining motive. This story, which appears to have been originally invented by Réal and Savary, men strongly interested in exculpating their master in order to clear their own memory, consists in maintaining that the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien was only resolved upon on the conviction that he was a certain mysterious personage, known by the name of Charles, whom some of the prisoners said they had seen at Georges', and of whom they gave a description. According to this version, Bonaparte was persuaded that this personage was the prince who was to put himself at the head of the conspiracy in order to direct it, and he only ordered the Duc d'Enghien to be seized "that he might confront him with the witnesses"; that is to say, that he might prove his identity with this unknown individual; hence the fatal error which led to the catastrophe of Vincennes. In the first place, we find no trace of this conviction in the original documents; they had the most minute description of the mysterious personage,—"bald, fair, middle

height," etc. This description did not answer in any point to that of the Duc d'Enghien; the first gendarmes could have proved it; and the question was not even asked of the agent sent to Ettenheim to watch the duke! In the second place, this description was no other than that of Charles Pichegru, whose identity they had easily been able to prove, since he had been confined in the Temple for ten days, with the prisoners who had denounced him, and when the Duc d'Enghien was taken, no one for a moment thought of the confrontation. In the third place, Bonaparte had known since February 14, that is to say, for a month, by the confession of Bouvet de Lozier, that the chiefs of the conspiracy were the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Berri, who were coming from England, the center of the plot, and not from the banks of the Rhine; and it was only because he had failed to get possession of their persons that he thought of seizing the Duc d'Enghien, whose name had never even been pronounced in a single deposition.

There is more: the published account of Georges' trial shows that when Picot was questioned upon the name of the mysterious personage, as far back as the 14th of February, he replied that it could be no other than Pichegru, and his declaration was confirmed by all the other prisoners. Every one of these assertions, and all that has since been added to them to make them appear more probable, breaks down under a close examination. Not only was the original determination Bonaparte's, but never was a resolution more freely pondered over and adopted, never was one more independent of that fatality, of those errors, which so often influence our designs, and never was one more personal; it bears his signature, and has nothing in common with the revolutionary atrocities in which we always meet with the blind inflexibility of a principle. The terror struck in the name of the law; here it is the Corsican vendetta, which pursues its enemy, in his children, in his family, and, when occasion requires, in his most distant relations.

There was, it is said, a council, in which the measure was only discussed for the sake of form, and in which Cambacérès claims the honor of having given counsels of moderation, that were too timid to be listened to, which drew upon him this famous reply: "You have become very sparing of the blood of the Bourbons!" But we must put in the list of stories the anecdote of a pretended report, read by Talleyrand in support of the measure, which he stole from the archives to burn, but

left by mistake at the bottom of a drawer, where an avenging providence took care to preserve it. These are gross falsehoods that are not worth discussion. The only document that Talleyrand drew up at that time (and it is too much for his honor) is the one in which, as minister of foreign affairs, he informed the Elector of Baden of the violation of territory which the First Consul had committed "with the deepest regret."

On the 15th of March, 1804, a detachment of dragoons set out from Schelestadt, in the middle of the night, under the order of Colonel Ordener, crossed the Rhine, surprised Ettenheim, and surrounded the house in which Duc d'Enghien lived. He was at first inclined to reply to the summons to open the door by firing upon his assailants; he was deterred from doing so by a German officer, who was near him, and who having asked him "if he was compromised," upon his reply in the negative pointed out to him the uselessness of resistance; he surrendered himself prisoner, not to expose his friends. All his papers were then seized, and he was conducted to the citadel of Strasburg, where he was confined with the Marquis de Thumery and the persons who had been found in his house. Of all these persons, who were eight in number, the Marquis and Colonel Grunstein were the only ones that belonged to the military emigrants; the others were ecclesiastics and domestics. They had therefore immediate proof of the falsity of the report both with regard to the presence of Dumouriez and the complicity of the duke with the conspiracy of Paris, of which there was no trace in his papers, and even of the military rank that he was said to hold with a view of the coming war, for he was living there as a private individual; and the assemblage of emigrants that were supposed to have grouped around him was purely imaginary.

But the death of the unfortunate young man had been resolved upon, and was the more inevitable that it was combined with a political calculation. As early as the 12th of March, Bonaparte retired to Malmaison, where he both escaped solicitations that he was decided not to listen to, and was removed from the theater of the crime, for he did not wish to appear personally in an act in which his will had been supreme. It is Murat, whom he had just named governor of Paris, Réal, the head of his police, and Savary, his man of execution, who take the most prominent part in a drama in which they were only his instruments. On the 15th of March he wrote to Réal to pre-

Manuscript of C. M. Talleyrand de Perigord.

Political communication from the Division of Communal Affairs written by Talleyrand to the Secretary of Foreign Affairs at Geneva, Switzerland, proposing a closer union and a more distinct understanding between the revolutionary factions of both countries. Dated, 18th Ventose. Y. R. XII. (corresponding to 8 March, 1803).

[Vol. XIV. p. 4706.]

Division
des
Rel. Comm.les
.....

Paris le 18 Ventose an douze.

Le Ministre des relations extérieures

Au citoyen Bodard Commissaire-général des relations commerciales de la République française à Gênes.

Vous m'avez demandé, citoyen, un congé pour établir votre santé et suivre quelques affaires qui vous sont personnelles. je vous l'accorde avec plaisir et vous pourrez en profiter au reçu de cette lettre en laissant au citoyen Gaillard la gestion du Commissaire général /.

J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer.
ch. ..... de Talleyrand

C. M. TALLEYRAND DE PERIGORD, AN. REP. XII. (1803).

pare everything in the château of Vincennes. On the 17th he had the correspondence of the Duc d'Enghien in his hands; two days later he returned it to Réal, commanding him not to allow any discussion to take place upon the greater or lesser charges that his papers contained. He knew that all these charges were reduced to a single one, — to the crime of having served in the army of the emigrants, and being ready to serve in it again, — a crime that he had pardoned in so many thousands of men, infinitely less excusable than the heir of a family so cruelly tried by the Revolution; he knew that all the suspicions that had been raised against him were without foundation. The imprudent story of Savary, relative to the confusion "with the mysterious personage," becomes at this point so unsustainable that his continuators are obliged to admit that Bonaparte was no longer under this false impression; but he then feared, they say, "to expose himself to the contemptuous laugh of the Royalists." A singular reason for sacrificing an innocent person! Bonaparte had, moreover, nothing of the kind to apprehend from a terrified party. He was no longer under the influence of fear or illusion; he acted with due knowledge. On the 18th of March he received a dispatch from M. de Massias, our minister at Baden, who certified "that the conduct of the duke had always been innocent and moderate."

According to the received story, his dispatch was intercepted by M. de Talleyrand; but such activity in a hatred without motives scarcely appears reconcilable with the careless character of this statesman. M. de Massias did more; he went to Strasburg, and informed the prefect that there was neither plot nor assemblage of emigrants at Ettenheim. Are we to believe that M. Shée had, like Talleyrand, taken an oath to ruin the duke? The conduct and the intentions of the Duc d'Enghien were of very little consequence to Bonaparte; what he wanted was to get rid of him. Upon all these points his mind was so fully made up, that in the draft of the examination which he sent to Réal on the morning of the 20th of March (and more probably the evening of the 19th) the grievance of complicity in the conspiracy is not even mentioned; he is no longer accused of anything more "than of having borne arms against his country," and collateral facts connected with this principal one; he merely asks him, in the last place, "if he had any knowledge of the plot, and if in case it succeeded, he was not to enter Alsace." He takes no more pains to invoke false pretexts, he contents him-

self with a reason which is sufficient for condemning him to death, for this was all he wanted.

While preparations were being made for this tragic event, Bonaparte remained shut up in Malmaison, inaccessible to every one except his most intimate familiars. He recited to them, they say, verses from our most celebrated poets on the subject of clemency, in order to stop their supplications by giving utterance to sentiments that did not exist in his heart. Réal and Savary had continual interviews with him, and they arranged together the measures to be taken. As no one cared to fix his name to a dishonorable decree, the prince was to be tried by a commission composed of the colonels of the garrison of Paris, men of great devotion, and incapable of discerning the gravity of the act demanded of them. Réal was not to compromise himself by taking part in an examination that was only a form; his place was to be supplied by a captain reporter chosen by Murat. If the prisoner should ask to be allowed to see Bonaparte, no attention was to be paid to his demand. The First Consul ordered that the sentence was to be executed immediately, a sinister expression which clearly indicated the nature of that sentence. Notwithstanding all the lies that have been told about this incident of his life, there is no trace of a fact which proves that he experienced a moment's hesitation; everything shows, on the contrary, that a murder was never more coldly committed. He has been represented as walking by himself for hours together in the avenues of Malmaison, restless, hesitating, and in an anxious state of mind. "The proof of his agitation," it has been said, "is in his inoccupation, for he dictated scarcely a single letter during the whole week that he stayed at Malmaison, a unique instance of idleness in his life." A glance at his correspondence from the 15th to the 23d of March suffices to show the incorrectness of this assertion; in this short space of time he dictated twenty-seven letters, some of them of unusual length, and relative to affairs of every kind. On the 20th of March alone, a day on which his agitation would have been at its height, he dictated as many as seven, and in this number we find a long one written to Soult, in which he speaks of nothing but the calibre of the bombs at Boulogne and Fort Rouge, the changes to be made in the platforms of the gunboats and pinnaces of the Batavian Flotilla, and the "bales of poisoned cotton which the English had vomited upon our coasts to infect the continent," — an idea that would appear

ridiculous under any other circumstances, and one which bespeaks a singularly darkened imagination, but not a mind stung by remorse.

The Duc d'Enghien reached Paris on the 20th of March, about eleven o'clock in the morning; he was detained at the gate till four o'clock in the afternoon, evidently for fresh orders from Malmaison. From thence he was conducted by the outer boulevards to the dungeon of Vincennes, where Bonaparte had placed as governor a confidential man, well worthy of the work over which he was to preside. It was that same Harel who had delivered up to him the innocent heads of Arena, Ceracchi, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville for a crime of which he was the sole instigator and sole perpetrator. The prince was then allowed to take some rest and refreshment. It has been discovered by a close inquiry that was afterward instituted upon this tragical event, that when the Duc d'Enghien arrived at Vincennes to be tried, his grave was already dug. Toward midnight he was awoke by Captain Dautancourt, who commenced a preliminary examination as reporter of the commission. His replies were simple, noble, and modest, extremely clear and perfectly truthful. He admitted that he had served all through the war, first as a volunteer, and afterwards as major of the vanguard of the Corps de Bourbon; that he received pay from England, and had nothing else to depend on. But he denied ever having known either Dumouriez or Pichegru. At the moment of signing the report, he wrote with his own hand upon the minute "that he earnestly demanded to have a private interview with the First Consul. My name, my rank, my way of thinking, and the horror of my situation," he added, "make me hope that he will not refuse my demand." The choice of the hour alone indicated that his fate was decided. It is this request of a dying man, repeated a few minutes later before the commission, and not only foreseen but refused beforehand, as both Hullin and Savary attest, that is transformed, in the narrative of St. Helena, into a letter which was kept back by Talleyrand, always thirsting for the blood of the Bourbons. "The duke," says Napoleon, "wrote me a letter, in which he offered me his services, and asked for the command of an army, and that wretch of a Talleyrand did not give it to me till two days after the death of the prince!" This is a twofold and shameful calumny, one against Talleyrand, the other against the Duc

d'Enghien, and the latter is particularly odious: it is like a blow struck by the executioner on the face of the victim after he has beheaded him. The duke wrote no letter at all, much less such a discreditable one; but even if he had written it, either at Strasburg or Vincennes, it would under no circumstances have been put into the hands of M. Talleyrand. It would have been sent with all the other papers straight to Malmaison, or, in case of a very improbable confusion, to the Grand Judge or Réal, who was charged with the superintendence of the police, or even to Murat, governor of Paris. It is not possible that it was addressed to M. Talleyrand, then minister of foreign affairs. Supposing him to have been the cruel monster that such a deed would denote, Talleyrand was too pliant, too cautious, to act thus toward a man like Bonaparte. This anecdote can only do harm to the memory of him who invented it, and to the intelligence of those who have sanctioned it.

At two o'clock in the morning the prince was brought before the military commission that General Hullin presided over. By the mournful and immovable countenances of these men, accustomed to passive obedience, it was easy to see that they had received their orders, and the condemnation of the accused was written upon their severe and dejected faces. Everything in them and about them declared the melancholy office they had accepted; the darkness which surrounded them, the mystery with which they proceeded, the silence and isolation of this nocturnal hour, the absence of witnesses, of the public, of a counsel that is not refused to the worst of murderers, of all the forms for protecting the accused, the stealthy alacrity with which they hurried through their work, all these mute things have a terrible voice which cries: "These are not judges!" At the sight of their attitude the prisoner divined the fate that awaited him. The noble youth stood erect and replied with simple and manly dignity to the summary questions addressed to him by Hullin. They were put for the sake of form, and were merely an abridged repetition of those of the captain reporter: they state no other fact than that of having borne arms against the Republic, a fact that the prisoner did not deny. It is said that when Hullin asked him if he were connected with the plot against the life of the First Consul, the blood of the Condés boiled within him, and he repelled the suspicion with a flush of anger and indignation; but the hard

reproaches which twenty years later Savary placed in the mouth of Hullin, are devoid of all probability, for the judges were more embarrassed than the accused. Hullin, who is a better authority, assures us, on the contrary, that he endeavored to suggest to the prisoner a reticence that might save him, and that he rejected it with lofty resentment, as unworthy of himself. When the examination was terminated, the prince repeated his demand to have an interview with the First Consul. Then Savary, who had hitherto stood in silence before the fireplace and behind the president's chair, said: "Now, this is my business." After remaining half an hour with closed doors, for the semblance of a deliberation, and drawing up a decree signed in blank, the prisoner was fetched. Harel appeared with a torch in his hand; he conducted them through a dark passage to a staircase, which led down to the ditch of the château. Here they met a company of Savary's gendarmes, arrayed in order of battle; the prince's sentence was read to him by the side of the grave that had been dug for him beforehand, into which his body was about to be thrown. A lantern placed close to the grave threw its dismal light upon this scene of murder. The condemned man, then addressing the bystanders, asked if there was any one among them who would take charge of the last message of a dying man. An officer stepped out of the ranks; the duke confided to him a packet of hair to give to a beloved one. A few minutes after he fell before the fire of the soldiers.

Such was this ambush, one of the most cowardly that has ever been laid at any period. If we are to believe the excuses of those who took part in its execution, no one was responsible for it, and fatality alone committed the crime. To all the unfortunate mistakes which were discovered too late in this event may be added a last and still more deplorable one, which would alone have ruined the prince. Réal, charged with questioning him, opened the order which intrusted him with his mission when it was too late, and he did not arrive at Vincennes till after the execution. But if Réal was appointed to examine him, how was it that Murat, who cursed the part he had to play, took upon himself to confide it to Captain Dautancourt? And if Réal hastened to Vincennes, how was it that he wrote two letters to Hullin in the morning, begging him to send a copy of the examination and the sentence? Never have more miserable subterfuges been imagined, to screen the guilty from

the just contempt of history. The same may be said of Savary's story with regard to the reception given him by Bonaparte when he went to Malmaison to render an account of his mission: "He listened to me with the greatest surprise! He fixed his lynx eyes upon me. 'There is,' he said, 'something incomprehensible in this. The sentence was not to be pronounced till Réal had examined the prisoner upon a point which it was important for us to clear up. There is a crime that leads to nothing!'" The point to be cleared up was still the question of identity of the duke with the mysterious personage, bald, fair, of middle height! When we think that such impudent inventions have been accepted by a whole generation, we are led to ask if falsehood has not in itself a savor and an attraction so irresistible for vulgar appetites that truth can no longer appear to them other than repulsive! No; in the catastrophe of Vincennes there was neither accident, nor confusion, nor mistake: everything in it was conceived, premeditated, and combined with artistic care, and any one must have let prejudice destroy common sense, who accepts the stories invented by the criminal himself. How could the man, whom we see in his correspondence so particular, so attentive to the smallest details, so penetrating and so inquisitive with regard to the most insignificant agents of the conspiracy, the man who dictated the questions to be asked, and directed all the proceedings against Querelle and the woman Pocheton, suddenly become the sport of quid pro quos, of heedlessness, and the tremendous mistakes which are attributed to him, when the persons in question were a Bourbon or a Condé? How can we admit that a mind so clear-sighted, a character so self-willed and imperious, could, in this critical circumstance, have been merely a docile puppet in the hands of Talleyrand? No, in spite of falsifications and lies, in spite of hypocrisy more odious than the crime itself, he cannot escape the responsibility of an act which he performed with the utmost calculation; the deed will remain his own before God and before men, and history will not even admit in his favor that division of ignominy which complicity creates for the benefit of the guilty, for in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien there was one principal author, and there were instruments; accomplices there were none.

The news of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien was not known in Paris till the evening of the 21st of March; it produced a most disastrous impression. It was, in fact, a revival

of the terror, but the terror for the benefit of a single man, the terror without the fanaticism, without the publicity and broad daylight; for the whole of this ignoble tragedy, the arrest, the execution, had all taken place at night. Nevertheless, the public, deprived of all means of expressing their reprobation, were forced to keep silence, and the sensation was transient. Men are so inconsistent, even in hatred, that in less than three months after the murder those who had been most indignant were petitioning the murderer for some place in his antechambers. There was only one protestation, that of Chateaubriand, who resigned his office of chargé d'affaires to the Republic of Valais. Fourcroy received a concluding speech, all ready prepared, which he hastened to deliver to the Legislative Body, to dismiss this assembly. Bonaparte went himself to the Council of State and indulged in one of those monologues, in which he seemed to attack an imaginary interlocutor, as if he felt the condemnation that was hidden under the general silence. "The people of Paris were a set of nincompoops; they had always been the misfortune of France! As for public opinion, its judgments were to be respected, but its caprices were to be despised. Moreover, he had fifty thousand men to make the will of the nation respected!" He next entered into endless explanations which no one asked of him; then, as if irritated by the obstinate silence around, he hastily broke up the sitting. The newspapers had orders to say nothing. The *Moniteur* for that day and the day following, March 22, had a perfectly different character; it was full of mystery, gentleness, and contrition. On the 21st of March it published on the first page a letter from Pope Pius VII. "to his very dear son in Jesus Christ, Napoleon Bonaparte, relative to the churches of Germany;" a precious testimony of affection to display to pious people in these difficult circumstances. It did not contain a word on the tragic event that was in every mouth. A short note, however, informed the public of the assemblage of emigrants on the right side of the Rhine, "crowded with these new legionaries." Without naming the Duc d'Enghien, it said that "a Bourbon prince, with his staff and bureaux, had taken up his residence on this spot, from whence the movement was to be directed;" a shameful lie, invented to prepare public opinion, for the government had received, several days before, the names of eight perfectly inoffensive persons who surrounded the prince, and it required singular audacity to trans-

form them into a staff and bureaux for recruiting. The next day, March 22, the official journal again commenced with an article of the most edifying piety; it was more and more steeped in devotion. This time it is the Bishop of Counstances who vouches for the religious sentiments of the First Consul. In the middle of a solemn mass, demanded by the soldiers to thank God for the discovery of the conspiracy, the bishop proposed for their imitation the enthusiastic faith of the new Constantine: "Soldiers," he said, "never forget that God whom the conqueror of Marengo adores, that God before whom we have seen him in the cathedral of Milan bow his head, crowned by victory," etc. After this edifying introduction, and at the end of the news of the day, in the most obscure corner of the official paper, we find a document which seems placed there like some insignificant historical notice, without preface or reflections, or anything to attract the eye; it is the sentence of the Military Commission on one Louis-Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien. And as a climax to this perfidy and premeditated arrangement, the sentence itself is a forgery. The original decree, which Réal took to Malmaison, had appeared too brutal in its eloquent brevity, and had been lengthened by the addition of some judicial forms.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By CHARLES WOLFE.

[1791–1823.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow;

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

THE SHIP DUELS AND THE PRIVATEERS.[1]

By J. B. MacMASTER.

(From "History of the United States.")

[John Bach MacMaster, American historian, was born at Brooklyn, N.Y., June 29, 1852; is professor of American history in the University of Pennsylvania. His chief work is the "History of the People of the United States" (1883–1895), not yet completed. He has also written "Benjamin Franklin" in the "American Men of Letters" series, etc.]

While the army which the republicans had expected would long since have taken Canada was meeting with disaster after disaster on land, the hated and neglected navy was winning victory after victory on the sea. Such was the neglect into which this arm of the service had been suffered to fall, that but five ships were ready for sea on the day war was declared. Two of these, by order of the Secretary, were riding at anchor

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in the lower bay at New York, where, on the 21st of June, the "United States," the "Congress," and the "Argus" came in from the southward and joined them. The arrival of the frigates was most timely; for they had hardly passed the Hook before Commodore John Rodgers, who commanded, received news of the declaration of war, and within an hour the fleet — composed of the "President," the "United States," the "Congress," the "Argus," and the "Hornet" — weighed anchor and stood out to sea. Rodgers had orders to strike any of the British cruisers that had so long been searching merchantmen off Sandy Hook and return to port. But information had been received that the homeward-bound plate fleet had left Jamaica late in May, and he went off in pursuit. For a while he ran southeast, till, falling in with an American brig that had seen the Jamaica fleet of eighty-five vessels, under convoy, in latitude 36° north, longitude 67° west, he set sail in that direction, and at six in the morning of June 23, made out a stranger in the northeast. She proved to be the British thirty-six-gun frigate "Belvidera," Captain Richard Byron, which stood toward the fleet for a few minutes, and then turned and went off to the northeast, with the Americans in hot pursuit. The "President," happening to be the best sailer, came up with her late in the afternoon, fired three shots into her stern, and was about to send a fourth when the gun exploded, killing and wounding sixteen men, and among them Captain Rodgers. Confusion and demoralization followed, the sailing became bad, the shots fell short, and the "Belvidera," cutting away her anchors and throwing her barge, gig, yawl, and jolly-boat into the sea, and starting fourteen tons of water, drew ahead and was soon out of danger. The fleet now went a second time in pursuit of the Jamaica men, and kept up the chase till within a day's run of the English Channel, when they stood to the southward and came back to Boston by way of Madeira, the Western Islands, and the Grand Banks.

While Rodgers was thus searching for the plate fleet, an English squadron was looking for him. Three days after her fight with the "President," the "Belvidera" reached Halifax with the news of war. Vice Admiral Sawyer instantly dispatched Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke with the "Shannon," the "Africa," the "Æolus," and the "Belvidera," to destroy Rodgers' fleet. Sweeping down the coast, the squadron was joined at Nantucket Island by the "Guerrière," and on July

16 fell in with and took the brig "Nautilus," then one day from port. Luck was with them, and twenty-four hours later the "Constitution," Captain Isaac Hull, ran into their midst.

She had left Annapolis on the 12th of July, and had experienced such light winds and strong currents that on the afternoon of the 17th she had gone no farther than Barnegat, on the coast of New Jersey, when the lookout about two o'clock in the afternoon descried four sails to the northward, and by and by a fifth in the northeast. Five was the number of Rodgers' fleet. But Hull, not feeling sure that the strangers were friends, and finding that he was getting too near the coast, changed his course and went off due east toward the nearest ship, which was the "Guerrière," Captain James Richards Dacres. Captain Dacres had parted from the squadron some time before, and, not expecting to meet it so soon, believed the vessels to be the fleet of Captain Rodgers. He would not join them, therefore, and, on sighting the "Constitution" coming toward him, kept away, so that it was half-past seven before Hull caught up with the Guerrière, and, clearing for action, ran on side by side with her, but not venturing to fire lest she might be a friend.

Captain Broke, meanwhile, seeing the two frigates near together, concluded they were Americans, and carefully abstained from making any signals lest they should be frightened away. The situation at nightfall was thus most complicated: the British fleet supposed the "Guerrière" and the "Constitution" were Americans; the "Guerrière" supposed the British fleet belonged to the United States and was not certain as to the "Constitution," while Captain Hull was not sure as to the character of the "Guerrière." He was not long in doubt, however, for about three in the morning the "Guerrière" fired two guns and a rocket and made off. Daylight showed that the fleet belonged to the enemy, and Hull turned to escape.

And now began the most exciting chase recorded in naval annals. During the night the Englishmen closed in about him, and when the mist and the darkness lifted, the "Shannon" was some five miles astern; two others were to leeward, and the rest of the fleet ten miles astern. The ocean being quite calm and no wind stirring, Hull put out his boats to tow the "Constitution." Broke imitated him, and summoned all the boats of his squadron to tow the "Shannon"; and having furled all sail was gaining steadily on the "Constitution," when a little

breeze swept over the water and sent her a few hundred yards ahead before the "Shannon" could shake out her sails and catch it. But the wind soon died out, and the "Shannon," creeping up, got near enough to throw her shot over the "Constitution." Fearing that this would soon destroy the rigging and so make her a prize to the fleet, Lieutenant Charles Morris suggested kedging. Hull took the suggestion, ordered all the spare rope to be payed down into the cutters, which were sent half a mile ahead, where a kedge was let go. The moment the anchor touched bottom a signal was given, the crew, in the language of the sailors, "clapped on," and the ship was warped ahead. Meantime a second kedge had been carried forward and dropped, so that when the first was tripped the second was ready to be hauled on. This device Broke also imitated, and all that day and till late the next night the "Constitution" and her pursuers kept on towing and kedging and occasionally exchanging harmless shots. A light breeze then sprang up, which freshened toward midnight, and the men were allowed to rest till two in the morning of the 19th, when the wind once more died out and kedging was again resorted to. By noon the breeze became light again, and about half-past six in the evening a squall of rain was seen coming over the ocean. For this, as for everything, Hull was ready, and keeping his sails taut till just before the squall struck, he then, in a moment, furled the light ones and double-reefed the others, and so led the English captains to believe that a gust of unusual violence was near. Without waiting for it to strike them, they at once shortened sail and bore up before the wind, which compelled them to take a course just the opposite of that of the "Constitution." The squall was really very light, and as soon as the rain hid him from his pursuers Hull made all sail, and, though the fleet continued the pursuit till the next morning, he escaped after a chase of three nights and two days, or sixty-six hours. Six days later he entered Boston harbor.

There he stayed till August 2, when he again put to sea. Having no orders, he ran down to the Bay of Fundy, sailed along the coast of Nova Scotia, passed Newfoundland, and took his station off Cape Race, captured some merchantmen, and, sailing southward, spoke a Salem privateer whose captain informed him that a frigate was not far distant. Taking the course indicated, Hull, on the afternoon of August 19, sighted his old enemy the "Guerrière." The order to clear

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIÈRE

the decks was instantly given; the boatswain's cry, "All hands clear ship for action!" sounded through the frigate; the fife and drum beat to quarters, and every man hurried to his place and work. Marines and sailors climbed into the tops to be prepared to pick off the enemy if the frigates came to close quarters, or trim the topsails if a sudden maneuver became necessary, while below others stood ready to do the same with the lower sails. The gun crews made haste to unlash the guns and load them; the powder boys ran about the deck piling up ammunition beside the carriages; a blanket soaked with water was hung over the entrance to the magazine; muskets, boarding pikes, and cutlasses were stacked around the masts; buckets of loaded pistols were placed near at hand for the purpose of repelling boarders, and the deck sanded that it might not be made slippery by the blood shed by the killed and wounded. Each welcomed the other; for Dacres, who commanded the "Guerrière," had just spread a challenge on the log of a merchantman and sent it to New York, offering to meet any frigate in the American navy off Sandy Hook, and Hull was most anxious not to return to port without a fight. For an hour the two ships wore and yawed and maneuvered, coming nearer and nearer till within pistol range, when the "Guerrière" bore up and went off with the wind on her quarter, as an indication of her willingness to engage in a yardarm and yardarm encounter. The "Constitution" immediately made sail, got alongside, and the two ran on together. As the battle must be at close quarters, Hull ordered all firing to stop, had his guns reloaded with round shot and grape, and quietly waited. Again and again Lieutenant Morris came to the quarter-deck and asked for orders to fire; but not till the frigates were at short pistol range was the command given, and a broadside delivered with unerring aim. For ten minutes the battle raged furiously. The mizzenmast of the "Guerrière" was then shot away, and falling into the sea brought her up to the wind and so caused the "Constitution" to forge ahead. Fearing that he might be raked, Hull crossed the bows of the enemy, came about, raked her, and attempted to lay her on board. In doing so the "Guerrière" thrust her bowsprit diagonally across the "Constitution's" lee quarter. This afforded Dacres so fine a chance to board that Lieutenant Morris sprang upon the taffrail to get a view of the enemy's deck, and beheld the men gathering on the forecastle and heard the officers instruct-

ing them how to board. Jumping down, he reported this to Captain Hull, and in a minute the marines and seamen of the "Constitution," armed with muskets and pistols, boarding pikes and cutlasses, were mustered on the quarter-deck waiting for the enemy to come over the bulwarks. None came, and a terrible musketry fight began. Lieutenant Morris, who, seizing a rope that dangled from the bowsprit of the "Guerrière," had climbed up and was about to lash the frigates together, was laid on the deck by a bullet. Lieutenant Bush, of the marines, standing on the taffrail crying out, "Shall I board?" was killed outright. Master Alwyn, who stood near by, was shot in the shoulder. On the "Guerrière" almost every man on the forecastle was picked off. Finding the sea too rough to board, the sails were filled and the two frigates drew apart. As they did so the foremast of the "Guerrière" fell, dragging the mainmast with it, and in a few minutes she struck. It was time she did, for every mast had gone by the board; her hull had been pierced by thirty shot; seventy-nine of her crew were dead or wounded, and she lay a helpless wreck, rolling her deck guns in the sea. As it was not possible to save her, Hull transferred his prisoners to the "Constitution," gave his prize to the flames, and, turning homeward, reached Boston on August 30, entered the lower harbor, and dropped anchor off the lighthouse. The day being Sunday, he did not go up to the city. But the news did, and when the people learned that the "Constitution" with Dacres and his crew was below they could not restrain their joy, though the day was the Sabbath. As Federalists they could not forget that it was a Federalist Congress and a Federalist President that established the navy; that Federalists had always been its steady friends and stanch defenders; that it had long been their boast that in the hour of trial the "wooden walls of Columbia" would prove the bulwark of the nation; and now, when the hour of trial had come and a frigate built by Yankee shipwrights in a Boston shipyard and commanded by a Yankee captain had more than made that boast good, they could not find expression for their gratitude. The delight felt by every true American all over the country was intensified by local pride, and was made extravagant when on Wednesday morning the newspapers announced, side by side, the capture of the "Guerrière" and the surrender of Detroit. On Monday, when Hull brought the "Constitution" up the bay, he was given a reception the like of

which Boston had not yet accorded to any man. Every ship was gay with bunting. The whole population of the city stood on the wharves and crowded the windows and house tops overlooking the bay, and as Hull stepped ashore greeted him with a salute from the artillery and with deafening cheers and escorted him through the bunting-dressed streets to the Coffeehouse, where he was received in "true Republican style." But now that the victory on the sea was made greater by contrast with defeat on land, men of both parties united to give Hull a naval dinner, to which Rodgers and the officers of his squadron, who had just returned, were invited. The old toast, "The Wooden Walls of Columbia," came again into use, and limners and engravers at once set to work to produce those representations of the great sea fight which, after hanging for a generation on the walls of our ancestors' houses and being copied by the makers of bad schoolbooks, were consigned to the garrets by a less patriotic generation, and are now rarely to be met with.

As the handbills spread the news southward the pleasure of the people was expressed in innumerable ways. At New York money was raised to buy swords to be presented to Hull and his officers. At Philadelphia subscriptions were asked for a fund to purchase two fine pieces of plate for Hull and Lieutenant Morris. When the news reached Baltimore salutes were fired and every ship in the harbor ran up its flags. That same day, September 7, the frigate "Essex" entered the Delaware and took part in the demonstrations of joy going on in every town along the river bank.

Her cruise had been short and generally uneventful. As Captain Porter was not ready to sail with Rodgers' fleet, he finished his preparations, and, passing Sandy Hook on July 3, began a cruise to the southward in search of the frigate "Thetis," from South America with specie. After taking a few prizes of no great value, and failing to meet the "Thetis," he turned northward, and on the night of July 10 sighted a convoy of British merchantmen. There was a moon, but clouds so obscured it that Porter determined to go close in, speak one of the ships, find out the strength of the escort, and, if possible, take her. To conceal his character the guns of the "Essex" were run in, the ports were closed, the topgallant masts were housed, the sails trimmed in a slovenly manner, the men hidden, and everything done to give her the appearance of a merchant ship. Then, about three in the morning, the "Essex"

drew cautiously in and spoke the sternmost vessel, and learned from her master that the fleet was carrying about a thousand soldiers from Barbadoes to Brock's army at Quebec, and that the escort was the thirty-two-gun frigate "Minerva."

The success which so far attended his venture encouraged Porter to go in yet farther and speak a second. But her master was so alarmed by the appearance of the "Essex," that he made ready to signal the presence of a stranger, when the ports were thrown open, the muzzles of twenty guns thrust out, and the transport ordered to follow in the frigate's wake or be blown to pieces. Taking his prize off a short distance, Porter found her to be a brig with one hundred and ninety-seven soldiers on board. Going in a second time, he was about to attempt to capture another transport, when dawn broke and the enemy discovered him. Whereupon, clearing for action, he offered battle to the "Minerva." This offer was declined, and the "Essex" and her prize went off to the southward, meeting with nothing till August 13, when a sail was seen which proved to be the sixteen-gun ship-sloop "Alert," Captain Thomas Lamb Paulden Laughharne. Drags were at once put astern, the reefs shaken out, all sail made, and everything possible was done to persuade the enemy that the "Essex" was most anxious to escape. Completely deceived, the "Alert" ran down, and, with three cheers from her crew, opened fire. In eight minutes she was a prize, with seven feet of water in her hold.

This new lot of prisoners raised the number of Englishmen on board the frigate to five hundred. As they outnumbered the crew two to one, it was not long before a plan was laid by the coxswain of the "Alert's" gig to capture the "Essex" and take her to Halifax. By good fortune, however, on the night the attempt was to be made, the coxswain, pistol in hand, approached the hammock of Midshipman David Glasgow Farragut to see if he was asleep, and was discovered. Pretending to be asleep, Farragut lay quiet till the coxswain was gone, and then crept into the cabin and informed Captain Porter. Rushing into the berth deck, Porter shouted "Fire!" The crew promptly went to the main hatch, where they were armed, and the attempt was frustrated. But the warning was not unheeded; and that he might be rid of his dangerous prisoners he now transferred them to the "Alert," threw over her guns, and sent the Englishmen to Nova Scotia on parole. After a further cruise, during which he was chased by the "Shannon"

and another ship, Captain Porter was forced to put in for water and stores. With her return every ship in the navy was in port, and, taking advantage of this, the Secretary formed such as were on the Atlantic seaboard into three squadrons. To the first, commanded by Rodgers, were assigned the "President," the "Congress," and the "Wasp." The second, under Bainbridge, was composed of the "Constitution," the "Essex," and the "Hornet." To Decatur were intrusted the "United States," and the "Argus."

The orders of the three commanders bore date October 2, bade them sail without delay, and left to their judgment where to go and what to do. Thus instructed, Rodgers and Decatur sailed from Boston on October 8 with such ships as were ready, but parted company when four days out. Again ill luck attended Rodgers, who, after chasing the British frigates "Nymph" and "Galatea," and cruising far and wide, from the Grand Banks to 17° north latitude, returned to Boston on the last day of the year with nine small prizes. But one, the Jamaica packet "Swallow," was of any value, and on her were two hundred thousand dollars in specie. To the "Wasp," the third ship of Rodgers' squadron, fate was both kind and cruel. Master Commandant Jacob Jones, her commander, having received orders to join Rodgers at sea, set sail from the Delaware on October 13, and ran off southward to get in the track of vessels passing from Halifax to Bermuda; and about eleven o'clock on the clear, moonlight night of Saturday, October 17, he suddenly found himself near five strange sail steering eastward. They were part of a convoy of fourteen merchantmen on their way from Honduras to England under the protection of the eighteen-gun brig "Frolic," Captain Thomas Whinyates. They had been scattered by a cyclone the day before, and had but just begun to rejoin their convoy. But some of them seeming in the moonlight to be ships of war, the "Wasp" drew to windward and followed them through the night. At daybreak on Sunday, Master Commandant Jones, perceiving that none but the "Frolic" was armed, bore down to attack her. She then showed Spanish colors. But the "Wasp," undeceived, came on till within sixty yards and hailed, when the "Frolic" ran up the British ensign and opened with cannon and musketry. The sea, lashed into fury by a two days' cyclone, was running mountain high. Wave after wave swept the deck and drenched the sailors. The two ships

rolled till the muzzles of their guns dipped in the water. But the crews cheered loudly and the firing became incessant. The Americans discharged their guns as the "Wasp" went down the wave, so that the shot fell either on the deck or hull of the "Frolic." The Englishmen fired as their ship went up the wave, and their shots struck the rigging of the "Wasp" or were wasted. The result was soon apparent. The slaughter on the "Frolic" became something terrible. The topmasts and rigging of the "Wasp" were so cut to pieces that when the last brace was carried away Master Commandant Jones, fearing the masts would fall and the "Frolic" escape, determined to board her and end the battle. Wearing ship for this purpose, he ran down and struck her. As the side of the "Wasp" rubbed across the bow of the "Frolic" her jibboom came in between the main and mizzen rigging, and passed over the heads of Master Commandant Jones and Lieutenant Biddle. She now lay so fair for raking, that orders were given for another broadside. While loading, two of the guns of the "Wasp" went through the bow ports of the "Frolic," and when discharged swept the deck.

At this moment a seaman named John Lang leaped upon a gun, cutlass in hand, and was about to board when he was called down; but he would not come, and climbing on the bowsprit of the "Frolic," was instantly followed by Lieutenant Biddle and the crew. Passing Lang and another sailor on the forecastle, Lieutenant Biddle was amazed to see that, save the man at the wheel and three officers who, as he came forward, threw down their swords at his feet, not a living soul was on the deck. The crew had gone below to avoid the terrible fire of the "Wasp." As no one present was able to lower the flag, Lieutenant Biddle leaped into the rigging and hauled the ensign down. The sight which then met him was dreadful. The gun deck was strewn with bodies, and at every roll of the sloop water mingled with blood swept over it, splashing the dead and swirling about the feet of the victors. The berth deck was crowded with dead, wounded, and dying, for of a crew of one hundred and ten men, but twenty were unhurt. On the "Wasp" the loss was five killed and five wounded.

Master Commandant Jones now ordered Lieutenant Biddle to take the prize into Charleston. But while he was busy attending the wounded, burying the dead, clearing away the

wreck, and preparing the "Frolic" for the voyage, a strange ship under a press of canvas was seen coming toward him. The stranger was the British seventy-four-gun frigate "Poictiers," Captain John Poer Beresford, who, throwing a shot across the "Frolic" as he sped by, ranged up near the "Wasp" and forced her to surrender. The two ships were then taken into Bermuda.

Just one week later another ship duel was fought with the usual result. After parting with the squadron of Rodgers, the "United States," Captain Decatur, cruised off to the southward and eastward, and on Sunday, October 25, when off the Azores, fell in with the British frigate "Macedonian," Captain John Surnam Carden, who instantly made chase. But Decatur had no intention of escaping, and the action, like its predecessors, was short and decisive. In ninety minutes the "United States" had shot away the mizzenmast of the "Macedonian," had dismounted two of her main-deck guns and all but two of the carronades of her engaged side, had killed forty-three and wounded sixty-one of the crew, had put one hundred shot in her hull, and made her a prize. On the "United States" twelve men were killed or wounded. It was the old story of bulldog courage, stubborn resistance, and frightful slaughter on the part of the British; and of splendid gunnery and perfect discipline and seamanship on the part of the Americans.

Placing his lieutenant on board the "Macedonian" as prize master, Decatur ended his cruise, convoyed her home and set her in Newport, while he passed on to New London, which he reached December 4. Lieutenant Hamilton, a son of the Secretary of the Navy, was then sent to Washington with letters and the captured flag. Reaching the capital on the evening of December 8, he learned that a great naval ball in honor of the capture of the "Guerrière" and the "Alert" was in progress at Tomlinson's Hotel, that the flags of these two vessels were hanging on the wall of the ballroom, and that the President, the Secretaries, and a most distinguished company were there assembled. Hastening to the hotel, he announced himself, and in a few minutes was surrounded by every gentleman at the ball and escorted to the room where, with cheers and singing, the flag of the "Macedonian" was hung beside those of the "Guerrière" and the "Alert."

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

By ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

[Ernst Moritz Arndt, German poet and patriot, was born in the Isle of Rügen, December 29, 1769; died at Bonn, January 29, 1860. He wrote in 1806 the first series of the "Spirit of the Times," which procured his exile; later he was editor of *The Watchman* at Cologne. In 1848 he advocated the formation of the German Empire. He was a professor and miscellaneous writer, but his fame rests on his lyrics of the Napoleonic period, to inspire his countrymen.]

Where is the German's fatherland?
The Prussians' land? The Swabians' land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria, or the Styrians' land?
Is't where the Marsers' cattle graze?
Is it the Mark where forges blaze?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Westphalia? Pomerania's strand?
Where sand dunes drift along the shores,
Or where the brawling Danube roars?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is't Tyrol? Where the Switzers dwell?
That land and folk would please me well.
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Ah! Austria surely it must be,
In honors rich and victory,
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is it the gem which princely guile
Tore from the German crown erewhile?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Name me at length that mighty land!
"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung!"
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths are sworn by clasp of hand,
Where faith and truth beam in the eyes,
And in the heart affection lies.
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath the southron's guile doth brand,
Where all are foes whose deeds offend,
Where every noble soul's a friend.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land!

All Germany that land shall be:
Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we,
With German hearts, in deed and thought,
May love it truly as we ought.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land!

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

By LORD BYRON.

[Lord George Noel Gordon Byron: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe

Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

I.

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshiped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of saber sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;

NAPOLEON ON HIS WAY TO ST. HELENA

The sword, the scepter, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
  Wherewith renown was rife —
All quelled! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

v.

The Desolator desolate!
  The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
  A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
  Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

vi.

He who of old would rend the oak,
  Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke —
  Alone — how looked he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
  And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

vii.

The Roman, when his burning heart
  Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
  In savage grandeur, home. —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
  Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld, abandoned power.

viii.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
  Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
  An empire for a cell;

A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:

But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his byword to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
But one — "The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy scepter gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth —
So long obeyed — so little worth!

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!

Foredoomed by God — by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

THE RESCUE OF PICCIOLA.

By X. B. SAINTINE.

[Xavier Boniface Saintine, a French novelist and dramatist, was born in Paris, July 10, 1798. A little romantic masterpiece, "Picciola" (1838), gained him celebrity the moment it appeared. The work ranks as a French classic. Saintine wrote several other romances and over two hundred plays, most of them in collaboration with other authors. He died in Paris, January 21, 1865.]

[Charney, a political prisoner, has fixed his affections on a flower that grew between the stones of his prison and is in danger of withering.]

The intervention of Josephine in Charney's favor had not proved so efficient as might have been supposed. At the conclusion of her mild intercessions in favor of the prisoner and his plant, when she proceeded to place in the hands of Napoleon the handkerchief inscribed with his memorial, the Emperor recalled to mind the singular indifference — so mortifying to his self-love — with which, during the warlike evolutions of the morning at Marengo, Josephine had cast her vacant, careless gaze upon the commemoration of his triumph; and thus predisposed to displeasure, the obnoxious name of Charney served only to aggravate his ill humor.

"Is the man mad?" cried he, "or does he pretend to deceive me by a farce? A Jacobin turned botanist! — about as good a jest as Marat descanting in the tribune on the pleasures of pastoral life, or Couthon presenting himself to the Convention with a rose in his buttonhole."

Josephine vainly attempted to appeal against the name of Jacobin thus lightly bestowed upon the Count; for as she commenced her remonstrance a chamberlain made his appearance, to announce that the general officers, ambassadors, and deputies of Italy were awaiting their Majesties in the audience chamber, — where, having hastily repaired, Napoleon immediately burst forth into a denunciation against visionaries, phi-

losophers, and liberals, mainly inspired by the recent mention of the Count de Charney. In an imperious tone he threatened that all such disturbers of public order should be speedily reduced to submission; but the loud and threatening tone he had assumed, which was supposed to be a spontaneous outbreak of passion, was in fact a premeditated lesson bestowed on the assembly, and more especially on the Prussian ambassador, who was present at the scene. Napoleon seized the opportunity to announce to the representatives of Europe the divorce of the Emperor of the French from the principles of the French Revolution!

By way of homage to the throne, the subordinates of the Emperor hastened to emulate his new profession of faith. The general commandant at Turin more especially, Jacques-Abdallah Menon, forgetting or renouncing his former principles, burst forth into a furious diatribe against the pseudo-Brutuses of the clubs and taverns of Italy and France, — on which signal there arose from the minions of the Empire a unanimous chorus of execrations against all conspirators, revolutionists, and more especially Jacobins, till, overawed by their virulence, Josephine began to tremble at the storm she had been unwittingly the means of exciting. At length drawing near to the ear of Napoleon she took courage to whisper, in a tone of mingled tenderness and irony, "What need, Sire, of all these denunciations? My memorial regards neither a Jacobin nor a conspirator, but simply a poor plant, whose plots against the safety of the Empire should scarcely excite such vast tumults of consternation."

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders. "Can you suppose me the dupe of such absurd pretenses?" he exclaimed. "This Charney is a man of high faculties and the most dangerous principles, — would you pass him upon me for a blockhead? The flower, the pavement, the whole romance, is a mere pretext. The fellow is getting up a plan of escape! It must be looked to. Menon, let a careful eye be kept upon the movements of those imprisoned for political offenses in the citadel of Fenestrella. One Charney has presumed to address to me a memorial. How did he manage to forward his petition otherwise than through the hands of the commandant? Is such the discipline kept up in the state prisons of the Empire?"

Again the Empress ventured to interpose in defense of her protégé.

"Enough, madam, enough of this man!" exclaimed the commander in chief; and discouraged and alarmed by the displeasure expressed in his words and looks, Josephine cast down her eyes, and was silent from confusion.

General Menon, on the other hand, mortified by the public rebuke of the Emperor, was not sparing in the reprimand dispatched to the captain commandant of the citadel of Fenestrella, who in his turn, as we have seen, vented his vexation on the prisoners committed to his charge. Even Girardi, in addition to the cruel sentence of separation from his daughter (who on arriving full of hopes at the gate of the fortress was commanded to appear there no more), had been subjected, like Charney, to a domiciliary visit, by which, however, nothing unsatisfactory was elicited.

But emotions more painful than those resulting from the forfeiture of his manuscripts now awaited the Count. As he traversed the courtyard on his way to the bastion with the commandant and his two acolytes, Captain Morand, who had either passed without notice on his arrival the fences and scaffolding surrounding the plant, or was now stimulated by the arrogant contumacy of Charney to an act of vengeance, paused to point out to Ludovico this glaring breach of prison discipline manifested before his eyes.

"What is the meaning of all this rubbish?" cried he. "Is *such*, sir, the order you maintain in your department?"

"*That*, captain," replied the jailer, in a half-hesitating, half-grumbling tone, drawing his pipe out of his mouth with one hand, and raising the other to his cap in a military salute, — "*that*, under your favor, is the plant I told you of, which is so good for the gout and all sorts of disorders."

Then letting fall his arm by an imperceptible movement, he replaced his pipe in its usual place.

"Death and the devil!" cried the captain, "if these gentlemen were allowed to have their way, all the chambers and courts of the citadel might be made into gardens, menageries, or shops, — like so many stalls at a fair. Away with this weed at once, and everything belonging to it!"

Ludovico turned his eyes alternately toward the captain, the Count, and the flower, and was about to interpose a word or two of expostulation. "Silence!" cried the commandant, — "silence, and do your duty!"

Thus fiercely admonished, Ludovico held his peace. Re-

moving the pipe once more from his mouth, he extinguished it, shook out the dust, and deposited it on the edge of the wall while he proceeded to business. Deliberately laying aside his cap, his waistcoat, and rubbing his hands as if to gain courage for the job, he paused a moment, then suddenly, with a movement of anger as if against himself or his chief, seized the hay bands and matting and dispersed them over the court. Next went the uprights which had supported them, which he tore up one after the other, broke over his knee, and threw the pieces on the pavement. His former tenderness for Picciola seemed suddenly converted into a fit of abhorrence.

Charney, meanwhile, stood motionless and stupefied, his eyes fixed wistfully upon the plant thus exposed to view, as if his looks could still afford protection to its helplessness. The day had been cool, the sky overclouded, and from the stem, which had rallied during the night, sprang several little healthy, verdant shoots. It seemed as though Picciola were collecting all her strength to die!

To die, — Picciola! — his own, his only; the world of his existence and his dreams; the pivot on which revolved his very life, — to be reduced to nothingness! Midway in his aspirations toward a higher sphere, the flight of the poor captive over whose head Heaven has suspended its sentence of expiation is to be suddenly arrested! How will he henceforward fill up the vacant moments of his leisure, — how satisfy the aching void in his own bosom? Picciola, the desert which thou didst people is about to become once more a solitary wilderness! — no more visions, no more hopes, no more reminiscences, no more discoveries to inscribe, no further objects of affection! How narrow will his prison now appear, how oppressive its atmosphere, — the atmosphere of a tomb; the tomb of Picciola! The golden branch, the sibylline divining rod which sufficed to exorcise the evil spirits by which he was beset, will no longer protect him against himself! The skeptic, the disenchanted philosopher, must return to his former mood of incredulity, and bear once more the burden of his bitter thoughts, with no prospect before him but eternal extinction! No! death were a thousand times preferable to such a destiny!

As these thoughts glanced through the mind of Charney, he beheld at the little grated window the shadow of the venerable Girardi. "Alas!" murmured the Count, "I have deprived him of all he had to live for; and he comes to triumph over

my affliction, to curse me, to deride me! And he is right; for what are sorrows such as mine compared with those I have heaped upon his revered head?"

Charney perceived the old man clasping the iron window bars in his trembling hands, but dared not meet his eyes and hazard an appeal to the forgiveness of the only human being of whose esteem he was ambitious. The Count dreaded to find that venerable countenance distorted by the expression of reproach or contempt; and when at length their glances met, he was touched to the soul by the look of tender compassion cast upon him by the unhappy father, forgetful of his own sorrows in beholding those of his companion in misfortune. The only tears that had ever fallen from the eyes of the Count de Charney started at that trying moment; but consolatory as they were, he dried them hurriedly as they fell, in the dread of exposing his weakness to the contempt and misapprehension of the men by whom he was surrounded.

Among the spectators of this singular scene, the two spirri alone remained indifferent to what was passing,—staring vacantly at the prisoner, the old man, the commandant, and the jailer; wondering what reference their emotions might bear to the supposed conspiracy, and nothing doubting that the mysterious plant about to be dislodged would prove to have been a cover to some momentous hiding place.

Meanwhile, the fatal operations proceeded. Under the orders of the commandant, Ludovico was attempting to break up the rustic bench, which had first seemed to resist his feeble efforts.

"A mallet! take a mallet!" cried Captain Morand.

Ludovico obeyed; but the mallet fell from his hands.

"Death and the devil! how much longer am I to be kept waiting?" now vociferated the captain; and the jailer immediately let fall a blow under which the bench gave way in a moment. Mechanically Ludovico bent down towards his goddaughter, which was now alone and undefended in the court; while the Count stood ghastly and overpowered, big drops of agony rising upon his brow.

"Why destroy it, sir, why destroy it? You must perceive that the plant is about to die!" he faltered, descending once more to the abject position of a suppliant. But the captain replied only by a glance of ironical compassion. It was now his turn to remain silent!

"Nay, then," cried Charney, in a sort of frenzy, "since it must needs be sacrificed, it shall die by no hand but mine!"

"I forbid you to touch it!" exclaimed the commandant; and extending his cane before Charney, as if to create a barrier between the prisoner and his idol, he renewed his orders to Ludovico, who, seizing the stem, was about to uproot it from the earth.

The Count, startled into submission, stood like an image of despair.

Near the bottom of the stem, below the lowest branches where the sap had got power to circulate, a single flower, fresh and brilliant, had just expanded! Already all the others were drooping, withered, on their stalks; but this single one retained its beauty, as yet uncrushed by the rude hand of the jailer. Springing in the midst of a little tuft of leaves, whose verdure threw out in contrast the vivid colors of its petals, the flower seemed to turn imploringly towards its master. He even fancied its last perfumes were exhaling towards him; and as the tears arose in his eyes, he seemed to see the beloved object enlarge, disappear, and at last bloom out anew. The human being and the flower so strangely attached to each other were interchanging an eternal farewell!

If at that moment, when so many human passions were called into action by the existence of an humble vegetable, a stranger could have entered unprepared the prison court of Fenestrella, where the sky shed a somber and saddening reflection, the aspect of the officers of justice invested in their tricolored scarfs, of the commandant issuing his ruthless orders in a tone of authority, would naturally have seemed to announce some frightful execution, of which Ludovico was the executioner, and Charney the victim whose sentence of death had just been recited to him. And see! they come! Strangers *are* entering the court, two strangers, the one an aid-de-camp of General Menon; the other, a page of the Empress Josephine. The dust with which their uniforms are covered attests with what speed they have performed their journey to the fortress; yet a minute more, and they had been too late!

At the noise produced by their arrival, Ludovico, raising his head, relaxed his grasp of Picciola, and confronted Charney face to face. Both the jailer and the prisoner were pale as death!

The commandant had now received from the hands of the

aid-de-camp an order, the perusal of which seemed to strike him with astonishment; but after taking a turn or two in the courtyard to compare in his mind the order of to-day with that of the day preceding, he assumed a more courteous demeanor, and approaching the Count de Charney placed in his hands the missive of General Menon. Trembling with emotion, the prisoner read as follows: —

His Majesty the Emperor and King deputes me, sir, to inform you that he grants the petition forwarded to him by the prisoner Charney, now under your custody in the fortress of Fenestrella, relative to a plant growing among the stones of one of its pavements. Such as are likely to be injurious to the flower must be instantly removed; for which purpose you are requested to consult the wishes and convenience of your prisoner.

"Long live the Emperor!" cried Ludovico.

"Long live the Emperor!" murmured another voice, which seemed to issue from the adjoining wall; and while all this was proceeding, the commandant stood leaning on his cane by way of keeping himself in countenance; the two officers of justice, completely puzzled, were trying in vain to connect the new turn of affairs with the plot which their imagination had created; while the aid-de-camp and page secretly wondered what could be the motive of the haste which had been so urgently recommended to them. The latter now addressed Charney to inform him that the letter contained a postscript in the handwriting of the Empress; and the Count turning over the page read aloud as follows: —

I earnestly recommend Monsieur the Count de Charney to the good offices of Captain Morand; to whom I shall feel personally obliged for any acts of kindness by which he may be enabled to alleviate the situation of his prisoner. JOSEPHINE.

"Long live the Empress!" cried Ludovico. Charney said not a word. *His* feelings could not be satisfied with less than raising to his lips the precious signature of his benefactress. The letter, held for some minutes in silence before his eyes, seemed to conceal his face from the curiosity of the spectators.

POEMS OF BÉRANGER.

[Pierre Jean de Béranger, French songwright, was born at Paris, August 19, 1780. A printer's apprentice and then his father's clerk, he broke with his father and began literary life in the garret he has made illustrious. In 1804 he was given a clerkship in the Imperial University, which he kept till 1821. For many years he had been making songs, universally sung; he first collected them in 1815. A fresh collection in 1821 cost him five hundred francs' fine and three months' imprisonment; one in 1825, ten thousand francs' fine and nine months' imprisonment. He published "New Songs" in 1830, and his autobiography in 1840; in 1848 he was elected to the Assembly, but refused to serve. He died July 16, 1857.]

The Gadfly.

(la mouche.)

(Translated by Walter Learned.)

In the midst of our laughter and singing,
'Mid the clink of our glasses so gay,
What gadfly is over us winging,
That returns when we drive him away?
'Tis some god. Yes, I have a suspicion
Of our happiness jealous, he's come:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
That he bore us no more with his hum.

Transformed to a gadfly unseemly,
I am certain that we must have here
Old Reason, the grumbler, extremely
Annoyed by our joy and our cheer.
He tells us in tones of monition
Of the clouds and the tempests to come:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
That he bore us no more with his hum.

It is Reason who comes to me, quaffing,
And says, "It is time to retire:
At your age one stops drinking and laughing,
Stops loving, nor sings with such fire;"—
An alarm that sounds ever its mission
When the sweetest of flames overcome:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
That he bore us no more with his hum.

It is Reason! Look out there for Lizzie!
His dart is a menace alway

He has touched her, she swoons — she is dizzy:
Come, Cupid, and drive him away.
Pursue him; compel his submission,
Until under your strokes he succumb.
Let us drive him away to perdition,
That he bore us no more with his hum.

Hurrah, Victory! See, he is drowning
In the wine that Lizzetta has poured.
Come, the head of Joy let us be crowning,
That again he may reign at our board.
He was threatened just now with dismission,
And a fly made us all rather glum:
But we've sent him away to perdition;
He will bore us no more with his hum.

Fifty Years.

(CINQUANTE ANS.)

Wherefore these flowers? floral applause?
Ah, no, these blossoms came to say
That I am growing old, because
I number fifty years to-day.
O rapid, ever-fleeting day!
O moments lost, I know not how!
O wrinkled cheek and hair grown gray!
Alas, for I am fifty now!

Sad age, when we pursue no more —
Fruit dies upon the withering tree:
Hark! some one rapped upon my door.
Nay, open not. 'Tis not for me, —
Or else the doctor calls. Not yet
Must I expect his studious bow.
Once I'd have called, "Come in, Lizzette" —
Alas, for I am fifty now!

In age what aches and pains abound:
The torturing gout racks us awhile;
Blindness, a prison dark, profound;
Or deafness that provokes a smile.
Then Reason's lamp grows faint and dim
With flickering ray. Children, allow
Old Age the honor due to him —
Alas, for I am fifty now!

Ah, heaven! the voice of Death I know,
Who rubs his hands in joyous mood;
The sexton knocks and I must go,—
Farewell, my friends the human brood!
Below are famine, plague, and strife;
Above, new heavens my soul endow:
Since God remains, begin, new life!
Alas, for I am fifty now!

But no, 'tis you, sweetheart, whose youth,
Tempting my soul with dainty ways,
Shall hide from it the somber truth,
This incubus of evil days.
Springtime is yours, and flowers; come then,
Scatter your roses on my brow,
And let me dream of youth again—
Alas, for I am fifty now!

The Old Tramp.

(le vieux vagabond.)

(Translated by F. M.)

Here in this gutter let me die;
Weary and sick and old, I've done.
"He's drunk," will say the passers-by;
All right, I want no pity,—none.
I see the heads that turn away,
While others glance and toss me sous,
"Off to your junket! go," I say:
Old tramp—to die I need no help from you.

Yes, of old age I'm dying now—
Of hunger people never die.
I hoped some almshouse might allow
A refuge when the end was nigh;
But all retreats are overflowed,
Such crowds are suffering and forlorn.
My nurse, alas! has been the road:
Old tramp—let me die here where I was born.

When young, it used to be my prayer
To craftsmen, "Let me learn your trade:"
"Clear out—we've got no work to spare:
Go beg," was all reply they made.

You rich, who bade me work, I've fed
With relish on the bones you threw;
Made of your straw an easy bed:
Old tramp — I have no curse to vent on you.

Poor wretch, how easy 'twas to steal!
But no, I'd rather beg my bread.
At most I've thieved a wayside meal
Of apples ripening overhead.
Yet twenty times have I been thrown
In prison, — 'twas the King's decree;
Robbed of the only thing I own:
Old tramp — at least the sun belongs to me.

The poor — is any country his?
What are to me your grain, your wine,
Your glory and your industries,
Your orators? They are not mine.
And when a foreign foe waxed fat
Within your undefended walls,
I shed my tears, poor fool, at that:
Old tramp — his hand was open to my calls.

Why, like the venomous bug you kill,
Did you not crush me when you could?
Or, better yet, have taught me skill
To labor for the common good?
The grub a useful ant may end
If sheltered from the blast and fed;
And so might I have been your friend:
Old tramp — I die your enemy instead.

TRAFALGAR. — THE DEATH OF NELSON.[1]

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

(From "Life of Nelson.")

[ALFRED THAYER MAHAN: An American naval officer, historian, and political writer; born at West Point, September 27, 1840. He served in the Civil War, and was for several years president of the Naval War College at Newport. His writings are unique in that they display a thorough technical knowledge of his profession united with a broad grasp of general world-politics. He has written "The Gulf and Inland Waters" (1883), "Influence of Sea Power upon History" (1890), "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," "Life of Admiral Farragut" (1892), "The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future" (1897), "The Life of Nelson" (1897). etc.]

[1] By permission of Little, Brown & Co. (Boston) and Sampson Low, Marston & Co. (2 vols., 8vo., price 36s.)

CONTRARY to the general policy that for many years had governed the naval undertakings of France and Spain, the combined fleets put to sea on the 19th of October, 1805, with the fixed purpose of daring the hazard of battle, which they could scarcely expect to avoid. They numbered thirty-three ships of the line, eighteen French and fifteen Spanish, and were accompanied by five frigates and two brigs, all of which were French. This great force in its aggregate was one. There were not two separate entities, a French fleet and a Spanish fleet, acting in concert, as is often the case in alliances. Whatever the administrative arrangements, for cruising and for battle the vessels of the two nations were blended in a single mass, at the head of which was the French admiral, just as the general direction of the naval campaign was in the hands of the French emperor alone.

In the allied force there were four three-decked ships, of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guns, all Spanish, of which one, the "Santísima Trinidad," was the largest vessel then afloat. Among Nelson's twenty-seven there were seven three-deckers, of ninety-eight to one hundred guns; but in the lower rates the British were at a disadvantage, having but one eighty-gun ship and three sixty-fours, whereas the allies had six of the former and only one of the latter. All the other vessels of the line of battle were seventy-fours, the normal medium type, upon which the experience of most navies of that day had fixed, as best fitted for the general purposes of fleet warfare. Where more tonnage and heavier batteries were put into single ships, it was simply for the purpose of reënforcing the critical points of an order of battle — an aim that could not be as effectively attained by the combination of two ships, under two captains. . . .

Nelson had several times said to Captain Hardy and Dr. Scott, "The 21st will be our day;" and on the morning of the battle, when the prediction was approaching fulfillment, he again remarked that the 21st of October was the happiest day in the year for his family; but he mentioned no reason other than that just given. . . .

Soon after daylight Nelson, who, according to his custom, was already up and dressed, had gone on deck. He wore as usual his admiral's frock coat, on the left breast of which were stitched the stars of four different Orders that he always bore. It was noticed that he did not wear his sword at Trafalgar,

although it lay ready for him on the cabin table; and it is supposed he forgot to call for it, as this was the only instance in which he was known not to carry it when engaged. At about six o'clock he summoned Captain Blackwood on board the "Victory."

Blackwood found him in good but very calm spirits, preoccupied with the movements of the allies, and the probable results of his own plan of attack. He frequently asked, "What would you consider a victory?" Blackwood answered: "Considering the handsome way in which the battle is offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, I think if fourteen ships are captured, it will be a glorious result." . . .

At seven o'clock Nelson had returned from the poop to the cabin, for at that hour was made in his private journal the last entry of occurrences, — "At seven the combined fleets wearing in succession." Here it seems likely that he laid down the pen, for, when he was found writing again, some hours later, it was to complete the long record of experiences and of duties, with words that summed up, in fit and most touching expression, the self-devotion of a life already entering the shadow of death.

Between eight and nine o'clock the other frigate commanders came on board the "Victory"; aids-de-camp, as it were, waiting to the last moment to receive such orders as might require more extensive wording, or precise explanation, than is supplied by the sententious phrases of the signal book. Blackwood himself, a captain of long standing and of tried ability, was in fact intrusted contingently with no small share of the power and discretion of the commander in chief. "He not only gave me command of all the frigates, but he also gave me a latitude, seldom or ever given, that of making any use I pleased of his name, in ordering any of the sternmost line-of-battle ships to do what struck me as best." While thus waiting, the captains accompanied the admiral in an inspection which he made of the decks and batteries of the flagship. He addressed the crew at their several quarters, cautioned them against firing a single shot without being sure of their object, and to the officers he expressed himself as highly satisfied with the arrangements made.

Meanwhile the two fleets were forming, as best they could with the scanty breeze, the order in which each meant to meet the shock of battle. The British could not range themselves

in regular columns without loss of time that was not to be thrown away. They advanced rather in two elongated groups, all under full sail, even to studding sails on both sides, the place of each ship being determined chiefly by her speed, or, perhaps, by some fortuitous advantage of position when the movement began. The great point was to get the heads of the columns into action as soon as possible, to break up the enemy's order. That done, those which followed could be trusted to complete the business on the general lines prescribed by Nelson. Collingwood's ship, the "Royal Sovereign," being but a few days out from home, and freshly coppered, easily took the lead in her own division. After her came the "Belleisle," also a recent arrival off Cadiz, but an old Mediterranean cruiser which had accompanied Nelson in the recent chase to the West Indies. Upon these two ships, as upon the heads of all columns, fell the weight of destruction from the enemy's resistance.

The "Victory," always a fast ship, had likewise little difficulty in keeping her place at the front. Blackwood, having failed to get Nelson on board his own frigate, and realizing the exposure inseparable from the position of leader, ventured, at about half-past nine, when still six miles from the enemy, to urge that one or two ships should be permitted to precede the "Victory." Nelson gave a conditional assent—"Let them go," if they can. The "Téméraire," a three-decker, being close behind, was hailed to go ahead, and endeavored to do so; but at the same moment the admiral gave an indication of how little disposed he was to yield either time or position. The lee lower studding sail happening to be badly set, the lieutenant of the forecastle had it taken in, meaning to reset it; which Nelson observing, ran forward and rated him severely for delaying the ship's progress. Anything much less useful than a lee lower studding sail is hard to imagine, but by this time the admiral was getting very restive. "About ten o'clock," says Blackwood, "Lord Nelson's anxiety to close with the enemy became very apparent: he frequently remarked that they put a good face upon it; but always quickly added: 'I'll give them such a dressing as they never had before.'"

Seeing that the "Téméraire" could not pass the "Victory" in time to lead into the hostile order, unless the flagship gave way, Blackwood, feeling perhaps that he might wear out his own privilege, told Hardy he ought to say to the admiral that, unless the "Victory" shortened sail, the other ships could

not get into place; but Hardy naturally demurred. In any event, it was not just the sort of proposition that the captain of the ship would wish to make, and it was very doubtful how Nelson might take it. This the latter soon showed, however; for, as the "Téméraire" painfully crawled up, and her bows doubled on the "Victory's" quarter, he hailed her, and speaking as he always did with a slight nasal intonation, said: "I'll thank you, Captain Harvey, to keep in your proper station, which is astern of the 'Victory.'" The same concern for the admiral's personal safety led the assembled officers to comment anxiously upon the conspicuous mark offered by his blaze of decorations, knowing as they did that the enemy's ships swarmed with soldiers, that among them were many sharpshooters, and that the action would be close. None, however, liked to approach him with the suggestion that he should take any precaution. At length the surgeon, whose painful duty it was a few hours later to watch over the sad fulfillment of his apprehensions, said that he would run the risk of his Lordship's displeasure; but before he could find a fitting opportunity to speak, a shot flew over the "Victory," and the admiral directed all not stationed on deck to go to their quarters. No remark therefore was made; but it is more likely that Nelson would have resented the warning than that he would have heeded it.

The French and Spanish fleets, being neither a homogeneous nor a well-exercised mass, experienced even greater difficulty than the British in forming their array; and the matter was to them of more consequence, for, as the defensive has an advantage in the careful preparations he may make, so, if he fail to accomplish them, he has little to compensate for the loss of the initiative, which he has yielded his opponent. The formation at which they aimed, the customary order of battle in that day, was a long, straight, single column, presenting from end to end an unbroken succession of batteries, close to one another and clear towards the foe, so that all the ships should sweep with their guns the sea over which, nearly at right angles, the hostile columns were advancing. Instead of this, embarrassed by both lack of wind and lack of skill, their maneuvers resulted in a curved line, concave to the enemy's approach, — the horns of the crescent thus formed being nearer to the latter. Collingwood noted that this disposition facilitated a convergent fire upon the assailants, the heads of whose columns were bearing down on the allied center; it does not seem to have been

remarked that the two horns, or wings, being to windward of the center, also had it more in their power to support the latter — a consideration of very great importance. Neither of these advantages, however, was due to contrivance. The order of the combined fleets was the result merely of an unsuccessful effort to assume the usual line of battle. The ships distributed along the crescent lay irregularly, sometimes two and three abreast, masking each other's fire. On the other hand, even this irregularity had some compensations, for a British vessel, attempting to pass through at such a place, fell at once into a swarm of enemies. From horn to horn was about five miles. Owing to the lightness of the breeze, the allies carried a good deal of sail, a departure from the usual battle practice. This was necessary in order to enable them to keep their places at all, but it also had the effect of bringing them continually, though very gradually, nearer to Cadiz. Seeing this, Nelson signaled to Collingwood, "I intend to pass through the van of the enemy's line, to prevent him from getting into Cadiz," and the course of the "Victory," for this purpose, was changed a little to the northward.

After this, towards eleven o'clock, Nelson went below to the cabin. It was his habit, when an engagement was expected, to have all the bulkheads upon the fighting decks taken down, and those of his own apartments doubtless had been removed at least as soon as the enemy's sailing was signaled; but it was possible to obtain some degree of privacy by hanging screens, which could be hurried out of the way at the last moment. The "Victory" did not come under fire till 12.30, so that at eleven she would yet be three miles or more distant from the enemy, and screens could still remain. Shortly after he entered, the signal lieutenant, who had been by his side all the morning, followed him, partly to make an official report, partly to prefer a personal request. He was the ranking lieutenant on board, but had not been permitted to exercise the duties of first lieutenant, because Nelson some time before, to avoid constant changes in that important station, had ordered that the person then occupying it should so continue, notwithstanding the seniority of any who might afterwards join. Now that battle was at hand, the oldest in rank wished to claim the position, and to gain the reward that it insured after a victory, — a request natural and not improper, but more suited for the retirement of the cabin than for the publicity of the deck.

Entering the cabin, the officer paused at the threshold, for

Nelson was on his knees writing. The words, the last that he ever penned, were written in the private diary he habitually kept, in which were noted observations and reflections upon passing occurrences, mingled with occasional self-communings. They followed now, without break of space, or paragraph, upon the last incident recorded — "At seven the enemy wearing in succession" — and they ran thus: —

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

The officer, Lieutenant Pasco, waited quietly till Nelson rose from his knees, and then made his necessary report; but, although his future prospects hung upon the wish he had to express, he refrained with singular delicacy from intruding it upon the preoccupation of mind evidenced by the attitude in which he had found his commander. The latter soon afterwards followed him to the poop, where Blackwood was still awaiting his final instructions. To him Nelson said, "I will now amuse the fleet with a signal;" and he asked if he did not think there was one yet wanting. Blackwood replied that the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and were vying with each other to get as near as possible to the leaders of the columns. Upon this succeeded the celebrated signal, the development of which to its final wording is a little uncertain. Comparing the various accounts of witnesses, it seems probably to have been as follows. Nelson mused for a little while, as one who phrases a thought in his own mind before uttering it, and then said, "Suppose we telegraph, 'Nelson confides that every man will do his duty.'" In this form it was the call of the leader to the followers, the personal appeal of one who trusts to those in whom he trusts, a feeling particularly characteristic of the speaker, whose strong hold over others lay above all in the transparent and unswerving faith he showed in their loyal support; and to arouse it now in full force he used the watchword "duty," sure that the chord it struck in him would find its quick response in every

man of the same blood. The officer to whom the remark was made suggested "England" instead of "Nelson." To the fleet it could have made no difference, — to them the two names meant the same thing; but Nelson accepted the change with delight. "Mr. Pasco," he called to the signal officer, "I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty;'" and he added, "You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action." This remark shows that the columns, and particularly Collingwood's ship, were already nearing the enemy. Pasco answered, "If your Lordship will permit me to substitute 'expects' for 'confides,' it will be sooner competed, because 'expects' is in the vocabulary, and 'confides' must be spelt." Nelson replied hastily, but apparently satisfied, "That will do, Pasco, make it directly;" but the slightly mandatory "expects" is less representative of the author of this renowned sentence than the cordial and sympathetic "confides." It is "Allez," rather than "Allons"; yet even so, become now the voice of the distant motherland, it carries with it the shade of reverence, as well as of affection, which patriotism exacts.

It is said that Collingwood, frequently testy, and at the moment preoccupied with the approaching collision with the Spanish three-decker he had marked for his opponent, exclaimed impatiently when the first number went aloft, "I wish Nelson would stop signaling, as we know well enough what we have to do." But the two lifelong friends, who were not again to look each other in the face, soon passed to other thoughts, such as men gladly recall when death has parted them. When the whole signal was reported to him, and cheers resounded along the lines, Collingwood cordially expressed his own satisfaction. A few moments later, just at noon, the French ship "Fougueux," the second astern of the "Santa Ana," for which the "Royal Sovereign" was steering, fired at the latter the first gun of the battle. As by a common impulse the ships of all the nations engaged hoisted their colors, and the admirals their flags, — a courteous and chivalrous salute preceding the mortal encounter. For ten minutes the "Royal Sovereign" advanced in silence, the one center of the hostile fire, upon which were fixed all eyes, as yet without danger of their own to distract. As she drew near the two ships between which she intended to pass, Nelson exclaimed admiringly, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action."

At about the same instant Collingwood was saying to his flag captain, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

These things being done, Nelson said to Blackwood, "Now I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and to the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." When his last signal had been acknowledged by a few ships in the van, the admiral directed Pasco to make that for close action, and to keep it up. This was accordingly hoisted on board the flagship, where it was flying still as she disappeared into the smoke of the battle, and so remained till shot away. The "Victory" was about two miles from the "Royal Sovereign" when the latter, at ten minutes past twelve, broke through the allied order, and she had still a mile and a half to go before she herself could reach it. At twenty minutes past twelve Villeneuve's flagship, the "Bucentaure," of eighty guns, fired a shot at her, to try the range. It fell short. A few minutes later a second was fired, which dropped alongside. The distance then was a mile and a quarter. Two or three followed in rapid succession and passed over the "Victory." Nelson then turned to Blackwood and directed him and Captain Prowse of the "Sirius" to return to their ships, but in so doing to pass along the column and tell the captains he depended upon their exertions to get into action as quickly as possible. He then bade them again to go away. Blackwood, who was standing by him at the forward end of the poop, took his hand, and said, "I trust, my Lord, that on my return to the 'Victory,' which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your Lordship well and in possession of twenty prizes." Nelson replied, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never speak to you again."

The "Victory" was all the time advancing, the feeble breeze urging her progress, which was helped also by her lurching through the heavy following swell that prevailed. Before Blackwood could leave her, a shot passed through the main topgallant sail, and the rent proclaimed to the eager eyes of the foes that the ship was fairly under their guns. Thereupon everything about the "Bucentaure," some seven or eight ships, at least, opened upon this single enemy, as the allied rear and center had upon the "Royal Sovereign"; for it was imperative to stop her way, if possible, or at least to deaden it, and so to delay as long as might be the moment when she could bring her broadside to bear effectively. During the forty

minutes that followed, the "Victory" was an unresisting target to her enemies, and her speed, slow enough at the first, decreased continually as the hail of shot riddled the sails, or stripped them from the yards. Every studding-sail boom was shot away close to the yardarms, and this light canvas, invaluable in so faint a wind, fell helplessly into the water. During these trying moments, Mr. Scott, the admiral's public secretary, was struck by a round shot while talking with Captain Hardy, and instantly killed. Those standing by sought to remove the body without drawing Nelson's attention to the loss of one so closely associated with him; but the admiral had noticed the fall. "Is that poor Scott," he said, "who is gone?" The clerk who took the dead man's place was killed a few moments later by the wind of a ball, though his person was untouched.

The "Victory" continuing to forge slowly ahead, despite her injuries, and pointing evidently for the flagship of the hostile commander in chief, the ships round the latter, to use James' striking phrase, now "closed like a forest." The nearer the British vessel drew, the better necessarily became the enemies' aim. Just as she got within about five hundred yards — quarter of a mile — from the "Bucentaure's" beam, the mizzen topmast was shot away. At the same time the wheel was hit and shattered, so that the ship had to be steered from below, a matter that soon became of little importance. A couple of minutes more, eight marines were carried off by a single projectile, while standing drawn up on the poop, whereupon Nelson ordered the survivors to be dispersed about the deck. Presently a shot, coming in through the ship's side, ranged aft on the quarter-deck towards the admiral and Captain Hardy, between whom it passed. On its way it struck the forebrace bitts — a heavy block of timber — carrying thence a shower of splinters, one of which bruised Hardy's foot. The two officers, who were walking together, stopped, and looked inquiringly at each other. Seeing that no harm was done, Nelson smiled, but said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long." He then praised the cool resolution of the seamen around him, compelled to endure this murderous fire without present reply. He had never, he said, seen better conduct. Twenty men had so far been killed and thirty wounded, with not a shot fired from their own guns.

Still the ship closed the "Bucentaure." It had been Nelson's purpose and desire to make her his special antagonist,

because of Villeneuve's flag; but to do so required room for the "Victory" to turn under the French vessel's stern, and to come up alongside. As she drew near, Hardy, scanning the hostile array, saw three ships crowded together behind and beyond the "Bucentaure." He reported to Nelson that he could go close under her stern, but could not round-to alongside, nor pass through the line, without running on board one of these. The admiral replied, "I cannot help it, it does not signify which we run on board of. Go on board which you please: take your choice." At one o'clock the bows of the "Victory" crossed the wake of the "Bucentaure," by whose stern she passed within thirty feet, the projecting yardarms grazing the enemy's rigging. One after another, as they bore, the double-shotted guns tore through the woodwork of the French ship, the smoke, driven back, filling the lower decks of the "Victory," while persons on the upper deck, including Nelson himself, were covered with the dust which rose in clouds from the wreck. From the relative positions of the two vessels, the shot ranged from end to end of the "Bucentaure," and the injury was tremendous. Twenty guns were at once dismounted, and the loss by that single discharge was estimated, by the French, at four hundred men. Leaving the further care of the enemy's flagship to her followers, secure that they would give due heed to the admiral's order, that "every effort must be made to capture the hostile commander in chief," the "Victory" put her helm up, inclining to the right, and ran on board a French seventy-four, the "Redoubtable," whose guns, as well as those of the French "Neptune," had been busily playing upon her hitherto. At 1.10 she lay along the port side of the "Redoubtable," the two ships falling off with their heads to the eastward, and moving slowly before the wind to the east-southeast.

In the duel which ensued between these two, in which Nelson fell, the disparity, so far as weight of battery was concerned, was all against the French ship; but the latter, while greatly overmatched at the guns, much the greater part of which were below deck, was markedly superior to her antagonist in small-arm fire on the upper deck, and especially aloft, where she had many musketeers stationed. Nelson himself was averse to the employment of men in that position, thinking the danger of fire greater than the gain, but the result on this day was fatal to very many of the "Victory's" men as well as to

himself. As the ship's place in the battle was fixed for the moment, nothing now remained to be done, except for the crews to ply their weapons till the end was reached. The admiral and the captain, their parts of direction and guidance being finished, walked back and forth together on the quarter-deck, on the side farthest from the "Redoubtable," where there was a clear space of a little over twenty feet in length, fore and aft, from the wheel to the hatch ladder leading down to the cabin. The mizzen top of the "Redoubtable," garnished with sharp-shooters, was about fifty feet above them. Fifteen minutes after the vessels came together, as the two officers were walking forward, and had nearly reached the usual place of turning, Nelson, who was on Hardy's left, suddenly faced left about. Hardy, after taking a step farther, turned also, and saw the admiral in the act of falling — on his knees, with his left hand touching the deck; then, the arm giving way, he fell on his left side. It was in the exact spot where Scott, the secretary, had been killed an hour before. To Hardy's natural exclamation that he hoped he was not badly hurt, he replied, "They have done for me at last;" and when the expression of hope was repeated, he said again, "Yes, my backbone is shot through." "I felt it break my back," he told the surgeon, a few minutes later. The ball had struck him on the left shoulder, on the forward part of the epaulette, piercing the lung, where it severed a large artery, and then passed through the spine from left to right, lodging finally in the muscles of the back. Although there was more than one mortal injury, the immediate and merciful cause of his speedy death was the internal bleeding from the artery. Within a few moments of his wounding some forty officers and men were cut down by the same murderous fire from the tops of the enemy. Indeed, so stripped of men was the upper deck of the "Victory" that the French made a movement to board, which was repulsed, though with heavy loss.

The stricken hero was at once carried below, himself covering his face and the decorations of his coat with his handkerchief, that the sight of their loss might not affect the ship's company at this critical instant. The cockpit was already cumbered with the wounded and dying, but the handkerchief falling from his face, the surgeon recognized him, and came at once to him. "You can do nothing for me, Beatty," he said; "I have but a short time to live." The surgeon also uttered the involuntary exclamation of encouragement which rises inevitably to the lips

at such a moment; but a short examination, and the sufferer's statement of his sensations, especially the gushing of blood within the breast, which was vividly felt, convinced him that there was indeed no hope. "Doctor, I am gone," he said to the Rev. Mr. Scott, the chaplain, who knelt beside him; and then added in a low voice, "I have to leave Lady Hamilton, and my adopted daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." . . .

Nelson now desired the surgeons to leave him to the attendants, as one for whom nothing could be done, and to give their professional care where it would be of some avail. In a few moments he recalled the chief surgeon, and said, "I forgot to tell you that all power of motion and feeling below my breast are gone; and *you* very well *know* I can live but a short time." From the emphasis he placed on his words, the surgeon saw he was thinking of a case of spinal injury to a seaman some months before, which had proved mortal after many days' suffering; yet it would seem that, despite the conviction that rested on his mind, the love of life, and of all it meant to him, yet clung to the hope that possibly there might be a reprieve. "One would like to live a little longer," he murmured; and added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" "Beatty," he said again, "*you know* I am gone." "My Lord," replied the surgeon, with a noble and courteous simplicity, "unhappily for our country, nothing can be done for you;" and he turned away to conceal the emotion which he could not at once control. "I know it," said Nelson. "I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me I am gone. God be praised, I have done my duty." To this latter thought he continually recurred.

At about three o'clock, the five ships of the enemy's van, passing within gunshot to windward, opened fire upon the British ships and their prizes. The "Victory" with her consorts replied. "Oh, Victory! Victory!" cried the sufferer, "how you distract my poor brain!" and after a pause added, "How dear life is to all men!" This distant exchange of shots was ineffectual, except to kill or wound a few more people, but while it continued Hardy had to be on deck, for the flag of the commander in chief still vested his authority in that ship. During this period an officer was sent to Collingwood to inform him of the admiral's condition, and to bear a personal message of farewell from the latter; but Nelson had no idea of transferring any portion of his duty until he parted with his life also.

A short hour elapsed between Hardy's leaving the cockpit and his returning to it, which brings the time to four o'clock. Strength had ebbed fast meanwhile, and the end was now very near; but Nelson was still conscious. The friends again shook hands, and the captain, before releasing his grasp, congratulated the dying hero upon the brilliancy of the victory. It was complete, he said. How many were captured, it was impossible to see, but he was certain fourteen or fifteen. The exact number proved to be eighteen. "That is well," said Nelson, but added, faithful to his exhaustive ideas of sufficiency, "I bargained for twenty." Then he exclaimed, "*Anchor*, Hardy, *anchor!*" Hardy felt the embarrassment of issuing orders now that Collingwood knew that his chief was in the very arms of death; but Nelson was clearly within his rights. "I suppose, my Lord," said the captain, "Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs." "Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," cried Nelson, and for a moment endeavored, ineffectually, to raise himself from the bed. "No. Do *you* anchor, Hardy." Captain Hardy then said, "Shall we make the signal, Sir?" "Yes," answered the admiral, "for if I live, I'll anchor." These words he repeated several times, even after Hardy had left him, and the energy of his manner showed that for the moment the sense of duty and of responsibility had triumphed over his increasing weakness.

Nelson now desired his steward, who was in attendance throughout, to turn him on his right side. "I wish I had not left the deck," he murmured; "for I shall soon be gone." Thenceforth he sank rapidly; his breathing became oppressed and his voice faint. To Dr. Scott he said, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner," and after a short pause, "*Remember* that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country — never forget Horatia." This injunction, with remembrances to Lady Hamilton and the child, he frequently repeated; and he charged Scott to see Mr. Rose, and tell him — but here pain interrupted his utterance, and after an interval he simply said, "Mr. Rose will remember," alluding to a letter which he had written him, but which as yet could not have been received. His thirst now increased; and he called for "drink, drink," "fan, fan," and "rub, rub," addressing himself in this last case to Dr. Scott, who had been rubbing his breast with his hand, by which some relief was given. These words he spoke in a very rapid manner, which rendered

his articulation difficult; but he every now and then, with evident increase of pain, made a greater effort, and said distinctly, "Thank God, I have done my duty." This he repeated at intervals as long as the power of speech remained. The last words caught by Dr. Scott, who was bending closely over him, were, "God and my country.". . .

There, surrounded by the companions of his triumph, and by the trophies of his prowess, we leave our hero with his glory. Sharer of our mortal weakness, he has bequeathed to us a type of single-minded self-devotion that can never perish. As his funeral anthem proclaimed, while a nation mourned, "His body is buried in peace, but his Name liveth for evermore." Wars may cease, but the need for heroism shall not depart from the earth, while man remains man and evil exists to be redressed. Wherever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson.

INFLUENCE OF GREECE ON ITS PEOPLE.[1]

By ERNST CURTIUS.

(From the "History of Greece.")

[ERNST CURTIUS: A German historian and archæologist; born in 1814. He was the founder of the German Institute of Archæology at Athens, and has contributed much to the capital of knowledge concerning life in Ancient Greece. He was a fluent writer, adept in the art of accommodating his style to the character of his readers. He wrote a "Greek History," also a "History of Athens." His "Peloponnesus" deals with the archæological remains in and about that city.]

THE history of a nation is by no means to be regarded solely as a consequence of the natural condition of its local habitations. But thus much it is easy to perceive: a formation of soil as peculiar as that commanding the basin of the Archipelago may well give a peculiar direction to the development of the history of its inhabitants.

In Asia great complexes of countries possess a history common to all of them. There one nation raises itself over a multitude of others, and in every case decrees of fate fall, to which vast regions, with their millions of inhabitants, are uniformly subjected. Against a history of this kind every footbreadth of Greek land rises in protest. There the ramification of the mountains has formed a series of cantons, every one of which has received a natural call and a natural right to a separate existence.

[1] By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

The villagers of wide plains quail at the thought of defending their laws and property against an overpowering force of arms; they submit to what is the will of heaven, and the survivor tranquilly builds himself a new hut near the ruins of the old. But where the land which has been with difficulty cultivated is belted by mountains with lofty ridges and narrow passes, which a little band is able to hold against a multitude, there men receive, together with these weapons of defense, the courage for using them. In the members of every local federation arises the feeling of belonging together by the will and command of God; the common state grows by itself out of the hamlets of the valley; and in every such state there springs up at the same time a consciousness of an independence fully justified before God and man. He who desires to enslave such a land must attack and conquer it anew in every one of its mountain valleys. In the worst case the summits of the mountains and inaccessible caves are able to shelter the remnant of the free inhabitants of the land.

But, besides the political independence, it is also the multiplicity of culture, manners, and language characteristic of Ancient Greece which it is impossible to conceive as existent without the multiplicitous formation of its territory, for without the barriers of the mountains the various elements composing its population would have early lost their individuality by contact with one another.

Now Hellas is not only a secluded and well-guarded country, but, on the other hand, again, more open to commerce than any other country of the ancient world. For from three sides the sea penetrates into all parts of the country; and while it accustoms men's eyes to greater acuteness and their minds to higher enterprise, never ceases to excite their fancy for the sea, which, in regions where no ice binds it during the whole course of the year, effects an incomparably closer union between the lands than is the case with the inhospitable inland seas of the North. If it is easily agitated, it is also easily calmed again; its dangers are diminished by the multitude of safe bays for anchorage, which the mariner may speedily reach at the approach of foul weather. They are further decreased by the transparent clearness of the atmosphere, which allows the mariner at daytime to recognize the guiding points of his course at a distance of as many as twelve miles, and at night spreads over his head a cloudless sky, where the rising and

setting of the stars in peaceful tranquillity regulate the business of peasant and mariner. The winds are the legislators of the weather; but even they, in these latitudes, submit to certain rules, and only rarely rise to the vehemence of desolating hurricanes. Never, except in the short winter season, is there any uncertain irregularity in wind and weather; the commencement of the fair season — the safe months, as the ancients called it — brings with it an immutable law followed by the winds in the entire Archipelago: every morning the north wind arises from the coasts of Thrace, and passes over the whole island sea; so that men were accustomed to designate all the regions lying beyond that of these coasts as the side beyond the north wind. This is the wind which once carried Miltiades to Lemnos, and at all times secured advantages of such importance to those who commanded the northern coasts. Often these winds (the Etesian) for weeks together assume the character of a storm, and when the sky is clear waves of froth appear as far as the eye can see; but the winds are regular enough to be free from danger, and they subside at sunset; then the sea becomes smooth, and air and water tranquil, till almost imperceptibly a slight contrary wind arises, a breeze from the south. When the mariner at Ægina becomes aware of this he weighs anchor, and drops into the Piræus in a few hours of the night. This is the sea breeze sung by the poets of antiquity, and now called the Embates, whose approach is ever mild, soft, and salutary. The currents passing along the coasts facilitate navigation in the gulfs and sounds of the sea; the flight of migratory birds, the shoals of tunny fish reappearing at fixed seasons of the year, serve as welcome signs for the mariner. The regularity in the whole life of nature and in the motion of air and sea, the mild and humane character of the Ægean, essentially contributed to make the inhabitants of its coast use it with the fullest confidence, and live on and with it.

Men soon learn all the secrets of the art of river navigation to an end, but never those of navigating the sea; the differences between dwellers on the banks of a river soon vanish by mutual contact, whereas the sea suddenly brings the greatest contrasts together; strangers arrive, who have been living under another sky and according to other laws: there ensues an endless comparing, learning, and teaching, and the more remunerative the interchange of the produce of different countries, the

more restlessly the human mind labors victoriously to oppose the dangers of the sea by a constant succession of new inventions.

The Euphrates and the Nile from year to year offer the same advantages to the population on their banks, and regulate its occupations in a constant monotony, which makes it possible for centuries to pass over the land without any change taking place in the essential habits of the lives of its inhabitants. Revolutions occur, but no development, and mummylike, the civilization of the Egyptians stagnates, enshrouded in the valley of the Nile; they count the monotonous beats of the pendulum of time, but time contains nothing for them; they possess a chronology, but no history in the full sense of the word. Such a death in life is not permitted by the flowing waves of the Ægean, which, as soon as commerce and mental activity have been once awakened, unceasingly continues and develops them.

Lastly, with regard to the natural gifts of the soil, a great difference prevailed between the eastern and western half of the land of Greece. The Athenian had only to ascend a few hours' journey from the mouths of the rivers of Asia Minor to assure himself how much more remunerative agriculture was there, and to admire and envy the deep layers of most fertile soil in Æolis and Ionia. There the growth of both plants and animals manifested greater luxuriance, the intercourse in the wide plains incomparably greater facility. We know how in the European country the plains are only let in between the mountains like furrows or narrow basins, or, as it were, washed on to their extremest ridge; and the single passage from one valley to the other led over lofty ridges, which men were obliged to open up for themselves, and then, with unspeakable labor, to provide with paths for beasts of burden and vehicles. The waters of the plains were equally grudging of the blessings expected from them. Far the greater number of them in summer were dried-up rivers, sons of the Nereïdes dying in their youth, according to the version of mythology; and although the drought in the country is incomparably greater now than it was in ancient times, yet, since men remembered, the veins of water of the Ilissus, as well as of the Inachus, had been hidden under a dry bed of pebbles. Yet this excessive drought is again accompanied by a superabundance of water, which, stagnating in one place in the basin of a valley, in another between mountains and sea, renders the air pestiferous and cultivation difficult. Everywhere there was a call for labor and a struggle. And yet at

how early a date would Greek history have come to an end had its only theater been under the skies of Ionia! It was, after all, only in European Hellas that the fullness of energy of which the nation was capable came to light, on that soil so much more sparingly endowed by nature; here, after all, men's bodies received a more powerful, and their minds a freer, development; here the country which they made their own, by drainage, and embankment, and artificial irrigation, became their native land in a fuller sense than the land on the opposite shore, where the gifts of God dropped into men's laps without any effort being necessary for their attainment.

Thus the special advantages of the land of Greece consist in the measure of its natural properties. Its inhabitant enjoys the full blessings of the South; he is rejoiced and animated by the warm splendor of its skies, by the serene atmosphere of its days, and the refreshing mildness of its nights. His necessaries of life he easily obtains from land and sea; nature and climate train him in temperance. His country is hilly; but his hills, instead of being rude heights, are arable and full of pastures, and thus act as the guardians of liberty. He dwells in an island country, blessed with all the advantages of southern coasts, yet enjoying at the same time the benefits proper to a vast and uninterrupted complex of territory. Earth and water, hill and plain, drought and damp, the snowstorms of Thrace and the heat of a tropical sun — all the contrasts, all the forms of the life of nature, combine in the greatest variety of ways to awaken and move the mind of man. But as these contrasts all dissolve into a higher harmony, which embraces the entire coast and island country of the Archipelago, so man was led to complete the measure of harmony between the contrasts which animate conscious life, between enjoyment and labor, between the sensual and the spiritual, between thought and feeling.

The innate powers of a piece of ground only become apparent when the plants created for it by nature drive the fibers of their roots into it, and develop, on the site so happily discovered, in the full favor of light and air, the whole fullness of their natural powers. In the life of plants the scientific investigator is able to show how the particular components of the soil favor each particular organization; in the life of nations a deeper mystery surrounds the connection between a country and its history.

THE BATTLE OF LEUCTRA.

By GEORGE GROTE.

(From "A History of Greece.")

[GEORGE GROTE: An English historian; born in Clay Hill, Kent, November 17, 1794. He was one of the greatest scholars of the century in classics and logic. His "History of Greece" (12 vols., 1845–1856) was the first ever written from a democratic point of view. "Plato" and "Aristotle" are among his best works. He died in London, June 18, 1871.]

WHILE others were comforted by the hope of superhuman aid, Epaminondas, to whom the order of the coming battle had been confided, took care that no human precautions should be wanting. His task was arduous; for not only were his troops dispirited, while those of the enemy were confident, but their numbers were inferior, and some of the Bœotians present were hardly even trustworthy. What the exact numbers were on either side we are not permitted to know. Diodorus assigns about 6000 men to the Thebans; Plutarch states the numbers of Cleombrotus at 11,000. Without placing faith in these figures, we see good reason for believing that the Theban total was decidedly inferior. For such inferiority Epaminondas strove to make up by skillful tactics, and by a combination at that time novel as well as ingenious. In all former Grecian battles, the opposite armies had been drawn up in line, and had fought along the whole line; or at least such had been the intention of the generals — and if it was not realized, the cause was to be sought in accidents of the ground, or backwardness or disorder on the part of some division of the soldiers. Departing from this habit, Epaminondas now arrayed his troops so as to bring his own left to bear with irresistible force upon the Spartan right, and to keep back the rest of his army comparatively out of action. Knowing that Cleombrotus, with the Spartans and all the official persons, would be on the right of their own line, he calculated that, if successful on this point against the best troops, he should find little resistance from the remainder. Accordingly he placed on his own left wing chosen Theban hoplites, to the prodigious depth of fifty shields, with Pelopidas and the Sacred Band in front. His order of advance was disposed obliquely or in echelon, so that the deep column on the left should join battle first, while the center and right kept comparatively back and held themselves more in a defensive attitude.

In 371 B.C. such a combination was absolutely new, and betokened high military genius. It is therefore no disgrace to Cleombrotus that he was not prepared for it, and that he adhered to the ordinary Grecian tactics of joining battle at once along the whole line. But so unbounded was the confidence reigning among the Spartans, that there never was any occasion on which peculiar precautions were less thought of. When, from their entrenched camp on the Leuctrian eminence, they saw the Thebans encamped on an opposite eminence, separated from them by a small breadth of low ground and moderate declivities, their only impatience was to hurry on the decisive moment, so as to prevent the enemy from escaping. Both the partisans and the opponents of Cleombrotus united in provoking the order for battle, each in their own language. The partisans urged him, since he had never yet done anything against the Thebans, to strike a decisive blow, and clear himself from the disparaging comparisons which rumor instituted between him and Agesilaus; the opponents gave it to be understood that if Cleombrotus were now backward, their suspicions would be confirmed that he leaned in his heart towards the Thebans. Probably the king was himself sufficiently eager to fight, and so would any other Spartan general have been, under the same circumstances, before the battle of Leuctra. But even had he been otherwise, the impatience prevalent among the Lacedæmonian portion of his army left him no option. Accordingly, the decided resolution to fight was taken. The last council was held, and the final orders issued by Cleombrotus after his morning meal, where copious libations of wine both attested and increased the confident temper of every man. The army was marched out of the camp, and arrayed on the lower portion of the declivity: Cleombrotus with the Spartans and most of the Lacedæmonians being on the right, in an order of twelve deep. Some Lacedæmonians were also on the left, but respecting the order of the other parts of the line we have no information. The cavalry was chiefly posted along the front.

Meanwhile, Epaminondas also marched down his declivity in his own chosen order of battle, his left wing being brought forward and strengthened into very deep order for desperate attack. His cavalry too were posted in front of his line. But before he commenced his march, he sent away his baggage and attendants home to Thebes, while at the same time he made proclamation that any of his Bœotian hoplites who were not

hearty in the cause might also retire if they chose. Of such permission the Thespians immediately availed themselves, so many were there, in the Theban camp, who estimated the chances to be all in favor of Lacedæmonian victory. But when these men, a large portion of them unarmed, were seen retiring, a considerable detachment from the army of Cleombrotus, either with or without orders, ran after to prevent their escape, and forced them to return for safety to the main Theban army. The most zealous among the allies of Sparta present — the Phocians, the Phliasians, and the Heracleots, together with a body of mercenaries — executed this movement, which seems to have weakened the Lacedæmonians in the main battle, without doing any mischief to the Thebans.

The cavalry first engaged in front of both lines; and here the superiority of the Thebans soon became manifest. The Lacedæmonian cavalry — at no time very good, but at this moment unusually bad, composed of raw and feeble novices, mounted on horses provided by the rich — was soon broken and driven back upon the infantry, whose ranks were disturbed by the fugitives. To reëstablish the battle Cleombrotus gave the word for the infantry to advance, himself personally leading the right. The victorious cavalry probably hung upon the Lacedæmonian infantry of the center and left, and prevented them from making much forward movement; while Epaminondas and Pelopidas with their left advanced according to their intention to bear down Cleombrotus and his right wing. The shock here was terrible; on both sides victory was resolutely disputed, in a close hand combat, with pushing of opposite shields and opposite masses. But such was the overwhelming force of the Theban charge — with the Sacred Band or chosen warriors in front, composed of men highly trained in the palestra, and the deep column of fifty shields propelling behind — that even the Spartans, with all their courage, obstinacy, and discipline, were unable to stand up against it. Cleombrotus, himself either in or near the front, was mortally wounded, apparently early in the battle; and it was only by heroic and unexampled efforts on the part of his comrades around that he was carried off yet alive, so as to preserve him from falling into the hands of the enemy. Around him also fell the most eminent members of the Spartan official staff: Deinon the Polemarch, Sphodrias with his son Cleonymus, and several others. After an obstinate resistance and a fearful slaughter, the right

wing of the Spartans was completely beaten and driven back to their camp on the higher ground.

It was upon the Spartan right wing, where the Theban left was irresistibly strong, that all the stress of the battle fell, as Epaminondas had intended that it should. In no other part of the line does there appear to have been any serious fighting: partly through his deliberate scheme of not pushing forward either his center or his right — partly through the preliminary victory of the Theban cavalry, which probably checked in part the forward march of the enemy's line — and partly also through the lukewarm adherence, or even suppressed hostility, of the allies marshaled under the command of Cleombrotus. The Phocians and Heracleots — zealous in the cause from hatred of Thebes — had quitted the line to strike a blow at the retiring baggage and attendants, while the remaining allies, after mere nominal fighting and little or no loss, retired to the camp as soon as they saw the Spartan right defeated and driven back to it. Moreover, even some Lacedæmonians on the left wing, probably astounded by the lukewarmness of those around them, and by the unexpected calamity on their own right, fell back in the same manner. The whole Lacedæmonian force, with the dying king, was thus again assembled and formed behind the intrenchment on the higher ground, where the victorious Thebans did not attempt to molest them.

But very different were their feelings as they now stood arrayed in the camp from that exulting boastfulness with which they had quitted it an hour or two before, and fearful was the loss when it came to be verified. Of seven hundred Spartans who had marched forth from the camp, only three hundred returned to it. One thousand Lacedæmonians, besides, had been left on the field, even by the admission of Xenophon; probably the real number was even larger. Apart from this, the death of Cleombrotus was of itself an event impressive to every one, the like of which had never occurred since the fatal day of Thermopylæ. But this was not all. The allies who stood alongside of them in arms were now altered men. All were sick of their cause, and averse to further exertion; some scarcely concealed a positive satisfaction at the defeat. And when the surviving polemarchs, now commanders, took counsel with the principal officers as to the steps proper in the emergency, there were a few, but very few, Spartans who pressed for renewal of the battle, and for recovering by force their slain brethren in the field,

or perishing in the attempt. All the rest felt like beaten men; so that the polemarchs, giving effect to the general sentiment, sent a herald to solicit the regular truce for burial of their dead. This the Thebans granted, after erecting their own trophy. But Epaminondas, aware that the Spartans would practice every stratagem to conceal the magnitude of their losses, coupled the grant with the condition that the allies should bury their dead first. It was found that the allies had scarcely any dead to pick up, and that nearly every slain warrior on the field was a Lacedæmonian. And thus the Theban general, while he placed the loss beyond possibility of concealment, proclaimed at the same time such public evidence of Spartan courage as to rescue the misfortune of Leuctra from all aggravation on the score of dishonor. What the Theban loss was Xenophon does not tell us. Pausanias states it at forty-seven men, Diodorus at three hundred. The former number is preposterously small, and even the latter is doubtless under the truth, for a victory in close fight, over soldiers like the Spartans, must have been dearly purchased. Though the bodies of the Spartans were given up to burial, their arms were retained, and the shields of the principal officers were seen by the traveler Pausanias at Thebes, five hundred years afterwards.

Twenty days only had elapsed, from the time when Epaminondas quitted Sparta after Thebes had been excluded from the general peace, to the day when he stood victorious on the field of Leuctra. The event came like a thunderclap upon every one in Greece — upon victors as well as vanquished — upon allies and neutrals, near and distant, alike. The general expectation had been that Thebes would be speedily overthrown and dismantled; instead of which, not only she had escaped, but had inflicted a crushing blow on the military majesty of Sparta.

It is in vain that Xenophon — whose account of the battle is obscure, partial, and imprinted with that chagrin which the event occasioned to him — ascribes the defeat to untoward accidents, or to the rashness and convivial carelessness of Cleombrotus, upon whose generalship Agesilaus and his party at Sparta did not scruple to cast ungenerous reproach, while others faintly exculpated him by saying that he had fought contrary to his better judgment, under fear of unpopularity. Such criticisms, coming from men wise after the fact, and consoling themselves for the public calamity by censuring the unfortunate commander, will not stand examination. Cleom-

brotus represented on this occasion the feeling universal among his countrymen. He was ordered to march against Thebes with the full belief, entertained by Agesilaus and all the Spartan leaders, that her unassisted force could not resist him. To fight the Thebans on open ground was exactly what he and every other Spartan desired. While his manner of forcing the entrance of Bœotia, and his capture of Creusis, was a creditable maneuver, he seems to have arranged his order of battle in the manner usual with Grecian generals at the time. There appears no reason to censure his generalship, except in so far as he was unable to divine — what no one else divined — the superior combinations of his adversary, then for the first time applied to practice.

To the discredit of Xenophon, Epaminondas is never named in his narrative of the battle, though he recognizes in substance that the battle was decided by the irresistible Theban force brought to bear upon one point of the enemy's phalanx — a fact which both Plutarch and Diodorus expressly refer to the genius of the general. All the calculations of Epaminondas turned out successful. The bravery of the Thebans, cavalry as well as infantry, seconded by the training which they had received during the last few years, was found sufficient to carry his plans into full execution. To this circumstance principally was owing the great revolution of opinion throughout Greece which followed the battle. Every one felt that a new military power had arisen, and that the Theban training, under the generalship of Epaminondas, had proved itself more than a match on a fair field, with shield and spear, and with numbers on the whole inferior, for the ancient Lycurgean discipline; which last had hitherto stood without a parallel as turning out artists and craftsmen in war, against mere citizens in the opposite ranks, armed, yet without the like training. Essentially stationary and old-fashioned, the Lycurgean discipline was now overborne by the progressive military improvement of other states, handled by a preëminent tactician — a misfortune predicted by the Corinthians at Sparta sixty years before, and now realized, to the conviction of all Greece, on the field of Leuctra.

PERIODS OF GREEK HISTORY AFTER THE CONQUEST OF GREECE.

By GEORGE FINLAY.

(From "Greece under the Romans.")

[GEORGE FINLAY: An English historian; born in Faversham, Kent, December 21, 1799; died in Athens, Greece, January 26, 1875. He was one of the early volunteers in the liberation of Greece, a companion of Byron at Missolonghi in 1823, and took up permanent residence there. He was for many years the Greek correspondent of the London *Times*. His fame, however, rests upon one great work, now collected as "Greece under Foreign Domination" (7 vols., 1877), but the first volume published as "Greece under the Romans" (1844), and the last two volumes being a "History of the Greek Revolution."]

THE condition of Greece during its long period of servitude was not one of uniform degeneracy. Under the Romans, and subsequently under the Othomans, the Greeks formed only an insignificant portion of a vast empire. Their unwarlike character rendered them of little political importance, and many of the great changes and revolutions which occurred in the dominions of the emperors and of the sultans, exerted no direct influence on Greece. Consequently, neither the general history of the Roman nor of the Othoman empire forms a portion of Greek history. Under the Byzantine emperors the case was different: the Greeks became then identified with the imperial administration. The dissimilarity in the political position of the nation during these periods requires a different treatment from the historian to explain the characteristics of the times.

The changes which affected the political and social condition of the Greeks divide their history, as a subject people, into six distinct periods.

1. The first of these periods comprises the history of Greece under the Roman government. The physical and moral degradation of the people deprived them of all political influence, until Greek society was at length regenerated by the Christian religion. After Christianity became the religion of the Roman emperors, the predominant power of the Greek clergy, in the ecclesiastical establishment of the Eastern Empire, restored to the Greeks some degree of influence in the government, and gave them a degree of social authority over human civilization in the East which rivaled that which they had formerly obtained by the Macedonian conquests. In the portion of this work devoted to the condition of Greece under the Romans,

the author has confined his attention exclusively to the condition of the people, and to those branches of the Roman administration which affected their condition. The predominant influence of Roman feelings and prejudices in the Eastern Empire terminates with the accession of Leo the Isaurian, who gave the administration at Constantinople a new character.

2. The second period embraces the history of the Eastern Roman Empire in its new form, under its conventional title of the Byzantine Empire. The records of this despotism, modified, renovated, and reinvigorated by the Iconoclast emperors, constitute one of the most remarkable and instructive lessons in the history of monarchial institutions. They teach us that a well-organized central government can with ease hold many subject nations in a state of political nullity. During this period the history of the Greeks is closely interwoven with the annals of the imperial government, so that the history of the Byzantine Empire forms a portion of the history of the Greek nation. Byzantine history extends from the accession of Leo the Isaurian, in the year 716, to the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204.

3. After the destruction of the Eastern Roman Empire, Greek history diverges into many channels. The exiled Roman-Greeks of Constantinople fled to Asia, and established their capital at Nicæa; they prolonged the Imperial administration in some provinces on the old model and with the old names. After the lapse of less than sixty years, they recovered possession of Constantinople; but though the government they exercised retained the proud title of the Roman Empire, it was only a degenerate representative even of the Byzantine state. This third period is characterized as the Greek Empire of Constantinople. Its feeble existence was terminated by the Othoman Turks at the taking of Constantinople in 1453.

4. When the Crusaders conquered the greater part of the Byzantine Empire, they divided their conquests with the Venetians, and founded the Latin Empire of Romania, with its feudal principalities in Greece. The domination of the Latins is important, as marking the decline of Greek influence in the East, and as causing a rapid diminution in the wealth and numbers of the Greek nation. This period extends from the conquest of Constantinople in 1204, until the conquest of Naxos by the Othoman Turks in 1566.

5. The conquest of Constantinople in 1204 caused the

foundation of a new Greek state in the eastern provinces of the Byzantine Empire, called the Empire of Trebizond. Its existence is a curious episode in Greek history, though the government was characterized by peculiarities which indicated the influence of Asiatic rather than of European manners. It bore a strong resemblance to the Iberian and Armenian monarchies. During two centuries and a half it maintained a considerable degree of influence, based, however, rather on its commercial position and resources than on its political strength or its Greek civilization. Its existence exerted little influence on the fate or fortunes of Greece, and its conquest, in the year 1461, excited little sympathy.

6. The sixth and last period of the history of Greece under foreign domination extends from 1453 to 1821, and embraces the records both of the Othoman rule and of the temporary occupation of the Peloponnesus by the Venetian Republic, from 1685 to 1715. Nations have, perhaps, perpetuated their existence in an equally degraded position; but history offers no other example of a nation which had sunk to such a state of debasement making a successful effort to recover its independence.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ROME.[1]

By THEODOR MOMMSEN.

(From the "History of Rome.")

[Theodor Mommsen: A German historian; born at Garding, Schleswig, November 30, 1817. He was professor of law at Leipsic (1848–1850), of Roman law at Zürich (1852–1854), and at Breslau (1854–1858). He was professor of ancient history at Berlin in 1858. His works are: "Roman History" (1854–1856; 8th ed., 1888–1889; vol. 5, 3d ed., 1886), "Roman Chronology down to Cæsar (2d ed., 1859), "History of Roman Coinage" (1860), "Roman Investigations" (1864–1879), "History of Roman Political Law" (3d ed., 1888). He was editor in chief of the "Body of Latin Inscriptions" (15 vols. and supplement, 1863–1893).]

About fourteen miles up from the mouth of the river Tiber, hills of moderate elevation rise on both banks of the stream, higher on the right, lower on the left bank. With the latter group there have been closely associated for at least two thousand five hundred years the name of the Romans. We are unable, of course, to tell how or when that name arose; this much only is certain, that in the oldest form of it known to us the inhabitants of the canton are called not Romans, but

[1] By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

(by a shifting of sound that frequently occurs in the earlier period of a language, but fell very early into abeyance in Latin) Ramnians (*Ramnes*), a fact which constitutes an expressive testimony to the immemorial antiquity of the name. Its derivation cannot be given with certainty; possibly "Ramnes" may mean "foresters" or "bushmen."

But they were not the only dwellers on the hills by the bank of the Tiber. In the earliest division of the burgesses of Rome a trace has been preserved of the fact that that body arose out of the amalgamation of three cantons once probably independent, the Ramnians, Tities, and Luceres, into a single commonwealth — in other words, out of such a *synoikismos* as that from which Athens arose in Attica. The great antiquity of this threefold division of the community is perhaps best evinced by the fact that the Romans, in matters especially of constitutional law, regularly used the forms *tribuere* ("to divide into three") and *tribus* ("a third") in the general sense of "to divide," and "a part," and the latter expression *tribus*, like our "quarter," early lost its original signification of number. After the union each of these three communities — once separate, but now forming subdivisions of a single community — still possessed its third of the common domain, and had its proportional representation in the burgess force and in the council of the elders. In ritual also, the number divisible by three of the members of almost all the oldest colleges — of the Vestal Virgins, the Salii, the Arval Brethren, the Luperci, the Augurs — probably had reference to that threefold partition. These three elements into which the primitive body of burgesses in Rome was divided have had theories of the most extravagant absurdity engrafted upon them. The irrational opinion that the Roman nation was a mongrel people finds its support in that division, and its advocates have striven by various means to represent the three great Italian races as elements entering into the composition of the primitive Rome, and to transform a people which has exhibited in language, polity, and religion a pure and national development such as few have equaled, into a confused aggregate of Etruscan and Sabine, Hellenic and, forsooth! even Pelasgian fragments.

Setting aside self-contradictory and unfounded hypotheses, we may sum up in a few words all that can be said respecting the nationality of the component elements of the primitive Roman commonwealth. That the Ramnians were a Latin

stock cannot be doubted, for they gave their name to the new Roman commonwealth, and therefore must have substantially determined the nationality of the united community. Respecting the origin of the Luceres nothing can be affirmed, except that there is no difficulty in the way of our assigning them, like the Ramnians, to the Latin stock. The second of these communities, on the other hand, is with one consent derived from Sabina; and this view can at least be traced to a tradition preserved in the Titian brotherhood, which represented that priestly college as having been instituted, on occasion of the Tities being admitted into the collective community, for the preservation of their distinctive Sabine ritual. It would appear, therefore, that at a period very remote, when the Latin and Sabellian stocks were beyond question far less sharply contrasted in language, manners, and customs than were the Roman and the Samnite of a later age, a Sabellian community entered into a Latin canton union; and, as in the older and more credible traditions without exception the Tities take precedence of the Ramnians, it is probable that the intruding Tities compelled the older Ramnians to accept the *synoikismos*. A mixture of different nationalities certainly therefore took place; but it hardly exercised an influence greater than the migration, for example, which occurred some centuries afterwards of the Sabine Attus Clauzus, or Appius Claudius, and his clansmen and clients to Rome. The earlier admission of the Tities among the Ramnians does not entitle us to class the community among mongrel peoples any more than does that subsequent reception of the Claudii among the Romans. With the exception, perhaps, of isolated national institutions handed down in connection with ritual, the existence of Sabellian elements can nowhere be pointed out in Rome; and the Latin language in particular furnishes absolutely no support to such an hypothesis. It would in fact be more than surprising if the Latin nation should have had its nationality in any sensible degree affected by the insertion of a single community from a stock so very closely related to it; and, besides, it must not be forgotten that at the time when the Tities settled beside the Ramnians, Latin nationality rested on Latium as its basis, and not on Rome. The new tripartite Roman commonwealth was, notwithstanding some incidental elements which were originally Sabellian, just what the community of the Ramnians had previously been — a portion of the Latin nation.

Long, in all probability, before an urban settlement arose on the Tiber, these Ramnians, Tities, and Luceres, at first separate, afterwards united, had their stronghold on the Roman hills, and tilled their fields from the surrounding villages. The "wolf festival" (*Lupercalia*), which the *gens* of the Quinctii celebrated on the Palatine hill, was probably a tradition from these primitive ages — a festival of husbandmen and shepherds, which more than any other preserved the homely pastimes of patriarchal simplicity, and, singularly enough, maintained itself longer than all the other heathen festivals in Christian Rome.

From these settlements the later Rome arose. The founding of a city in the strict sense, such as the legend assumes, is of course to be reckoned altogether out of the question: Rome was not built in a day. But the serious consideration of the historian may well be directed to the inquiry, in what way Rome could so early attain the prominent political position which it held in Latium — so different from what the physical character of the locality would have led us to anticipate. The site of Rome is less healthy and less fertile than that of most of the Latin towns. Neither the vine nor the fig succeed well in the immediate environs, and there is a want of springs yielding a good supply of water; for neither the otherwise excellent fountain of the Camenæ before the Porta Capena, nor the Capitoline well, afterwards inclosed within the Tullianum, furnish it in any abundance. Another disadvantage arises from the frequency with which the river overflows its banks. Its very slight fall renders it unable to carry off the water, which during the rainy season descends in large quantities from the mountains, with sufficient rapidity to the sea, and in consequence it floods the low-lying lands and the valleys that open between the hills, and converts them into swamps. For a settler the locality was anything but attractive. In antiquity itself an opinion was expressed that the first body of immigrant cultivators could scarce have spontaneously resorted in search of a suitable settlement to that unhealthy and unfruitful spot in a region otherwise so highly favored, and that it must have been necessity, or rather some special motive, which led to the establishment of a city there. Even the legend betrays its sense of the strangeness of the fact: the story of the foundation of Rome by refugees from Alba under the leadership of the sons of an Alban prince, Romulus and Remus, is nothing

but a naïve attempt of primitive quasi history to explain the singular circumstance of the place having arisen on a site so unfavorable, and to connect at the same time the origin of Rome with the general metropolis of Latium. Such tales, which profess to be historical but are merely improvised explanations of no very ingenious character, it is the first duty of history to dismiss; but it may perhaps be allowed to go a step further, and after weighing the special relations of the locality to propose a positive conjecture not regarding the way in which the place originated, but regarding the circumstances which occasioned its rapid and surprising prosperity and led to its occupying its peculiar position in Latium.

Let us notice first of all the earliest boundaries of the Roman territory. Towards the east the towns of Antemnæ, Fidenæ, Cænina, Collatia, and Gabii lie in the immediate neighborhood, some of them not five miles distant from the gates of the Servian Rome; and the boundary of the canton must have been in the close vicinity of the city gates. On the south we find at a distance of fourteen miles the powerful communities of Tusculum and Alba; and the Roman territory appears not to have extended in this direction beyond the *Fossa Cluilia*, five miles from Rome. In like manner, towards the southwest, the boundary betwixt Rome and Lavinium was at the sixth milestone. While in a landward direction the Roman canton was thus everywhere confined within the narrowest possible limits, from the earliest times, on the other hand, it extended without hindrance on both banks of the Tiber towards the sea. Between Rome and the coast there occurs no locality that is mentioned as an ancient canton center, and no trace of any ancient canton boundary. The legend, indeed, which has its definite explanation of the origin of everything, professes to tell us that the Roman possessions on the right bank of the Tiber, the "seven hamlets" (*septem pagi*), and the important salt works at its mouth, were taken by King Romulus from the Veientes, and that King Ancus fortified on the right bank the *tête du pont*, the "mount of Janus" (*Ianiculum*), and founded on the left the Roman Peiræus, the seaport at the river's "mouth" (*Ostia*). But in fact we have evidence more trustworthy than that of legend, that the possessions of the Etruscan bank of the Tiber must have belonged to the original territory of Rome; for in this very quarter, at the fourth milestone on the later road to the port, lay the

grove of the creative goddess (*Dea Dia*), the primitive chief seat of the Arval festival and Arval brotherhood of Rome. Indeed, from time immemorial the clan of the Romilii, the chief probably of all the Roman clans, was settled in this very quarter; the Janiculum formed a part of the city itself, and Ostia was a burgess colony or, in other words, a suburb.

This cannot have been the result of mere accident. The Tiber was the natural highway for the traffic of Latium; and its mouth, on a coast scantily provided with harbors, became necessarily the anchorage of seafarers. Moreover, the Tiber formed from very ancient times the frontier defense of the Latin stock against their northern neighbors. There was no place better fitted for an emporium of the Latin river and sea traffic, and for a maritime frontier fortress of Latium, than Rome. It combined the advantages of a strong position and of immediate vicinity to the river; it commanded both banks of the stream down to its mouth; it was so situated as to be equally convenient for the river navigator descending the Tiber or the Anio, and for the seafarer with vessels of so moderate a size as those which were then used; and it afforded greater protection from pirates than places situated immediately on the coast. That Rome was indebted accordingly, if not for its origin, at any rate for its importance, to these commercial and strategical advantages of its position, there are numerous indications to show — indications which are very different weight from the statements of quasi-historical romances. Thence arose its very ancient relations with Cære, which was to Etruria what Rome was to Latium, and accordingly became Rome's most intimate neighbor and commercial ally. Thence arose the unusual importance of the bridges over the Tiber, and of bridge building generally in the Roman commonwealth. Thence came the galley in the city arms; thence, too, the very ancient Roman port duties on the exports and imports of Ostia, which were from the first levied only on what was to be exposed for sale (*promercale*), not on what was for the shipper's own use (*usuarium*), and which were therefore in reality a tax upon commerce. Thence, to anticipate, the comparatively early occurrences in Rome of coined money, and of commercial treaties with transmarine states. In this sense, then, it is certainly not improbable that Rome may have been, as the legend assumes, a creation rather than a growth, and the youngest rather than the oldest among the Latin cities. Beyond doubt

the country was already in some degree cultivated, and the Alban range as well as various other heights of the Campagna were occupied by strongholds, when the Latin frontier emporium arose on the Tiber. Whether it was a resolution of the Latin confederacy, or the clear-sighted genius of some unknown founder, or the natural development of traffic, that called the city of Rome into being, it is vain even to surmise.

But in connection with this view of the position of Rome as the emporium of Latium, another observation suggests itself. At the time when history begins to dawn on us, Rome appears, in contradistinction to the league of the Latin communities, as a compact urban unity. The Latin habit of dwelling in open villages, and of using the common stronghold only for festivals and assemblies or in case of special need, was subjected to restriction at a far earlier period, probably, in the canton of Rome than anywhere else in Latium. The Roman did not cease to manage his farm in person, or to regard it as his proper home; but the unwholesome atmosphere of the Campagna could not but induce him to take up his abode as much as possible on the more airy and salubrious city hills; and by the side of the cultivators of the soil there must have been a numerous non-agricultural population, partly foreigners, partly natives, settled there from early times. This to some extent accounts for the dense population of the old Roman territory, which may be estimated at the utmost at 115 square miles, partly of marshy or sandy soil, and which, even under the earliest constitution of the city, furnished a force of 3300 freemen; so that it must have numbered at least 10,000 free inhabitants. But further, every one acquainted with the Romans and their history is aware that it is their urban and mercantile character which forms the basis of whatever is peculiar in their public and private life, and that the distinction between them and the other Latins and Italians in general is preëminently the distinction between citizen and rustic. Rome, indeed, was not a mercantile city like Corinth or Carthage; for Latium was an essentially agricultural region, and Rome was in the first instance, and continued to be, preëminently a Latin city. But the distinction between Rome and the mass of the other Latin towns must certainly be traced back to its commercial position, and to the type of character produced by that position in its citizens. If Rome was the emporium of the Latin districts, we can readily understand how, along with and in addition to

Latin husbandry, an urban life should have attained vigorous and rapid development there and thus have laid the foundation for its distinctive career.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE ON THE EDGE OF DECLINE.

By CHARLES MERIVALE.

(From "History of the Romans under the Empire.")

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THE circumstances of the empire might indeed well inspire profound anxiety in the breast of one to whom its maintenance was confided. Hitherto we have seen the frontiers assailed in many quarters, and the energies of the bravest princes tasked in their defense. But these attacks have been local and desultory. The Chatti on the Rhine, the Marcomanni on the Upper, the Samaritans on the Lower Danube, the Roxalani on the shores of the Euxine, have often assailed and vexed the provinces, but separately and at different times; Aurelius had to make head against all these enemies at once. The unity of the empire imparted a germ of union to its assailants. Hence no champion of Rome had so hard a task; hence Aurelius, far from making permanent conquests beyond his frontiers, stood everywhere on the defensive, and confronted the foe by his lieutenants in Gaul, Pannonia, Dacia, or Mœsia, while he planted himself commonly in the center of his line of stations, at Carnuntum, Vindobona, or Sirmium; hence his wars were protracted through a period of twelve years, and though his partial victories gained him ten times the title of Imperator, none was sufficiently decisive to break the forces banded against him. The momentary submission of one tribe or another led to no general result; notwithstanding his own sanguine hopes and the fond persuasion of his countrymen, his last campaign saw the subjugation of Scythia and the safety of the empire still distant and doubtful. The barbarians were stronger at this crisis than ever,—stronger in unity, stronger in arms and tactics, stronger possibly in numbers. Neither to Marius, we may believe, nor to Germanicus, nor to Trajan,

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would they now have yielded as heretofore. But the empire was at least as much weaker. The symptoms of decline, indeed, were as yet hardly manifest to common observation; under ordinary circumstances they might still have eluded the notice even of statesmen; but in the stress of a great calamity they became manifest to all. The chief of the state was deeply impressed with them. Against anxiety and apprehension he struggled as a matter of duty, but the effort was sore and hopeless; and from the anticipation of disasters beyond his control he escaped, when possible, to pensive meditations on his own moral nature, which at least might lie within it.

The brilliancy of the city and the great provincial capitals, the magnificence of their shows and entertainments, still remained, perhaps, undimmed. The dignity of the temples and palaces of Greece and Rome stood, even in their best days, in marked contrast with the discomfort and squalor of their lanes and cabins. The spacious avenues of Nero concealed perhaps more miserable habitations than might be seen in the narrow streets of Augustus; but as yet we hear no distinct murmurs of poverty among the populace. The causes, indeed, were already at work which, in the second or third generation, reduced the people of the towns to pauperism, and made the public service an intolerable burden: the decline, namely, of agriculture and commerce, the isolation of the towns, the disappearance of the precious metals, the return of society to a state of barter, in which every petty community strove to live on its own immediate produce. Such, at a later period, was the condition of the empire, as revealed in the codes of the fourth century. These symptoms were doubtless strongly developed in the third, but we have at least no evidence of them in the second. We may reasonably suppose, indeed, that there was a gradual, though slow, diminution in the amount of gold and silver in circulation. The result would be felt first in the provinces, and latest in the cities and Rome itself, but assuredly it was already in progress. Two texts of Pliny assert the constant drain of specie to the East; and the assertion is confirmed by the circumstances of the case; for the Indians, and the nations beyond India, who transmitted to the West their silks and spices, cared little for the wines and oils of Europe, still less for the manufactures in wool and leather which formed the staples of commerce in the Mediterranean. There was still a great, perhaps an increasing, demand for these metals in works

of art and ornament, and much was consumed in daily use, much withdrawn from circulation and eventually lost by the thriftless habit of hoarding. But the supply from the mines of Thrace, Spain, and Germany was probably declining, for it was extracted by forced labor, the most expensive, the most harassing, and the most precarious. The difficulty of maintaining the yield of the precious metals is marked in the severe regulations of the later emperors, and is further attested by the progressive debasement of the currency.

Not more precise is our information respecting the movement of the population, which was also at this period on the verge of decline. To the partial complaints of such a decline in Italy, muttered, as they generally were, by the poets or satirists, I have hitherto paid little heed. In statements of this kind there is generally much false sentiment, some angry misrepresentation. The substitution of slave for free labor in many parts of Italy may have had the appearance of a decline in population, while it actually indicated no more than a movement and transfer. It was more important, however, in the future it foreshadowed than in the present reality. The slave population was not reproductive; it was only kept at its level by fresh drafts from abroad. Whenever the supply should be cut off, the residue would rapidly dwindle. This supply was maintained partly by successful wars, but still more by a regular and organized traffic. The slaves from the North might be exchanged for Italian manufactures and produce; but the venders from many parts, such as Arabia and Ethiopia, Central Africa, and even Cappadocia and other districts of Asia Minor, would take, I suppose, nothing but specie. With the contraction of the currency, the trade would languish, and under this depression a country like Italy, which was almost wholly stocked by importation, would become quickly depopulated. Still more, on the decline of the slave population, there would follow a decline of production, a decline of the means of the proprietors, a decline in the condition of the free classes, and consequently in their numbers also. That such a decline was actually felt under the Flavian emperors appears in the sudden adoption of the policy of alimentation, or public aid to impoverished freemen.

Nor was it in this way only that slavery tended to the decline of population. Slavery in ancient, and doubtless in all times was a hotbed of vice and selfish indulgence, enervating the spirit and vital forces of mankind, discouraging legitimate

marriage, and enticing to promiscuous and barren concubinage. The fruit of such hateful unions, if fruit there were, or could be, engaged little regard from their selfish fathers, and both law and usage continued to sanction the exposure of infants, from which the female sex undoubtedly suffered most. The losses of Italy from this horrid practice were probably the greatest; but the provinces also lost proportionably; the imitation of Roman habits was rife on the remotest frontiers; the conquests of the empire were consolidated by the attractions of Roman indulgence and sensuality; slavery threw discredit on all manual labor, and engendered a false sentiment of honor, which constrained the poorer classes of freemen to dependence and celibacy; vice and idleness went hand in hand, and combined to stunt the moral and physical growth of the Roman citizen, leaving his weak and morbid frame exposed in an unequal contest to the fatal influences of his climate.

If, however, the actual amount of population in Italy and other metropolitan districts had but lately begun sensibly to decline, for some generations it had been recruited mainly from a foreign stock, and was mingled with the refuse of every nation, civilized and barbarian. Slaves, freedmen, clients of the rich and powerful, had glided by adoption into the Roman gentes, the names of which still retained a fallacious air of antiquity, while their members had lost the feelings and principles which originally signalized them. As late as the time of the younger Pliny, we find the gentile names of the republic still common, though many of them have ceased to recur on the roll of the great magistracies, where they have been supplanted by others, hitherto obscure or unknown; but the surnames of Pliny's friends and correspondents, which distinguish the family from the house, are in numerous instances strange to us, and often grotesque and barbarous. The gradual exhaustion of the true Roman blood had been already marked and deplored under Claudius, and there can be no doubt, though materials are wanting for tracing it, that the flux continued to gather force through succeeding generations.

The decay of moral principles which hastened the disintegration of Roman society was compensated by no new discoveries in material cultivation. The idea of civilization common to the Greeks and Romans was the highest development of the bodily faculties, together with the imagination; but in exploring the agencies of the natural world, and turning its forces to

the use of man, the progress soon reached its limits. The Greeks and Romans were almost equally unsteady in tracing the laws of physical phenomena, which they empirically observed, and analyzing the elements of the world around them. Their advance in applied science stopped short with the principles of mechanics, in which they doubtless attained great practical proficiency. Roman engineering, especially, deserves the admiration even of our own times. But the ancients invented no instrument for advancing the science of astronomy; they remained profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of chemistry; their medicine, notwithstanding the careful diagnosis of Hippocrates and Galen, could not free itself from connection with the most trivial superstitions. The Greeks speculated deeply in ethics and politics; the Romans were intelligent students of legal theory and procedure; but neither could discover from these elementary sciences the compound ideas of public economy. Their principles of commerce and finance were to the last rude and unphilosophical. They made little advance, at the height of their prosperity and knowledge, in the economy of labor and production; they made no provision for the support of the increasing numbers to which the human race, under the operation of natural laws, ought to have attained. We read of no improvements in the common processes of agriculture, none even in the familiar mode of grinding corn, none in the extraction and smelting of ores, none in the art of navigation. Even in war, to which they so ardently devoted themselves, we find the helmet and cuirass, the sword, spear, and buckler, identical in character and almost in form, from the siege of Troy to the sack of Rome. Changes in tactics and discipline were slight and casual, compelled rather by some change in circumstances than spontaneous or scientific. The ancient world had, in short, no versatility, no power of adaptation to meet the varying wants of its outward condition. Its ideas were equal to the extension of its material dominion. A little soul was lodged in a vast body.

The Egyptian civilization, the Hindu, the Chinese, as well as the Greek and Roman, have all had their natural limits, at which their vitality was necessarily arrested. Possibly all civilizations are subject to a similar law, though some may have a wider scope and a more enduring force than others; or possibly there may be a real salt of society in the principle of intelligent freedom, which has first learned to control itself,

that it may deserve to escape from the control of external forces. But Roman society, at least, was animated by no such principle. At no period within the sphere of historic records was the commonwealth of Rome anything but an oligarchy of warriors and slave owners, who indemnified themselves for the restraint imposed on them by their equals in the forum by aggression abroad and tyranny in their households. The causes of its decline seem to have little connection with the form of government established in the first and second centuries. They were in full operation before the fall of the Republic, though their baneful effects were disguised and perhaps retarded by outward successes, by extended conquests, and increasing supplies of tribute or plunder. The general decline of population throughout the ancient world may be dated even from the second century before our era. The last age of the Republic was perhaps the period of the most rapid exhaustion of the human race; but its dissolution was arrested under Augustus, when the population recovered for a time in some quarters of the empire, and remained at least stationary in others. The cause of slavery could not but make itself felt again, and demanded the destined catastrophe. Whatever evil we ascribe to the despotism of the Cæsars, we must remark that it was slavery that rendered political freedom and constitutional government impossible. Slavery fostered in Rome, as previously at Athens, the spirit of selfishness and sensuality, of lawlessness and insolence, which cannot consist with political equality, with political justice, with political moderation. The tyranny of the emperors was, as I have elsewhere observed, only the tyranny of every noble extended and intensified. The empire became no more than an ergastulum or barracoon on a vast scale, commensurate with the dominions of the greatest of Roman slaveholders. It is vain to imagine that a people can be tyrants in private life, and long escape subjection to a common tyrant in public. It was more than they could expect, more, indeed, than they deserved, if they found in Augustus, at least, and Vespasian, in Trajan and Hadrian, in Antoninus and Aurelius, masters who sought spontaneously to divest themselves of the most terrible attributes of their boundless autocracy.

JOSEPHUS ON THE JEWISH WAR.[1]

[FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS, Jewish statesman and historian, was the son of a priest by a descendant of the Asmonean princes, and was born at Jerusalem, 37 A.D. He was early a distinguished scholar and a leader of the Pharisees; was sent as delegate to Nero at twenty-six; was governor of Galilee when the last rising against the Roman government took place, and was captured at the siege of Jotapata; made terms for himself with the Romans, and accompanied their army at the siege of Jerusalem. He then lived at Rome till after 97 A.D. He wrote the "History of the Jewish War"; "Jewish Antiquities"; a pamphlet, "Against Apion," in defense of his countrymen; and his autobiography.]

THE SIEGE OF JOTAPATA.

JOTAPATA is almost all of it a precipice, having on all sides of it but one ravines immensely deep, so that those who try to look down find their sight fail them before it reaches the bottom. It is only to be got at on the north side, where the city is built on the mountain, as it ends obliquely at a plain. Josephus had surrounded this mountain with a wall when he fortified the city, that its summit might not be able to be seized upon by the enemies. The city is covered all round with other mountains, and is invisible till one comes just upon it. Such was the strong situation of Jotapata.

Vespasian, therefore, being put on his mettle by the natural strength of the place, as well as the bold defense of the Jews, resolved to prosecute the siege with vigor. To this end he called the commanders that were under him to a council of war, and consulted with them as to the assault. And when it was resolved to raise a bank against that part of the wall which was accessible, he sent his whole army abroad to collect materials. So when they had cut down all the trees near the city, and had got together a great heap of stones besides the wood they had cut down, some of them spread fascines over their works, to avoid the effects of the darts that were shot from above at them, under cover whereof they kept on forming their bank, and so were hurt little or nothing by the darts that were thrown upon them from the wall, while others pulled the neighboring hillocks to pieces, and perpetually brought them earth; so nobody was idle, as they were busy three sorts of ways. But the Jews cast great stones from the walls and all sorts of darts upon the fascines which protected the men, and their noise, though they did not reach them, was so terrible that it was some impediment to the workmen.

Vespasian then put into position all round the city the en-

[1] From Works of Josephus. By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. 5 vols., price 3s. 6d. each.

VESPASIAN CÆSAR

gines for throwing stones and darts (the number of which was in all a hundred and sixty), and bade the engineers shoot at those that were upon the wall. Then simultaneously the catapults hurled lances with a great noise, and stones of the weight of a talent were thrown by the engines for hurling stones, and fire and a vast multitude of arrows, which not only made the walls difficult of access to the Jews, but also reached the parts within the walls. For the mass of the Arabian archers, as well as all those that threw darts and slung stones, hurled their shot at the same time as the engines. However, the others did not lie still when they could not fight the Romans from the higher ground. For they then made sallies, like robbers, in bands, and tore away the fascines that covered the workmen, and struck them when they were thus unprotected ; and when those workmen gave way, they shoveled away the earth that composed the bank, and burnt the woodwork of it and the fascines, till Vespasian perceived that the intervals between the works caused this damage, for these intervals gave the Jews opportunity to attack the Romans. So he united the fascines, and at the same time concentrated all his army close to them, which prevented these sallies of the Jews.

And when the bank was now raised, and brought very close to the battlements, Josephus thought it would be strange if he could make no counter contrivance for the city's preservation ; so he got together his workmen, and ordered them to build the wall higher. And when they said that it was impossible to build while they were being pelted with so many darts, he invented the following shelter for them. He bade them fix stakes, and stretch over them the raw hides of oxen just killed, that these hides, by yielding and hollowing themselves when the stones were thrown at them, might receive them, and the other darts would slide off them, and fire that was thrown would be quenched by the moisture that was in them. And these he set over the workmen, and under them they went on with their work in safety, and raised the wall higher both by day and night, till it was twenty cubits higher. He also built frequent towers upon the wall, and fitted to it strong battlements. This greatly discouraged the Romans, who thought by now they would have already got inside the city, and they were at once dismayed at Josephus' contrivance and at the courage of the citizens.

And Vespasian was irritated at the great subtlety of this stratagem, and at the boldness of the men of Jotapata. For

taking heart again upon the building of this wall, they made fresh sallies upon the Romans, and had every day conflicts with them in bands, together with all such contrivances as robbers make use of, as plundering all that came to hand, as also setting fire to all the Roman works; till Vespasian made his army leave off fighting them, and resolved to sit down before the city, and to starve it into a surrender, supposing that they would either be forced to petition him for mercy by want of provisions, or, if they should have the courage to hold out till the last extremity, that they would perish by famine: and he concluded he should conquer them the more easily in fighting, if he left them alone for a time, and then fell upon them when they were weakened by famine. But he gave orders that they should guard all the outlets from the city.

Now the besieged had plenty of corn and indeed of all other things within the city, but they wanted water, because there was no fountain in the city, the people there being supplied with rain water. But it is a rare thing in that country if ever to have rain in summer. And as the siege was at this season, they were in great distress for some contrivance to satisfy their thirst, and they chafed as if already entirely in want of water. For Josephus, seeing that the city abounded with other necessaries, and that the men were of good courage, and wishing to protract the siege longer than the Romans expected, ordered their drink to be given them by measure. But they deemed this scanty distribution of water by measure a thing harder than the want of it; and their not being able to drink as much as they would stimulated still more their desire for drinking, and they were as much disheartened thereby as if they were come to the last degree of thirst. Nor were the Romans ignorant of the condition they were in; for where they stood opposite them above the wall, they could see them running together, and taking their water by measure, which made them throw their javelins there, the place being within their reach, and kill a great many of them.

And Vespasian hoped that their cisterns of water would in no long time be emptied, and that they would be forced to deliver up the city to him. But Josephus, being minded to frustrate his hope, commanded a great many to wet their clothes, and hang them out upon the battlements, till the entire wall was of a sudden all wet with the running down of the water. At this the Romans were discouraged and in consternation, seeing them able to throw away in sport so much

water, when they supposed them not to have enough to drink. And the Roman general despaired of taking their city by famine, and even betook himself again to arms and force, which was what the Jews greatly desired. For as they despaired of safety for either themselves or their city, they preferred death in battle to death by hunger and thirst.

However, Josephus contrived another stratagem, besides the foregoing one, to get plenty of what they wanted. Through a certain ravine that was almost inaccessible, and so was neglected by the soldiers, Josephus sent out certain persons along the western parts of it, and by them sent letters to whom he pleased of the Jews that were outside the city, and procured from them in abundance whatever necessaries they wanted in the city. He ordered them also to creep along generally when near the watch as they returned to the city, and to cover their backs with fleeces, that if any one should observe them by night, they might be believed to be dogs. This was done till the watch perceived their contrivance, and surrounded the ravine. . . .

[Josephus] with his bravest men made a sally, and dispersed the enemies' outposts, and ran as far as the Roman camp itself, and pulled the coverings of their tents upon their bank to pieces, and set fire to their works. And he never left off fighting in the same manner either the next day or the day after that, or for a considerable number of both days and nights.

Upon this Vespasian, as he saw the Romans distressed by these sallies (for they were ashamed to be put to flight by the Jews, and when at any time they made the Jews run away, their heavy armor would not let them pursue them far, and the Jews, when they had done any mischief, before they could be hurt themselves, still retired into the city), ordered his armed men to avoid their attacks, and not fight it out with men in desperation, for nothing was more courageous than despair, and their violence would be quenched when they saw they failed of their purposes, as fire was quenched when it wanted fuel. He said also that it became the Romans to gain their victories as cheaply as they could, since they did not fight for their existence, but only to enlarge their dominions. So he repelled the Jews most by the Arabian archers, and Syrian slingers and stone throwers. Nor was there any intermission of the numerous engines that hurled missiles. Now the Jews suffered greatly by these engines and gave way before them, but when they threw stones or javelins a great distance,

then the Jews came to close quarters and pressed hard upon the Romans, and fought desperately, without sparing either soul or body, one detachment relieving another by turns when it was tired out.

Now Vespasian, looking upon himself as besieged in turn by these sallies of the Jews and the long time the siege lasted, as his banks were now not far from the walls, determined to apply his battering-ram. This is a vast beam of wood like the mast of a ship; its fore part is armed with a thick piece of iron at the head of it, which is so carved as to be like the head of a ram, whence its name is taken. This ram is slung in the air by its middle by ropes, and is hung, like the balance in a pair of scales, from another beam, and braced by strong beams on both sides of it. When this is pulled backward by a great number of men, and then with united force thrust forward by the same men, it batters walls with the iron part which is prominent. Nor is there any tower so strong, or walls so broad, if they resist its first battery, but are forced to yield to it at last. This was the experiment which the Roman general betook himself to, as he was eagerly bent upon taking the city, for he found lying in the field so long to be to his disadvantage, as the Jews would never be quiet. So the Romans brought their catapults and other engines for galling an enemy nearer to the walls, that they might reach such as were upon the walls who endeavored to frustrate their attempts, and threw stones and javelins at them, and the archers and slingers in like manner came closer to the wall. This brought matters to such a pass that none of the Jews durst man the walls, and then other Romans brought forward the battering-ram, that was cased with wickerwork all over, and in the upper part was covered by skins, and this both for the security of themselves and it. Now the wall was shaken at the very first stroke of this battering-ram, and a terrible clamor was raised by the people within the city, as if they were already taken.

Now when Josephus observed this ram frequently battering the same place, and saw that the wall would quickly be thrown down by it, he resolved to elude for a while the force of that contrivance. So he gave orders to fill sacks with chaff, and to let them down before the place where they saw the ram always battering, that the stroke might be turned aside, or that the place might feel less of the stroke in consequence of the yielding nature of the chaff. This very much delayed the

Romans, because, let them remove their battering-ram to what part they pleased, those that were on the walls also removed their sacks, and placed them opposite the strokes it made, insomuch that the wall was not at all injured in consequence of the resistance that the sacks made, till the Romans made a counter contrivance of long poles, and by tying scythes at their ends cut off the sacks. Now when the battering-ram thus became effective again, and the wall (having been but newly built) was giving way, Josephus and those about him had thenceforward recourse to fire to defend themselves. So they took whatever materials they had that were dry, and made a sally three ways, and set fire to the machines and wickerwork and banks of the Romans. And they could not well come to their assistance, being at once in consternation at the Jews' boldness, and being prevented by the flames from coming to their aid. For the materials being dry, and bitumen and pitch and brimstone also being among them, the fire spread quicker than one would think, and what cost the Romans a great deal of labor was in one hour consumed. . . .

Those who were with Josephus, though they fell one after another, being struck by the darts and stones which the engines threw at them, could not for all that be driven from the wall, but attacked with fire and iron weapons and stones those who were propelling the ram under the protection of the wickerwork: though they could do little or nothing, but fell themselves perpetually, because they were seen by those whom they could not see. For the light of their own fire shone about them, and made them as visible a mark to the enemy as they were in the daytime, while the enemy's engines could not be seen at a great distance, and so what was thrown at them could not well be avoided. For the force with which these engines threw stones and darts made them wound many at a time, and the whizzing stones that were cast by the engines carried away the battlements, and broke off the corners of the towers. Indeed, no body of men could be so strong as not to be overthrown to the last rank by the size of the stones. . . . The whir of the instruments and the noise of the missiles was more terrible still. Dire too was the noise the dead bodies made when they were knocked down one after another on the walls, and dreadful was the clamor which the women raised within the city, which was echoed back by the cries of those outside who were being slain; and the whole space of ground whereon

they fought ran with blood, and the wall might have been climbed up to over dead bodies. The mountains also contributed to increase the noise by their echoes, nor was there on that night anything wanting that could terrify either the ear or eye. And very many of those that fought nobly at Jotapata fell, and very many were wounded, and the morning watch was come ere the wall yielded to the machines employed against it, though it had been battered without intermission ; and those within covered their bodies with their armor and built up again what was thrown down of the wall, before those scaling machines were laid to the wall by which the Romans were to ascend into the city.

In the morning Vespasian mustered together his army to take the city, after a little rest from the fatigues of the night. And as he wished to draw off those that checked him from the places where the wall had been thrown down, he made the most courageous of his cavalry dismount from their horses, and placed them in three files opposite these breaches in the wall, defended by their armor on every side, and with poles in their hands, that so they might begin the ascent as soon as the machines for such ascent were laid to the wall. And behind these he placed the flower of his foot, and he ordered the rest of the horse to deploy from the walls over all the hills to prevent any from escaping out of the city when it should be taken ; and behind these he placed the archers all round, and commanded them to have their arrows ready to shoot. He gave the same commands to the slingers, and to those that managed the engines, and bade others bring ladders and apply them to those parts of the wall that were uninjured, that those who tried to hinder their ascent might leave off guarding the breaches in the wall, while the rest of the besieged might be overpowered by the darts cast at them, and yield an entrance into the city.

But Josephus, seeing through Vespasian's plan, set the old men and those that were tired out at the sound part of the wall, as not at all likely to be hurt there, but set the most efficient of his soldiers at the place where the wall was broken down, and in front of them all six men by themselves, among whom he himself shared in the post of greatest danger. He also gave orders that when the legions made a shout they should stop their ears, that they might not be dismayed at it, and also that, to avoid the shower of the enemies' darts, they should bend down on their knees, and cover themselves with their shields, and retreat a little backwards for a while, till the

archers should have emptied their quivers; and that, when the Romans should lay their machines for ascending the walls, they should leap out, and with their own instruments meet the enemy, and that every one should strive to do his best, not to defend his own city, as if it were possible to be preserved, but to revenge it, as if it was already destroyed; and that they should try and picture before their eyes how their old men would be slain, and their children and wives killed immediately by the enemy; and that they should beforehand spend all their fury on account of the calamities coming upon them, and pour it out on the perpetrators of them.

Thus did Josephus dispose of both his bodies of men. As for the useless part of the citizens, the women and children, when they saw their city surrounded by a triple line (for none of the former guards were withdrawn for battle), and their enemies with swords in their hands at the breaches in the wall, as also the hilly country above them shining with arms, and the darts ready and poised in the hands of the Arabian archers, they made a final wail at their capture, as if their ruin was not only imminent, but had actually come upon them already. But Josephus ordered the women to be shut up in their houses, lest they should unnerve the courage of the men by pity, and commanded them to hold their peace, and threatened them if they did not, and went himself to the breach, where his position was allotted. As to those who brought up ladders to the other places, he took no notice of them, but earnestly waited for the expected shower of arrows.

And now the trumpeters of all the Roman legions sounded together, and the army raised a terrible shout, and as a shower of darts were hurled at a preconcerted signal, the air was darkened by them. But Josephus' men remembered the orders he had given them; they stopped their ears at the shouts, and protected their bodies against the darts; and as for the scaling engines that were laid to the wall, the Jews sallied out at them, before those that should have used them were got upon them. And now, on the ascending of the soldiers, there was a great hand-to-hand fight, and much valor both of hands and soul was exhibited, while the Jews earnestly endeavored, in the extreme danger they were in, not to show less courage than those who, without being in danger, fought so stoutly against them, nor did they leave struggling with the Romans till they either fell down dead themselves, or killed

their antagonists. But as the Jews grew weary with defending themselves continually, and had not enough men to relieve them, so on the side of the Romans fresh men still succeeded those that were tired, and still new men quickly got upon the scaling engines in the room of those that were thrust down, encouraging one another, and joining side to side, and protecting themselves with their shields over their heads, so that they became an invincible body, and as they pushed back the Jews with their whole line, as though they were but one body, they began already to get upon the wall.

Then did Josephus in this utmost distress take for his counselor necessity (which is very clever in invention when it is sharpened by despair), and gave orders to pour scalding oil upon those whose shields protected them. Whereupon they soon got it ready, for many brought it and in great quantities, and poured it on all sides upon the Romans, and threw down upon them the vessels as they were still hissing from the heat of the fire. This so burnt the Romans, that it dispersed their compact body, who now tumbled down from the wall in dreadful pain, for the oil easily ran down their whole bodies from head to foot under their full armor, and fed upon their flesh like fire, its fat and unctuous nature rendering it soon heated and slowly cooled. And as the men were encumbered with their helmets and breastplates, they could in no way get free from this burning, and could only leap and roll about in pain, as they fell off their gangways. And as they thus were beaten back, and retired to their own party, who still pressed them forward, they became an easy prey to those that wounded them from behind.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

By ADOLPHE THIERS.

[Louis Adolphe Thiers: A French politician, publicist, and writer, and the first President of the French Republic; born in Marseilles April 16, 1797. His parents were of humble circumstance, but gave him the foundation of a good education. After serving as Minister of the Interior he twice became Prime Minister of France, and President of the Republic in 1871. His works include a "History of the French Revolution," "History of the Consulate and the Empire," "History of John Law" (this has appeared under the title "History of Law" in the original). He died at Saint-Germain, September 3, 1877.]

Let us recapitulate the events of the *system*, in order to review the whole and understand more clearly the causes of its downfall.

A Scotchman, going from a poor country into the midst of a rich one, had been struck with the spectacle of an extensive circulation, and had been led to think that all prosperity originated in an abundance of money. Perceiving that banks had the means of increasing the amount of money by giving to paper the currency of coin, he conceived the plan of a general bank, uniting commercial enterprises with the administration of the public revenue, issuing paper money for large payments, coin being reserved for the smaller; thus joining to the creation of an abundant circulation that of a convenient and profitable investment.

Repulsed in different countries, this Scotchman was listened to in France, where he found a government reduced to expedients and inclined to adopt new ideas. He established, at first, a private bank, which the need of an institution for credit caused to succeed. He then established, but entirely distinct from the bank, a commercial company, to which he granted privileges very different in their nature, designing to unite it with the bank eventually, and complete the vast system which he had projected. The first shares of the company were delivered to holders of different government securities which represented the floating debt, so that the creditors of the Treasury were paid with the privileges which constituted the fortune of the company. Soon, Law transferred to this company the principal leases of the revenue, on the condition that it should assume the funded debt, amounting to sixteen hundred millions. In this way all the creditors of the state were gradually to become shareholders in the company, and although they received only three per cent on their capital, they would find their income increased by the profits of an immense enterprise. The project was accomplished: the sixteen hundred millions were transferred; but, managed without proper caution, they were precipitated upon the shares by the apprehension of the public that the investment would be taken up immediately. The shares rose to thirty-six times their cost, and the debt which, transformed into shares, should have been two billions at the utmost, rose to eight or ten. A universal intoxication seized the imagination of everybody. People hastened no longer to seek an investment, but to make a fortune by the marvelous rise in the value of capital. A crowd of landed proprietors sold their estates, which did not increase in value, to purchase this imaginary property, which increased in

value hourly. Then the holders of the shares, better informed than those who came later, hastened to dispose of them for wealth which was real. This example was followed, and every one wished to *realize*. From this moment, the fictitious being contrasted with the real, the illusion ceased, and the decline of the shares soon became rapid. Those who had seen the fictitious capital rise to ten billions, now saw it fall to eight, and then to six billions, and gave themselves up to despair. It was proper to lament this depreciation, but not to attempt to prevent a catastrophe which had become inevitable. Law, who had permitted people to idolize him for this sudden creation of wealth, committed the fault of attempting to maintain it, and he conceived the unfortunate plan of uniting the shares to the bank notes. He attempted to establish the value of the notes by obliging the use of them in all payments above one hundred francs, and prohibiting the possession of more than five hundred francs in coin at a time. He then fixed the value of the shares in notes, and ordered that a share should be received at the bank for nine thousand francs in notes. Immediately, the shares were exchanged for this forced money, and for all kinds of property which could be bought. What followed? The imaginary capital declined in the form of notes as rapidly as it would have done in the form of shares; only the notes, which might have been saved, were sacrificed. Every one who had anything to sell refused the notes in payment, or demanded four times the value of their property. Only creditors, who were bound by their contracts, were forced to accept the notes at their full nominal value, and they were ruined. There was an attempt to reduce the nominal value on the 21st of May, in order to end this financial fiction; but a violent clamor arose, the attempt was abandoned, and the fiction was suffered to continue. The ruin of the *system* was none the less inevitable, for so monstrous an imposition could not maintain itself. The *system* must be abolished, the shares and notes converted into government securities, and the old form of the public debt resumed, after the most frightful disorders, and the ruin of so many fortunes. Such was the *system* of Law, and its sad results.

If this financial catastrophe is compared with that of the "*assignats*," and of the Bank of England in the present century, a remarkable resemblance will be seen in the events of a credit system, and useful lessons can be drawn from the comparison.

Credit always anticipates the future, by employing values yet to be produced and using them as already existing.

Law, anticipating the success of a vast commercial enterprise, represented the profits of it by shares, and used them to pay the public debt.

The French revolution wished to pay for the ecclesiastical offices which had been abolished, the debt of the monarchy and the expenses of a universal war, with the national property; this property not being disposable, on account of its quantity and the want of confidence, it anticipated the sale and represented the results by papers called "*assignats.*"

The Bank of England, by discounts and by loans to government, anticipated and accepted as real two kinds of values: commercial bills, which represented immense quantities of colonial produce, difficult to define, and the obligations of the government, values infinitely fluctuating and depending upon the success of war and policy.

In these three cases there was a supposititious value; the shares of Law represented commercial successes and fiscal products, which were very uncertain; the *assignats* represented the price of goods, which would perhaps be diverted from their revolutionary destination; the notes of the Bank of England represented obligations which the government might not be able to fulfill.

The crisis produced by loss of confidence differed in the three cases according to the difference of circumstances. The *prestige* of a newly discovered country, the sudden displacement of an enormous sum, caused the shares of Law to rise in an extravagant manner. But a blind confidence must soon lead to a blind despair. It is well-founded confidence, based upon the real success of labor, slow in its progress, which alone is exempt from these sudden reverses which resemble tempests. The *assignats* could not be ruined in the same manner. They could not rise, because they represented the value of land, which is not susceptible of increase. But as the success of the revolution began to be distrusted, and doubts arose as to the maintenance of the national sale, they declined; and as they declined, the government, to supply the deficiency in value, was obliged to double the issue, and the repletion contributed, with the distrust, to depreciate them. The notes of the Bank of England, based upon merchandise which might depreciate, and upon engagements of the government, which the victories of France caused to diminish in value, suffered a decline, but

comparatively a moderate one, because only one part of the property pledged was destructible.

In the three cases, the authorities wishing to compel confidence met with a failure proportioned to the doubtful value of the securities, the reality of which it attempted to establish by violent measures.

Law fixed the value of the shares in notes, and attempted to fix the value of the notes themselves, by rendering the acceptance of them compulsory at a determined rate.

The revolutionary French government gave a forced currency to the *assignats*, and punished with death those who refused to take them at their nominal value.

The Bank of England was authorized to refuse to pay its notes at sight.

The result of these different measures was a deplorable disturbance in every kind of exchange. All those making bargains would not accept the depreciated money at its nominal rate, and demanded double or triple price, according to the degree of depreciation; but those who were obliged to accept payment on a previous bargain — in a word, all creditors — were ruined, because they were obliged to accept a value purely nominal.

In proportion as the resistance to the oppression increased, the authorities became more tyrannical, because they invaded domestic life. Law forbade the possession of more than five hundred francs in coin, and authorized informations. The revolutionary government, more violent and extreme in everything, established a maximum and regulated the rate of all exchanges, but succeeded no better. The Bank of England, more moderate, because the values which it proclaimed as certain were nearer the true standard, threw itself upon the patriotism of the London merchants, who assembled and declared that they would receive the notes in payments. The notes continued to circulate at a moderate discount.

But forced measures cannot prevent the fall of what must inevitably perish. The eight or ten billions of Law did not fall below what they were really worth. The *assignats*, issued beyond all proportion to the property which they represented, became utterly worthless. The Bank of England notes declined twelve and fifteen per cent and rose again after the general peace, when specie payment was resumed, but they would have succumbed if Napoleon had employed the infallible aid of time against the English policy.

Certain general truths appear from these facts.

Credit ought to represent positive values, and should be at most a very limited anticipation of these values.

As soon as values become uncertain, force can accomplish nothing to sustain them.

Forced values are refused by all who are at liberty to refuse them, and ruin those who, by previous contracts, cannot refuse them.

Thus falsehood, oppression, spoliation, destruction of all fortunes, these are the ordinary result of a false credit soon followed by a forced credit. The least deplorable of these experiences, which caused but a momentary embarrassment, that of the Bank of England, owed its safety to a successful battle. The entire wealth of a country should never depend upon the deceitful favors of fortune.

Law, unhappy man, after having made Europe resound with the name of himself and of his system, traveled through different countries, and at last took up his residence at Venice. Notwithstanding the capital which he had taken to France and that which he had left there, he ended his life in poverty.

Continuing in correspondence with the Duke of Orleans, and afterward with the Duke of Bourbon, he never ceased to claim that which the French government had the injustice to refuse him. He wrote to the Duke of Bourbon, "Æsop was a model of disinterestedness, however, the courtiers accused him of keeping treasure in a trunk which he visited often; they found there only the garment which he possessed before he became a favorite of the prince. If I had saved my garment, I would not change condition with those employed in the highest places; but I am naked; they require that I shall subsist, without having any property to maintain me, and that I shall pay my debts when I have no money." Law could not obtain the old garment which he demanded. A few years after his departure from France, in 1729, he died at Venice, destitute, miserable, and forgotten.

THE OLD RÉGIME IN FRANCE.[1]

By H. A. TAINE.

[Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, French critic and historical scholar, was born in Vouziers, April 21, 1828. He published, among other works: "French

[1] By permission of Henry Holt & Co. (New York) and Sampson Low, Marston & Co. (8vo., price 16s.)

Philosophers in the Nineteenth Century" (1856); "Essays in Criticism and History" (1857), "Notes on England" (1861); "Contemporary English Writers" (1863); "History of English Literature," "English Idealism," and "English Positivism" (1864); "Philosophy of Art" (1865–1870); "The Ideal in Art" (1867); "The Understanding" (1870); "Origins of Contemporary France," a series comprising, "The Old Régime in France" (1875), "Anarchy" (1878), "The Revolutionary Government" (1884), "The Modern Régime" (1890).]

La Bruyère wrote, just a century before 1789, "Certain savage-looking beings, male and female, are seen in the country, black, livid, and sunburnt, and belonging to the soil, which they dig and grub with invincible stubbornness. They seem capable of articulation, and, when they stand erect, they display human lineaments. They are, in fact, men. They retire at night into their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots. They spare other human beings the trouble of sowing, plowing, and harvesting, and thus should not be in want of the bread they have planted." They continue in want of it during twenty-five years after this and die in herds. I estimate that in 1715 more than one third of the population, six millions, perish with hunger and of destitution. The picture, accordingly, for the first quarter of the century preceding the Revolution, far from being overdrawn, is the reverse; we shall see that, during more than half a century, up to the death of Louis XV., it is exact; perhaps instead of weakening any of its points, they should be strengthened.

"In 1725," says St. Simon, "with the profuseness of Strasbourg and Chantilly, the people, in Normandy, live on the grass of the fields. The first king in Europe is great simply by being a king of beggars of all conditions, and by turning his kingdom into a vast hospital of dying people of whom their all is taken without a murmur." In the most prosperous days of Fleury and in the finest region in France, the peasant hides "his wine on account of the excise and his bread on account of the *taille*," convinced "that he is a lost man if any doubt exists of his dying of starvation." In 1739 d'Argenson writes in his journal: "The famine has just occasioned three insurrections in the provinces, at Ruffec, at Caen, and at Chinon. Women carrying their bread with them have been assassinated on the highways. . . . M. le Duc d'Orléans brought to the Council the other day a piece of bread, and placed it on the table before the king; 'Sire,' said he, 'there is the bread on which your subjects now feed themselves.'" "In my own canton of Touraine men have been eating herbage more than a year." Misery finds company

on all sides. "It is talked about at Versailles more than ever. The king interrogated the bishop of Chartres on the condition of his people; he replied that 'the famine and the mortality were such that men ate grass like sheep and died like so many flies.'" In 1740 Massillon, bishop of Clermont-Ferrand, writes to Fleury: "The people of the rural districts are living in frightful destitution, without beds, without furniture; the majority, for half the year, even lack barley and oat bread, their sole food, and which they are compelled to take out of their own and their children's mouths to pay the taxes. It pains me to see this sad spectacle every year on my visits. The negroes of our colonies are, in this respect, infinitely better off, for, while working, they are fed and clothed along with their wives and children, while our peasantry, the most laborious in the kingdom, cannot, with the hardest and most devoted labor, earn bread for themselves and their families, and at the same time pay the subsidies." In 1740, at Lille, the people rebel against the export of grain. "An intendant informs me that the misery increases from hour to hour, the slightest danger to the crops resulting in this for three years past. . . . Flanders, especially, is greatly embarrassed; there is nothing to live on until the harvesting, which will not take place for two months. The provinces the best off are not able to help the others. Each bourgeois in each town is obliged to feed one or two poor persons and provide them with fourteen pounds of bread per week. In the little town of Chatellerault (of four thousand inhabitants), eighteen hundred poor, this winter, are on that footing. . . . The poor outnumber those able to live without begging . . . while prosecutions for unpaid dues are carried on with unexampled rigor. The clothes of the poor are seized and their last measure of flour, the latches on their doors, etc. . . . The abbess of Jouarre told me yesterday that, in her canton, in Brie, most of the ground had not been planted." It is not surprising that the famine spreads even to Paris. "Fears are entertained of next Wednesday. There is no more bread in Paris except that of the damaged flour which is brought in, and which burns (when baking). The mills are working day and night at Belleville, regrinding old damaged flour. The people are ready to rebel; bread goes up a *sol* a day; no merchant dares, or is disposed, to bring in his wheat. The market on Wednesday was almost in a state of revolt, there being no bread in it after seven o'clock in the morning. . . . The poor creatures at

Bicêtre were put on short allowance, three *quarterons* (twelve ounces) being reduced to only half a pound. A rebellion broke out and they forced the guards. Numbers escaped and they have inundated Paris. The watch, with the police of the neighborhood, were called out and an attack was made on these poor wretches with bayonet and sword. About fifty of them were left on the ground; the revolt was not suppressed yesterday morning."

Ten years later the evil is greater. "In the country around me, ten leagues from Paris, I find increased privation and constant complaints. What must it be in our wretched provinces in the interior of the kingdom? . . . My curate tells me that eight families, supporting themselves on their labor when I left, are now begging their bread. There is no work to be had. The wealthy are economizing like the poor. And with all this the *taille* is exacted with military severity. The collectors, with their officers, accompanied by locksmiths, force open the doors and carry off and sell furniture for one quarter of its value, the expenses exceeding the amount of the tax. . . ." "I am at this moment on my estates in Touraine. I encounter nothing but frightful privations; the melancholy sentiment of suffering no longer prevails with the poor inhabitants, but rather one of utter despair; they desire death only and avoid increase. . . . It is estimated that one quarter of the working days of the year go to the *corvées*, the laborers feeding themselves, and with what? . . . I see poor people dying of destitution. They are paid fifteen sous a day, equal to a crown, for their load. Whole villages are either ruined or broken up, and none of the households recover. . . . Judging by what my neighbors tell me the inhabitants have diminished one third. . . . The daily laborers are all leaving and taking refuge in the small towns. In many villages everybody leaves. I have several parishes in which the *taille* for three years is due, the proceedings for its collection always going on. . . . The receivers of the *taille* and of the fisc add one half each year in expenses above the tax. . . . An assessor, on coming to the village where I have my country house, states that the *taille* this year will be much increased; he noticed that the peasants here were fatter than elsewhere; that they had chicken feathers before their doors, and that the living here must be good, everybody doing well, etc. This is the cause of the peasant's discouragement, and likewise the cause of misfortune throughout the kingdom." "In the country where

I am staying I hear that marriage is declining and that the population is decreasing on all sides. In my parish, with a few firesides, there are more than thirty single persons, male and female, old enough to marry and none of them having any idea of it. On being urged to marry they all reply alike that it is not worth while to bring unfortunate beings like themselves into the world. I have myself tried to induce some of the women to marry by offering them assistance, but they all reason in this way as if they had consulted together." "One of my curates sends me word that, although he is the oldest in the province of Touraine, and has seen many things, including excessively high prices for wheat, he remembers no misery so great as that of this year, even in 1709. . . . Some of the seigniors of Touraine inform me that, being desirous of setting the inhabitants to work by the day, they found very few of them and these so weak that they were unable to use their arms."

Those who are able to leave, emigrate. "A person from Languedoc tells me of vast numbers of peasants deserting that province and taking refuge in Piedmont, Savoy, and Spain, tormented and frightened by the measures resorted to in collecting tithes. . . . The extortioners sell everything and imprison everybody as if prisoners of war, and even with more avidity and malice in order to gain something themselves." "I met an intendant of one of the finest provinces in the kingdom, who told me that no more farmers could be found there; that parents preferred to send their children to the towns; that living in the surrounding country was daily becoming more horrible to the inhabitants. . . . A man well informed in financial matters told me that over two hundred families in Normandy had left this year, fearing the collections in their villages." At Paris, "the streets swarm with beggars. One cannot stop before a door without a dozen mendicants besetting him with their importunities. They are said to be people from the country who, unable to endure the persecutions they have to undergo, take refuge in the cities . . . preferring mendicity to labor." And yet the people of the cities are not much better off. "An officer of a company in garrison at Mezières tells me that the poverty of that place is so great that, after the officers had dined in the inns, the people rush in and pillage the remnants." "There are more than twelve thousand begging workmen in Rouen, quite as many in Tours, etc. More than twenty thousand of these workmen are

estimated as having left the kingdom in three months for Spain, Germany, etc. At Lyons twenty thousand workers in silk are watched and kept in sight for fear of their going abroad." At Rouen, and in Normandy, "those in easy circumstances find it difficult to get bread, the bulk of the people being entirely without it, and, to ward off starvation, providing themselves with food that shocks humanity." "Even at Paris," writes d'Argenson, "I learn that on the day M. le Dauphin and Mme. la Dauphine went to Notre Dame, on passing the bridge of the Tournelle, more than two thousand women assembled in that quarter crying out, 'Give us bread, or we shall die of hunger.' . . . A vicar of the parish of Saint-Marguerite affirms that over eight hundred persons died in the faubourg Saint-Antoine between January 20th and February 20th; that the poor expire with cold and hunger in their garrets, and that the priests, arriving too late, see them expire without any possible relief." Were I to enumerate the riots, the seditions of the famished, and the pillagings of storehouses, I should never end; these are the convulsive twitchings of exhaustion; the people have fasted as long as possible, and instinct, at last, rebels. In 1747 "extensive bread riots occur in Toulouse, and in Guyenne they take place on every market day." In 1750 from six to seven thousand men gather in Bearn behind a river to resist the clerks; two companies of the Artois regiment fire on the rebels and kill a dozen of them. In 1752 a sedition at Rouen and in its neighborhood lasts three days; in Dauphiny and in Auvergne riotous villagers force open the grain warehouses and take away wheat at their own price; the same year, at Arles, two thousand armed peasants demand bread at the townhall and are dispersed by the soldiers. In one province alone, that of Normandy, I find insurrections in 1725, in 1737, in 1739, in 1752, in 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, and 1768, and always on account of bread. "Entire hamlets," writes the Parliament, "being without the necessities of life, want compels them to resort to the food of brutes. . . . Two days more and Rouen will be without provisions, without grain, without bread." Accordingly, the last riot is terrible; on this occasion, the populace, again masters of the town for three days, pillage the public granaries and the stores of all the communities. Up to the last and even later, in 1770 at Rheims, in 1775 at Dijon, at Versailles, at Saint-Germain, at Pontoise, and at Paris, in 1772 at Poitiers, in 1785 at Aix in Provence, in 1788 and 1789 in Paris and throughout France, similar

eruptions are visible. Undoubtedly the government under Louis XVI. is milder; the intendants are more humane, the administration is less rigid, the *taille* becomes less unequal, and the *corvée* is less onerous through its transformation; in short, misery has diminished, and yet this is greater than human nature can bear.

Examine administrative correspondence for the last thirty years preceding the Revolution. Countless statements reveal excessive suffering, even when not terminating in fury. Life to a man of the lower class, to an artisan, or workman, subsisting on the labor of his own hands, is evidently precarious; he obtains simply enough to keep him from starvation and he does not always get that. Here, in four districts, "the inhabitants live only on buckwheat," and for five years, the apple crop having failed, they drink only water. There, in a country of vineyards, "the vinedressers each year are reduced, for the most part, to begging their bread during the dull season." Elsewhere, several of the day laborers and mechanics, obliged to sell their effects and household goods, die of the cold; insufficient and unhealthy food generates sickness, while, in two districts, thirty-five thousand persons are stated to be living on alms. In a remote canton the peasants cut the grain still green, and dry it in the oven, because they are too hungry to wait. The intendant of Poitiers writes that "as soon as the workhouses open, a prodigious number of the poor rush to them, in spite of the reduction of wages and of the restrictions imposed on them in behalf of the most needy." The intendant of Bourges notices that a great many métayers have sold off their furniture and that "entire families pass two days without eating," and that in many parishes the famished stay in bed most of the day because they suffer less. The intendant of Orléans reports that "in Sologne, poor widows have burned up their wooden bedsteads and others have consumed their fruit trees," to preserve themselves from the cold, and he adds, "nothing is exaggerated in this statement; the cries of want cannot be expressed; the misery of the rural districts must be seen with one's own eyes to obtain an idea of it." From Rioni, from La Rochelle, from Limoges, from Lyons, from Montauban, from Caen, from Alençon, from Flanders, from Moulins, come similar statements by other intendants. One might call it the interruptions and repetitions of a funeral knell; even in years not disastrous it is heard on all sides. In Burgundy, near Châtillon-sur-Seine, "taxes, seigniorial dues, the

tithes, and the expenses of cultivation, divide up the productions of the soil into thirds, leaving nothing for the unfortunate cultivators, who would have abandoned their fields, had not two Swiss manufacturers of calicoes settled there and distributed about the country forty thousand francs a year in cash." In Auvergne, the country is depopulated daily; many of the villages have lost, since the beginning of the century, more than one third of their inhabitants. "Had not steps been promptly taken to lighten the burden of a downtrodden people," says the provincial assembly in 1787, "Auvergne would have forever lost its population and its cultivation." In Comminges, at the outbreak of the Revolution, certain communities threaten to abandon their possessions, should they obtain no relief. "It is a well-known fact," says the assembly of Haute-Guyenne, in 1784, "that the lot of the most severely taxed communities is so rigorous as to have led their proprietors frequently to abandon their property. Who is not aware of the inhabitants of Saint-Servin having abandoned their possessions ten times and of their threats to resort again to this painful proceeding in their recourse to the administration? Only a few years ago an abandonment of the community of Boisse took place through the combined action of the inhabitants, the seignior, and the *décimateur* of that community;" and the desertion would be still greater if the law did not forbid persons liable to the *taille* abandoning overtaxed property, except by renouncing whatever they possessed in the community. In the Soissonais, according to the report of the provincial assembly, "misery is excessive." In Gascony the spectacle is "heartrending." In the environs of Toule, the cultivator, after paying his taxes, tithes, and other dues, remains empty-handed. "Agriculture is an occupation of steady anxiety and privation, in which thousands of men are obliged to painfully vegetate." In a village in Normandy, "nearly all the inhabitants, not excepting the farmers and proprietors, eat barley bread and drink water, living like the most wretched of men, so as to provide for the payment of the taxes with which they are overburdened." In the same province, at Forges, "many poor creatures eat oat bread, and others bread of soaked bran, this nourishment causing many deaths among infants." People evidently live from day to day; whenever the crop proves poor, they lack bread. Let a frost come, a hailstorm, an inundation, and an entire province is incapable of supporting itself until the coming year; in many places even an ordinary winter

"A sudden blast blew us out and away"

From a painting by H. Hendrich

suffices to bring on distress. On all sides hands are seen outstretched to the king, who is the universal almoner. The people may be said to resemble a man attempting to wade through a pool with the water up to his chin, and who, losing his footing at the slightest depression, sinks down and drowns. Existent charity and the fresh spirit of humanity vainly strive to rescue them; the water has risen too high. It must subside to a lower level and the pool be drawn off through some adequate outlet. Thus far the poor man catches breath only at intervals, running the risk of drowning at every moment.

THE FINDING OF WINELAND THE GOOD.[1]

The Norse discovery of America, 1000 *A.D.: being all that part of the Saga of Eric the Red relating to the discovery of the east coast of North America.*

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR MIDDLETON REEVES.

LEIF ERICSSON SAILS TO GREENLAND.

LEIF and his companions sailed away from the Hebrides, and arrived in Norway in the autumn. Leif went to the court of King Olaf Tryggvason. He was well received by the king, who felt that he could see that Leif was a man of great accomplishments. Upon one occasion the king came to speech with Leif, and asks him, "Is it thy purpose to sail to Greenland in the summer?" "It is my purpose," said Leif, "if it will be your will." "I believe it will be well," answers the king, "and thither thou shalt go upon my errand, to proclaim Christianity there." Leif replied that the king should decide, but gave it as his belief that it would be difficult to carry this mission to a successful issue in Greenland. The king replied that he knew of no man who would be better fitted for this undertaking, "and in thy hands the cause will surely prosper." "This can only be," said Leif, "if I enjoy the grace of your protection." Leif put to sea when his ship was ready for the voyage. For a long time he was tossed about upon the ocean, and came upon lands of which he had previously had no knowl-

[1] By permission of the translator and Mr. H. Frowde. (Demy 4to., half-vellum, price £2 10s.)

edge. There were self-sown wheat fields and vines growing there. There were also those trees there which are called "mausur," and of all these they took specimens. Some of the timbers were so large that they were used in building. Leif found men upon a wreck, and took them home with him, and procured quarters for them all during the winter. In this wise he showed his nobleness and goodness, since he introduced Christianity into the country, and saved the men from the wreck; and he was called Leif the Lucky ever after. Leif landed in Ericsfirth, and then went home to Brattahlid; he was well received by every one. He soon proclaimed Christianity throughout the land, and the Catholic faith, and announced King Olaf Tryggvason's messages to the people, telling them how much excellence and how great glory accompanied this faith. Eric was slow in forming the determination to forsake his old belief, but Thiodhild embraced the faith promptly, and caused a church to be built at some distance from the house. This building was called Thiodhild's Church, and there she and those persons who had accepted Christianity, and they were many, were wont to offer their prayers. Thiodhild would not have intercourse with Eric after that she had received the faith, whereat he was sorely vexed.

At this time there began to be much talk about a voyage of exploration to that country which Leif had discovered. The leader of this expedition was Thorstein Ericsson, who was a good man and an intelligent, and blessed with many friends. Eric was likewise invited to join them, for the men believed that his luck and foresight would be of great furtherance. They thereupon equipped that ship in which Thorbiorn had come out, and twenty men were selected for the expedition. They took little cargo with them, naught else save their weapons and provisions. On that morning when Eric set out from his home he took with him a little chest containing gold and silver; he hid this treasure, and then went his way. He had proceeded but a short distance, however, when he fell from his horse and broke his ribs and dislocated his shoulder, whereat he cried "Ai, ai!" By reason of this accident he sent his wife word that she should procure the treasure which he had concealed, for to the hiding of the treasure he attributed his misfortune. Thereafter they sailed cheerily out of Ericsfirth in high spirits over their plan. They were long tossed about upon the ocean, and could not lay the course they wished.

They came in sight of Iceland, and likewise saw birds from the Irish coast. Their ship was, in sooth, driven hither and thither over the sea. In the autumn they turned back, worn out by toil and exposure to the elements, and exhausted by their labors, and arrived at Ericsfirth at the very beginning of winter. Then said Eric, "More cheerful were we in the summer, when we put out of the firth, but we still live, and it might have been much worse." Thorstein answers, "It will be a princely deed to endeavor to look well after the wants of all these men who are now in need, and to make provision for them during the winter." Eric answers, "It is ever true, as it is said, that 'it is never clear ere the answer comes,' and so it must be here. We will act now upon thy counsel in this matter." All of the men who were not otherwise provided for accompanied the father and son. They landed thereupon, and went home to Brattahlid, where they remained throughout the winter.

Thorstein Ericsson weds Gudrid; Apparitions.

Now it is to be told that Thorstein Ericsson sought Gudrid, Thorbiorn's daughter, in wedlock. His suit was favorably received both by herself and by her father, and it was decided that Thorstein should marry Gudrid, and the wedding was held at Brattahlid in the autumn. The entertainment sped well, and was very numerously attended. Thorstein had a home in the Western Settlement at a certain farmstead, which is called Lysufirth. A half-interest in this property belonged to a man named Thorstein, whose wife's name was Sigrid. Thorstein went to Lysufirth, in the autumn, to his namesake, and Gudrid bore him company. They were well received, and remained there during the winter. It came to pass that sickness appeared in their home early in the winter. Gard was the name of the overseer there; he had few friends; he took sick first, and died. It was not long before one after another took sick and died. Then Thorstein, Eric's son, fell sick, and Sigrid, the wife of Thorstein, his namesake; and one evening Sigrid wished to go to the house, which stood over against the outer door, and Gudrid accompanied her; they were facing the outer door when Sigrid uttered a loud cry. "We have acted thoughtlessly," exclaimed Gudrid, "yet thou needest not cry, though the cold strikes thee; let us go in again as speedily as possible."

Sigrid answers, "This may not be in this present plight. All of the dead folk are drawn up here before the door now; among them I see thy husband, Thorstein, and I can see myself there, and it is distressful to look upon." But directly this had passed she exclaimed, "Let us go now, Gudrid; I no longer see the band!" The overseer had vanished from her sight, whereas it had seemed to her before that he stood with a whip in his hand and made as if he would scourge the flock. So they went in, and ere the morning came she was dead, and a coffin was made ready for the corpse; and that same day the men planned to row out to fish, and Thorstein accompanied them to the landing place, and in the twilight he went down to see their catch. Thorstein, Eric's son, then sent word to his namesake that he should come to him, saying that all was not as it should be there, for the housewife was endeavoring to rise to her feet, and wished to get in under the clothes beside him, and when he entered the room she was come up on the edge of the bed. He thereupon seized her hands and held a poleax before her breast. Thorstein, Eric's son, died before nightfall. Thorstein, the master of the house, bade Gudrid lie down and sleep, saying that he would keep watch over the bodies during the night; thus she did, and early in the night, Thorstein, Eric's son, sat up and spoke, saying that he desired Gudrid to be called thither, for that it was his wish to speak with her: "It is God's will that this hour be given me for my own and for the betterment of my condition." Thorstein, the master, went in search of Gudrid, and waked her, and bade her cross herself, and pray God to help her: "Thorstein, Eric's son, has said to me that he wishes to see thee; thou must take counsel with thyself now, what thou wilt do, for I have no advice to give thee." She replies, "It may be that this is intended to be one of those incidents which shall afterward be held in remembrance, this strange event, and it is my trust that God will keep watch over me; wherefore, under God's mercy, I shall venture to go to him, and learn what it is that he would say, for I may not escape this if it be designed to bring me harm. I will do this, lest he go further, for it is my belief that the matter is a grave one." So Gudrid went and drew near to Thorstein, and he seemed to her to be weeping. He spoke a few words in her ear, in a low tone, so that she alone could hear them; but this he said so that all could hear, that those persons would be blessed who kept well the faith, and that it

carried with it all help and consolation, and yet many there were, said he, who kept it but ill. "This is no proper usage, which has obtained here in Greenland since Christianity was introduced here, to inter men in unconsecrated earth, with naught but a brief funeral service. It is my wish that I be conveyed to the church, together with the others who have died here; Gard, however, I would have you burn upon a pyre as speedily as possible, since he has been the cause of all the apparitions which have been seen here during the winter." He spoke to her also of her own destiny, and said that she had a notable future in store for her, but he bade her beware of marrying any Greenlander; he directed her also to give their property to the church and to the poor, and then sank down again a second time. It had been the custom in Greenland, after Christianity was introduced there, to bury persons on the farmsteads where they died, in unconsecrated earth; a pole was erected in the ground, touching the breast of the dead, and subsequently, when the priests came thither, the pole was withdrawn and holy water poured in (the orifice), and the funeral service held there, although it might be long thereafter. The bodies of the dead were conveyed to the church at Ericsfirth, and the funeral services held there by the clergy. Thorbiorn died soon after this, and all of his property then passed into Gudrid's possession. Eric took her to his home and carefully looked after her affairs.

Concerning Thord of Hofdi.

There was a man named Thord, who lived at Hofdi on Hofdi-strands. He married Fridgerd, daughter of Thori the Loiterer and Fridgerd, daughter of Kiarval the King of the Irish. Thord was a son of Biorn Chestbutter, son of Thorvald Spine, Alseik's son, the son of Biorn Iron-side, the son of Ragnar Shaggy-breeks. They had a son named Snorri. He married Thorhild Ptarmigan, daughter of Thord the Yeller. Their son was Thord Horse-head. Thorfinn Karlsefni was the name of Thord's son. Thorfinn's mother's name was Thorunn. Thorfinn was engaged in trading voyages, and was reputed to be a successful merchant. One summer Karlsefni equipped his ship, with the intention of sailing to Greenland. Snorri, Thorbrand's son, of Alptafirth, accompanied him, and there were forty men on board the ship with them.

There was a man named Biarni, Grimolf's son, a man from Breidafirth, and another named Thorhall, Gamli's son, an Eastfirth man. They equipped their ship, the same summer as Karlsefni, with the intention of making a voyage to Greenland; they had also forty men in their ship. When they were ready to sail, the two ships put to sea together. It has not been recorded how long a voyage they had; but it is to be told that both of the ships arrived at Ericsfirth in the autumn. Eric and other of the inhabitants of the country rode to the ships, and a goodly trade was soon established between them. Gudrid was requested by the skippers to take such of their wares as she wished, while Eric, on his part, showed great munificence in return, in that he extended an invitation to both crews to accompany him home for winter quarters at Brattahlid. The merchants accepted this invitation, and went with Eric. Their wares were then conveyed to Brattahlid; nor was there lack there of good and commodious storehouses, in which to keep them; nor was there wanting much of that which they needed, and the merchants were well pleased with their entertainment at Eric's home during that winter. Now as it drew toward Yule, Eric became very taciturn, and less cheerful than had been his wont. On one occasion Karlsefni entered into conversation with Eric, and said: "Hast thou aught weighing upon thee, Eric? The folk have remarked that thou art somewhat more silent than thou hast been hitherto. Thou hast entertained us with great liberality, and it behooves us to make such return as may lie within our power. Do thou now but make known the cause of thy melancholy." Eric answers: "Ye accept hospitality gracefully, and in manly wise, and I am not pleased that ye should be the sufferers by reason of our intercourse; rather am I troubled at the thought that it should be given out elsewhere that ye have never passed a worse Yule than this, now drawing nigh, when Eric the Red was your host at Brattahlid in Greenland." "There shall be no cause for that," replies Karlsefni; "we have malt, and meal, and corn in our ships, and you are welcome to take of these whatsoever you wish, and to provide as liberal an entertainment as seems fitting to you." Eric accepts this offer, and preparations were made for the Yule feast, and it was so sumptuous that it seemed to the people they had scarcely ever seen so grand an entertainment before. And after Yule, Karlsefni broached the subject of a marriage with Gudrid to Eric,

for he assumed that with him rested the right to bestow her hand in marriage. Eric answers favorably, and says that she would accomplish the fate in store for her, adding that he had heard only good reports of him. And, not to prolong this, the result was that Thorfinn was betrothed to Thurid, and the banquet was augmented, and their wedding was celebrated; and this befell at Brattahlid during the winter.

Beginning of the Wineland Voyages.

About this time there began to be much talk at Brattahlid, to the effect that Wineland the Good should be explored, for, it was said, that country must be possessed of many goodly qualities. And so it came to pass that Karlsefni and Snorri fitted out their ship, for the purpose of going in search of that country in the spring. Biarni and Thorhall joined the expedition with their ship, and the men who had borne them company. There was a man named Thorvard; he was wedded to Freydis, a natural daughter of Eric the Red. He also accompanied them, together with Thorvald, Eric's son, and Thorhall, who was called the Huntsman. He had been for a long time with Eric as his hunter and fisherman during the summer, and as his steward during the winter. Thorhall was stout and swarthy, and of giant stature; he was a man of few words, though given to abusive language, when he did speak, and he ever incited Eric to evil. He was a poor Christian; he had a wide knowledge of the unsettled regions. He was on the same ship with Thorvard and Thorvald. They had that ship which Thorbiorn had brought out. They had in all one hundred and sixty men, when they sailed to the Western Settlement, and thence to Bear Island. Thence they bore away to the southward two "doegr." Then they saw land, and launched a boat, and explored the land, and found there large flat stones (hellur), and many of these were twelve ells wide; there were many Arctic foxes there. They gave a name to the country, and called it Helluland (the land of flat stones). Then they sailed with northerly winds two "doegr," and land then lay before them, and upon it was a great wood and many wild beasts; an island lay off the land to the southeast, and there they found a bear, and they called this Biarney (Bear Island), while the land where the wood was they called Markland (Forest-land). Thence they sailed southward along the land for a long time, and came to a

cape; the land lay upon the starboard; there were long strands and sandy banks there. They rowed to the land and found upon the cape there the keel of a ship, and they called it there Kialarnes (Keelness); they also called the strands Furdustrandir (Wonder-strands), because they were so long to sail by. Then the country became indented with bays, and they steered their ships into a bay. It was when Leif was with King Olaf Tryggvason, and he bade him proclaim Christianity to Greenland, that the king gave him two Gaels; the man's name was Haki, and the woman's Haekia. The king advised Leif to have recourse to these people, if he should stand in need of fleetness, for they were swifter than deer. Eric and Leif had tendered Karlsefni the services of this couple. Now when they had sailed past Wonder-strands, they put the Gaels ashore, and directed them to run to the southward, and investigate the nature of the country, and return again before the end of the third half-day. They were each clad in a garment which they called "kiafal," which was so fashioned that it had a hood at the top, was open at the sides, was sleeveless, and was fastened between the legs with buttons and loops, while elsewhere they were naked. Karlsefni and his companions cast anchor, and lay there during their absence; and when they came again, one of them carried a bunch of grapes, and the other an ear of new-sown wheat. They went on board the ship, whereupon Karlsefni and his followers held on their way, until they came to where the coast was indented with bays. They stood into a bay with their ships. There was an island out at the mouth of the bay, about which there were strong currents, wherefore they called it Straumey (Stream Isle). There were so many birds there, that it was scarcely possible to step between the eggs. They sailed through the firth, and called it Straumfiord (Stream-firth), and carried their cargoes ashore from the ships, and established themselves there. They had brought with them all kinds of live stock. It was a fine country there. There were mountains thereabouts. They occupied themselves exclusively with the exploration of the country. They remained there during the winter, and they had taken no thought for this during the summer. The fishing began to fail, and they began to fall short of food. Then Thorhall the Huntsman disappeared. They had already prayed to God for food, but it did not come as promptly as their necessities seemed to demand. They searched for Thorhall for three half-days, and found him on a projecting

crag. He was lying there, and looking up at the sky, with mouth and nostrils agape, and mumbling something. They asked him why he had gone thither; he replied that this did not concern any one. They asked him then to go home with them, and he did so. Soon after this a whale appeared there, and they captured it, and flensed it, and no one could tell what manner of whale it was; and when the cooks had prepared it, they ate of it, and were all made ill by it. Then Thorhall, approaching them, says: "Did not the Red-beard prove more helpful than your Christ? This is my reward for the verses which I composed to Thor, the Trustworthy; seldom has he failed me." When the people heard this, they cast the whale down into the sea, and made their appeals to God. The weather then improved, and they could now row out to fish, and thenceforward they had no lack of provisions, for they could hunt game on the land, gather eggs on the island, and catch fish from the sea.

Concerning Karlsefni and Thorhall.

It is said that Thorhall wished to sail to the northward beyond Wonder-strands, in search of Wineland, while Karlsefni desired to proceed to the southward, off the coast. Thorhall prepared for his voyage out below the island, having only nine men in his party, for all of the remainder of the company went with Karlsefni. And one day when Thorhall was carrying water aboard his ship, and was drinking, he recited this ditty: —

"When I came, these brave men told me,
Here the best drink I'd get,
Now with water pail behold me, —
Wine and I are strangers yet.
Stooping at the spring, I've tested
All the wine this land affords;
Of its vaunted charms divested,
Poor indeed are its rewards."

And when they were ready, they hoisted sail; whereupon Thorhall recited this ditty: —

"Comrades, let us now be faring
Homeward to our own again!
Let us try the sea steed's daring,
Give the chafing courser rein.

Those who will may bide in quiet,
Let them praise their chosen land,
Feasting on a whale-steak diet,
In their home by Wonder-strand."

Then they sailed away to the northward past Wonder-strands and Keelness, intending to cruise to the westward around the cape. They encountered westerly gales, and were driven ashore in Ireland, where they were grievously maltreated and thrown into slavery. There Thorhall lost his life, according to that which traders have related.

It is now to be told of Karlsefni that he cruised southward off the coast, with Snorri and Biarni, and their people. They sailed for a long time, and until they came at last to a river, which flowed down from the land into a lake, and so into the sea. There were great bars at the mouth of the river, so that it could only be entered at the height of the flood tide. Karlsefni and his men sailed into the mouth of the river, and called it there Hop (a small landlocked bay). They found self-sown wheat fields on the land there, wherever there were hollows; and wherever there was hilly ground, there were vines. Every brook was full of fish. They dug pits on the shore, where the tide rose highest, and when the tide fell, there were halibut in the pits. There were great numbers of wild animals of all kinds in the woods. They remained there half a month, and enjoyed themselves, and kept no watch. They had their live stock with them. Now one morning early, when they looked about them, they saw a great number of skin canoes, and staves were brandished from the boats, with a noise like flails, and they were revolved in the same direction in which the sun moves. Then said Karlsefni: "What may this betoken?" Snorri, Thorbrand's son, answers him: "It may be that this is a signal of peace; wherefore let us take a white shield and display it." And thus they did. Thereupon the strangers rowed toward them, and went upon the land, marveling at those whom they saw before them. They were swarthy men, and ill looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes, and were broad of cheek. They tarried there for a time looking curiously at the people they saw before them, and then rowed away, and to the southward around the point.

Karlsefni and his followers had built their huts above the

lake, some of their dwellings being near the lake, and others farther away. Now they remained there that winter. No snow came there, and all of their live stock lived by grazing. And when spring opened, they discovered, early one morning, a great number of skin canoes, rowing from the south past the cape, so numerous that it looked as if coals had been scattered broadcast out before the bay ; and on every boat staves were waved. Thereupon Karlsefni and his people displayed their shields, and when they came together, they began to barter with each other. Especially did the strangers wish to buy red cloth, for which they offered in exchange peltries and quite gray skins. They also desired to buy swords and spears, but Karlsefni and Snorri forbade this. In exchange for perfect unsullied skins, the Skrellings would take red stuff a span in length, which they would bind around their heads. So their trade went on for a time, until Karlsefni and his people began to grow short of cloth, when they divided it into such narrow pieces that it was not more than a finger's breadth wide ; but the Skrellings still continued to give just as much for this as before, or more.

It so happened that a bull which belonged to Karlsefni and his people ran out from the woods, bellowing loudly. This so terrified the Skrellings that they sped out to their canoes, and then rowed away to the southward along the coast. For three entire weeks nothing more was seen of them. At the end of this time, however, a great multitude of Skrelling boats was discovered approaching from the south, as if a stream were pouring down, and all of their staves were waved in a direction contrary to the course of the sun, and the Skrellings were all uttering loud cries. Thereupon Karlsefni and his men took red shields and displayed them The Skrellings sprang from their boats, and they met then, and fought together. There was a fierce shower of missiles, for the Skrellings had war slings. Karlsefni and Snorri observed that the Skrellings raised up on a pole a great bell-shaped body, almost the size of a sheep's belly, and nearly black in color, and this they hurled from the pole up on the land above Karlsefni's followers, and it made a frightful noise where it fell. Whereat a great fear seized Karlsefni, and all his men, so that they could think of naught but flight, and of making their escape up along the river bank, for it seemed to them that the troop of the Skrellings was rushing towards them from every side, and they did not pause

until they came to certain jutting crags, where they offered a stout resistance. Freydis came out, and seeing that Karlsefni and his men were fleeing, she cried: "Why do ye flee from these wretches, such worthy men as ye, when, meseems, ye might slaughter them like cattle? Had I but a weapon, methinks I would fight better than any one of you!" They gave no heed to her words. Freydis sought to join them, but lagged behind, for she was not hale; she followed them, however, into the forest, while the Skrellings pursued her; she found a dead man in front of her; this was Thorbrand, Snorri's son, his skull cleft by a flat stone; his naked sword lay beside him; she took it up, and prepared to defend herself with it. The Skrellings then approached her, whereupon she stripped down her shift, and slapped her breast with the naked sword. At this the Skrellings were terrified and ran down to their boats, and rowed away. Karlsefni and his companions, however, joined her and praised her valor. Two of Karlsefni's men had fallen, and a great number of the Skrellings. Karlsefni's party had been overpowered by dint of superior numbers. They now returned to their dwellings, and bound up their wounds, and weighed carefully what throng of men that could have been which had seemed to descend upon them from the land; it now seemed to them that there could have been but the one party, that which came from the boats, and that the other troop must have been an ocular delusion. The Skrellings, moreover, found a dead man, and an ax lay beside him. One of their number picked up the ax, and then struck at a tree with it, and one after another (they tested it), and it seemed to them to be a treasure, and to cut well; then one of their number seized it, and hewed at a stone with it, so that the ax broke, whereat they concluded that it could be of no use, since it would not withstand stone, and they cast it away.

It now seemed clear to Karlsefni and his people that although the country thereabouts was attractive, their life would be one of constant dread and turmoil by reason of the (hostility of the) inhabitants of the country, so they forthwith prepared to leave, and determined to return to their own country. They sailed to the northward off the coast, and found five Skrellings, clad in skin doublets, lying asleep near the sea. There were vessels beside them, containing animal marrow, mixed with blood. Karlsefni and his company concluded that they must have been banished from their own land. They put them to

death. They afterwards found a cape, upon which there was a great number of animals, and this cape looked as if it were one cake of dung, by reason of the animals which lay there at night. They now arrived again at Streamfirth, where they found great abundance of all those things of which they stood in need. Some men say that Biarni and Freydis remained behind here with a hundred men, and went no further; while Karlsefni and Snorri proceeded to the southward with forty men, tarrying at Hop barely two months, and returning again the same summer. Karlsefni then set out with one ship, in search of Thorhall the Huntsman, but the greater part of the company remained behind. They sailed to the northward around Keelness, and then bore to the westward, having land to the larboard. The country there was a wooded wilderness, as far as they could see, with scarcely an open space; and when they had journeyed a considerable distance, a river flowed down from the east toward the west. They sailed into the mouth of the river, and lay to by the southern bank.

The Slaying of Thorvald, Eric's Son.

It happened one morning that Karlsefni and his companions discovered in an open space in the woods above them a speck, which seemed to shine toward them, and they shouted at it; it stirred, and it was a Uniped, who skipped down to the bank of the river by which they were lying. Thorvald, a son of Eric the Red, was sitting at the helm, and the Uniped shot an arrow into his inwards. Thorvald drew out the arrow, and exclaimed: "There is fat around my paunch; we have hit upon a fruitful country, and yet we are not like to get much profit of it." Thorvald died soon after from this wound. Then the Uniped ran away back toward the north. Karlsefni and his men pursued him, and saw him from time to time. The last they saw of him he ran down into a creek. Then they turned back; whereupon one of the men recited this ditty: —

"Eager, our men, up hill, down dell,
Hunted a Uniped;
Hearken, Karlsefni, while they tell
How swift the quarry fled!"

Then they sailed away back toward the north, and believed they had got sight of the land of the Unipeds; nor were they

disposed to risk the lives of their men any longer. They concluded that the mountains of Hop, and those which they had now found, formed one chain, and this appeared to be so because they were about an equal distance removed from Streamfirth, in either direction. They sailed back and passed the third winter at Streamfirth. Then the men began to divide into factions, of which the women were the cause; and those who were without wives endeavored to seize upon the wives of those who were married, whence the greatest trouble arose. Snorri, Karlsefni's son, was born the first autumn, and he was three winters old when they took their departure. When they sailed away from Wineland, they had a southerly wind, and so came upon Markland, where they found five Skrellings, of whom one was bearded, two were women, and two were children. Karlsefni and his people took the boys, but the others escaped, and these Skrellings sank down into the earth. They bore the lads away with them, and taught them to speak, and they were baptized. They said that their mother's name was Vaetilldi, and their father's Uvaegi. They said that kings governed the Skrellings, one of whom was called Avalldamon, and the other Valldidida. They stated that there were no houses there, and that the people lived in caves or holes. They said that there was a land on the other side over against their country, which was inhabited by people who wore white garments, and yelled loudly, and carried poles before them, to which rags were attached; and people believe that this must have been Hvitramanna-land (White-men's-land), or Ireland the Great. Now they arrived in Greenland, and remained during the winter with Eric the Red.

THE GRETTIS SAGA.[1]

(Translated by William Morris and A. Magnusson.)

Now the summer before these things Earl Eric Hakonson made ready to go from his land west to England, to see King Knut the Mighty, his brother-in-law, but left behind him in the rule of Norway Hakon, his son, and gave him into the

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hands of Earl Svein, his brother, for the watching and warding of his realm, for Hakon was a child in years.

But before Earl Eric went away from the land, he called together lords and rich bonders, and many things they spoke on laws and the rule of the land, for Earl Eric was a man good at rule. Now men thought it an exceeding ill fashion in the land that runagates or berserks called to holm highborn men for their fee or womankind, in such wise that whosoever should fall before the other should lie unatoned; hereof many got both shame and loss of goods, and some lost their lives withal; and therefore Earl Eric did away with all holm gangs and outlawed all berserks who fared with raids and riots.

In the making of this law, the chief of all, with Earl Eric, was Thorfinn Karrson, from Haramsey, for he was a wise man, and a dear friend of the Earl's.

Two brothers are named as being of the worst in these matters, one hight Thorir Paunch, the other Ogmund the Evil; they were of Halogaland kin, bigger and stronger than other men. They wrought the berserks' gang and spared nothing in their fury; they would take away the wives of men and hold them for a week or a half-month, and then bring them back to their husbands; they robbed wheresoever they came, or did some other ill deeds. Now Earl Eric made them outlaws through the length and breadth of Norway, and Thorfinn was the eagerest of men in bringing about their outlawry, therefore they deemed that they owed him ill will enow.

So the Earl went away from the land, as is said in his Saga; but Earl Svein bore sway over Norway. Thorfinn went home to his house, and sat at home till just up to Yule, as is aforesaid; but at Yule he made ready to go to his farm called Slysfirth, which is on the mainland, and thither he had bidden many of his friends. Thorfinn's wife could not go with her husband, for her daughter of ripe years lay ill abed, so they both abode at home. Grettir was at home too, and eight housecarls. Now Thorfinn went with thirty freedmen to the Yule feast, whereat there was the greatest mirth and joyance among men.

Now Yule eve comes on, and the weather was bright and calm; Grettir was mostly abroad this day, and saw how ships fared north and south along the land, for each one sought the other's home where the Yule drinking was settled to come off. By this time the goodman's daughter was so much better

that she could walk about with her mother, and thus the day wore on.

Now Grettir sees how a ship rows up toward the island; it was not right big, but shield-hung it was from stem to stern, and stained all above the sea: these folk rowed smartly, and made for the boat stands of goodman Thorfinn, and when the keel took land, those who were therein sprang overboard. Grettir cast up the number of the men, and they were twelve altogether; he deemed their guise to be far from peaceful. They took up their ship and bore it up from the sea; thereafter they ran up to the boat stand, and therein was that big boat of Thorfinn, which was never launched to sea by less than thirty men, but these twelve shot it in one haul down to the shingle of the fore shore; and thereon they took up their own bark and bore it into the boat stand.

Now Grettir thought that he could see clear enough that they would make themselves at home. But he goes down to meet them, and welcomes them merrily, and asks who they were and what their leader was hight; he to whom these words were spoken answered quickly, and said that his name was Thorir, and that he was called Paunch, and that his brother was Ogmund, and that the others were fellows of theirs.

"I deem," said Thorir, "that thy master Thorfinn has heard tell of us; is he perchance at home?"

Grettir answered, "Lucky men are ye, and hither have come in a good hour, if ye are the men I take you to be; the goodman is gone away with all his home folk who are freemen, and will not be home again till after Yule; but the mistress is at home, and so is the goodman's daughter; and if I thought that I had some ill will to pay back, I should have chosen above all things to have come just thus; for here are all matters in plenty whereof ye stand in need, both beer, and all other good things."

Thorir held his peace, while Grettir let this tale run on; then he said to Ogmund:—

"How far have things come to pass other than as I guessed? and now I am well enough minded to take revenge on Thorfinn for having made us outlaws; and this man is ready enough of tidings, and no need have we to drag the words out of him."

"Words all may use freely," said Grettir, "and I shall give you such cheer as I may; and now come home with me."

They bade him have thanks therefor, and said they would take his offer.

But when they came home to the farm, Grettir took Thorir by the hand and led him into the hall; and now was Grettir mighty full of words. The mistress was in the hall, and had had it decked with hangings, and made all fair and seemly; but when she heard Grettir's talk, she stood still on the floor, and asked whom he welcomed in that earnest wise.

He answered, "Now, mistress, is it right meet to welcome these guests merrily, for here is come goodman Thorir Paunch and the whole twelve of them, and are minded to sit here Yule over, and a right good hap it is, for we were few enough before."

She answered, "Am I to number these among bonders and goodmen, who are the worst of robbers and ill doers? A large share of my goods had I given that they had not come here as at this time; and ill dost thou reward Thorfinn, for that he took thee a needy man from shipwreck and has held thee through the winter as a free man."

Grettir said, "It would be better to take the wet clothes off these guests than to scold at me; since for that thou mayst have time long enough."

Then said Thorir, "Be not crossgrained, mistress; naught shalt thou miss thy husband's being away, for a man shall be got in his place for thee, yea, and for thy daughter a man, and for each of the home women."

"That is spoken like a man," said Grettir, "nor will they thus have any cause to bewail their lot."

Now all the women rushed forth from the hall smitten with huge dread and weeping; then said Grettir to the berserks, "Give into my hands what it pleases you to lay aside of weapons and wet clothes, for the folk will not be yielding to us while they are scared."

Thorir said he heeded not how women might squeal; "But," said he, "thee indeed we may set apart from the other home folk, and methinks we may well make thee our man of trust."

"See to that yourselves," said Grettir, "but certes I do not take to all men alike."

Thereupon they laid aside the more part of their weapons, and thereafter Grettir said: —

"Methinks it is a good rede now that ye sit down to table and drink somewhat, for it is right likely that ye are thirsty after the rowing."

They said they were ready enough for that, but knew not

where to find out the cellar; Grettir asked if they would that he should see for things and go about for them. The berserks said they would be right fain of that; so Grettir fetched beer and gave them to drink; they were mightily weary, and drank in huge draughts, and still he let them have the strongest beer that there was, and this went on for a long time, and meanwhile he told them many merry tales. From all this there was din enough to be heard among them, and the home folk were nowise fain to come to them.

Now Thorir said, "Never yet did I meet a man unknown to me, who would do us such good deeds as this man; now, what reward wilt thou take of us for thy work?"

Grettir answered, "As yet I look to no reward for this; but if we be even such friends when ye go away, as it looks like we shall be, I am minded to join fellowship with you; and though I be of less might than some of you, yet shall I not let any man of big redes."

Hereat they were well pleased, and would settle the fellowship with vows.

Grettir said that this they should not do, "For true is the old saw, *Ale is another man*, nor shall ye settle this in haste any further than as I have said, for on both sides are we men little meet to rule our tempers."

They said that they would not undo what they had said.

Withal the evening wore on till it grew quite dark; then sees Grettir that they were getting very heavy with drink, so he said: —

"Do ye not find it time to go to sleep?"

Thorir said, "Time enough forsooth, and sure shall I be to keep to what I have promised the mistress."

Then Grettir went forth from the hall, and cried out loudly: —

"Go ye to your beds, women all, for so is goodman Thorir pleased to bid."

They cursed him for this, and to hear them was like hearkening to the noise of many wolves. Now the berserks came forth from the hall, and Grettir said: —

"Let us go out, and I will show you Thorfinn's cloth bower."

They were willing to be led there; so they came to an outbower exceeding great; a door there was to it, and a strong lock thereon, and the storehouse was very strong withal; there

too was a closet good and great, and a shield paneling between the chambers; both chambers stood high, and men went up by steps to them. Now the berserks got riotous and pushed Grettir about, and he kept tumbling away from them, and when they least thought thereof, he slipped quickly out of the bower, seized the latch, slammed the door to, and put the bolt on. Thorir and his fellows thought at first that the door must have got locked of itself, and paid no heed thereto; they had light with them, for Grettir had showed them many choice things which Thorfinn owned, and these they now noted awhile. Meantime Grettir made all speed home to the farm, and when he came in at the door he called out loudly, and asked where the goodwife was; she held her peace, for she did not dare to answer.

He said, "Here is somewhat of a chance of a good catch; but are there any weapons of avail here?"

She answers, "Weapons there are, but how they may avail thee I know not."

"Let us talk thereof anon," says he; "but now let every man do his best, for later on no better chance shall there be."

The goodwife said, "Now God were in garth if our lot might better: over Thorfinn's bed hangs the barbed spear, the big one that was owned by Karr the Old; there, too, is a helmet and a byrni, and the short sword, the good one; and the arms will not fail if thine heart does well."

Grettir seizes the helmet and spear, girds himself with the short sword, and rushed out swiftly; and the mistress called upon the housecarls, bidding them follow such a dauntless man. Four of them rushed forth and seized their weapons, but the other four durst come nowhere nigh. Now it is to be said of the berserks that they thought Grettir delayed his coming back strangely; and now they began to doubt if there were not some guile in the matter. They rushed against the door and found it was locked, and now they try the timber walls so that every beam creaked again; at last they brought things so far that they broke down the shield paneling, got into the passage, and thence out to the steps. Now berserks' gang seized them, and they howled like dogs. In that very nick of time Grettir came up and with both hands thrust his spear at the midst of Thorir, as he was about to get down the steps, so that it went through him at once. Now the spearhead was both long and broad, and Ogmund the Evil ran on to Thorir and pushed him on to

Grettir's thrust, so that all went up to the barb ends; then the spear stood out through Thorir's back and into Ogmund's breast, and they both tumbled dead off the spear; then of the others each rushed down the steps as he came forth; Grettir set on each one of them, and in turn hewed with the sword, or thrust with the spear; but they defended themselves with logs that lay on the green, and whatso thing they could lay hands on; therefore the greatest danger it was to deal with them, because of their strength, even though they were weaponless.

Two of the Halogalanders Grettir slew on the green, and then came up the housecarls; they could not come to one mind as to what weapons each should have; now they set on whenever the berserks gave back, but when they turned about on them, then the housecarls slunk away up to the houses. Six vikings fell there, and of all of them was Grettir the bane. Then the six others got off and came down to the boat stand, and so into it, and thence they defended themselves with oars. Grettir now got great blows from them, so that at all times he ran the risk of much hurt; but the housecarls went home, and had much to say of their stout onset; the mistress bade them espy what became of Grettir, but that was not to be got out of them. Two more of the berserks Grettir slew in the boat stand, but four slipped out by him; and by this, dark night had come on; two of them ran into a corn barn, at the farm of Windham, which is aforenamed: here they fought for a long time, but at last Grettir killed them both; then was he beyond measure weary and stiff, the night was far gone, and the weather got very cold with drift of the snow. He was fain to leave the search of the two vikings who were left now, so he walked home to the farm. The mistress had lights lighted in the highest lofts at the windows, that they might guide him on his way; and so it was that he found his road home whereas he saw the light.

But when he was come into the door, the mistress went up to him and bade him welcome.

"Now," she said, "thou hast reaped great glory, and freed me and my house from a shame of which we should never have been healed, but if thou hadst saved us."

Grettir answered, "Methinks I am much the same as I was this evening, when thou didst cast ill words on me."

The mistress answered, "We wotted not that thou wert a

man of such prowess as we have now proved thee; now shall all things in the house be at thy will which I may bestow on thee, and which it may be seeming for thee to take; but methinks that Thorfinn will reward thee better still when he comes home."

Grettir answered, "Little of reward will be needed now, but I keep thine offer till the coming of the master; and I have some hope now that ye will sleep in peace as for the berserks."

Grettir drank little that evening, and lay with his weapons about him through the night. In the morning, when it began to dawn, people were summoned together throughout the island, and a search was set on foot for the berserks who had escaped the night before; they were found far on in the day under a rock, and were by then dead from cold and wounds; then they were brought into a tide-washed heap of stones and buried thereunder.

After that folk went home, and the men of that island deemed themselves brought unto fair peace.

Now when Grettir came back to the mistress, he sang this stave: —

"By the sea's wash have we made
Graves, where twelve spear groves are laid;
I alone such speedy end,
Unto all these folk did send.
O fair giver-forth of gold,
Whereof can great words be told,
'Midst the deeds one man has wrought,
If this deed should come to naught?"

The goodwife said, "Surely thou art like unto very few men who are now living on the earth."

So she set him in the high seat, and all things she did well to him, and now time wore on till Thorfinn's coming home was looked for.

After Yule Thorfinn made ready for coming home, and he let those folk go with good gifts whom he had bidden to his feast. Now he fares with his following till he comes hard by his boat stands; they saw a ship lying on the strand, and soon knew it for Thorfinn's bark, the big one. Now Thorfinn had as yet had no news of the vikings; he bade his men hasten

landward, "For I fear," said he, "that friends have not been at work here."

Thorfinn was the first to step ashore before his men, and forthwith he went up to the boat stand; he saw a keel standing there, and knew it for the berserks' ship. Then he said to his men, "My mind misgives me much that here things have come to pass, even such as I would have given the whole island, yea, every whit of what I have herein, that they might never have happed."

They asked why he spake thus. Then he said, "Here have come the vikings, whom I know to be the worst of all Norway, Thorir Paunch and Ogmund the Evil; in good sooth they will hardly have kept house happily for us, and in an Icelander I have but little trust."

Withal he spoke many things hereabout to his fellows.

Now Grettir was at home, and so brought it about that folk were slow to go down to the shore; and said he did not care much if the goodman Thorfinn had somewhat of a shake at what he saw before him; but when the mistress asked him leave to go, he said she should have her will as to where she went, but that he himself should stir nowhither. She ran swiftly to meet Thorfinn, and welcomed him cheerily. He was glad thereof, and said, "Praise be to God that I see thee whole and merry, and my daughter in like wise. But how have ye fared since I went from home?"

She answered, "Things have turned out well, but we were near being overtaken by such a shame as we should never have had healing of, if thy winter guest had not holpen us."

Then Thorfinn spake, "Now shall we sit down, but do thou tell us these tidings."

Then she told all things plainly even as they had come to pass, and praised greatly Grettir's stoutness and great daring; meanwhile Thorfinn held his peace, but when she had made an end of her tale, he said, "How true is the saw, *Long it takes to try a man.* But where is Grettir now?"

The goodwife said, "He is at home in the hall."

Thereupon they went home to the farm.

Thorfinn went up to Grettir and kissed him, and thanked him with many fair words for the great heart which he had shown to him; "And I will say to thee what few say to their friends, that I would thou shouldst be in need of men, that then thou mightest know if I were to thee in a man's stead or

not; but for thy good deed I can never reward thee unless thou comest to be in some troublous need; but as to thy abiding with me, that shall ever stand open to thee when thou willest it; and thou shalt be held the first of all my men."

Grettir bade him have much thank therefor. "And," quoth he, "this should I have taken even if thou hadst made me proffer thereof before."

Now Grettir sat there the winter over, and was in the closest friendship with Thorfinn; and for this deed he was now well renowned all over Norway, and there the most, where the berserks had erst wrought the greatest ill deeds.

This spring Thorfinn asked Grettir what he was about to busy himself with: he said he would go north to Vogar while the fair was. Thorfinn said there was ready for him money as much as he would. Grettir said that he needed no more money at that time than faring silver: this, Thorfinn said, was full well due to him, and thereupon went with him to ship.

Now he gave him the short sword, the good one, which Grettir bore as long as he lived, and the choicest of choice things it was. Withal Thorfinn bade Grettir come to him whenever he might need aid.

But Grettir went north to Vogar, and a many folk were there; many men welcomed him there right heartily who had not seen him before, for the sake of that great deed of prowess which he had done when he saw the vikings; many highborn men prayed him to come and abide with them, but he would fain go back to his friend Thorfinn. Now he took ship in a bark that was owned of a man hight Thorkel, who dwelt in Salft in Halogaland, and was a highborn man. But when Grettir came to Thorkel he welcomed him right heartily, and bade Grettir abide with him that winter, and laid many words thereto.

This offer Grettir took, and was with Thorkel that winter in great joyance and fame.

There was a man, hight Biorn, who was dwelling with Thorkel; he was a man of rash temper, of good birth, and somewhat akin to Thorkel; he was not well loved of men, for he would slander much those who were with Thorkel, and in this wise he sent many away. Grettir and he had little to do together; Biorn thought him of little worth weighed against

himself, but Grettir was unyielding, so that things fell athwart between them. Biorn was a mightily boisterous man, and made himself very big; many young men got into fellowship with him in these things, and would stray abroad by night. Now it befell that early in winter a savage bear ran abroad from his winter lair, and got so grim that he spared neither man nor beast. Men thought he had been roused by the noise that Biorn and his fellows had made. The brute got so hard to deal with that he tore down the herds of men, and Thorkel had the greatest hurt thereof, for he was the richest man in the neighborhood.

Now one day Thorkel bade his men to follow him, and search for the lair of the bear. They found it in sheer sea rocks; there was a high rock and a cave before it down below, but only one track to go up to it; under the cave were scarped rocks, and a heap of stones down by the sea, and sure death it was to all who might fall down there. The bear lay in his lair by day, but went abroad as soon as night fell; no fold could keep sheep safe from him, nor could any dogs be set on him: and all this men thought the heaviest trouble. Biorn, Thorkel's kinsman, said that the greatest part had been done, as the lair had been found. "And now I shall try," said he, "what sort of play we namesakes shall have together." Grettir made as if he knew not what Biorn said on this matter.

Now it happened always when men went to sleep anights that Biorn disappeared: and one night when Biorn went to the lair, he was aware that the beast was there before him, and roaring savagely. Biorn lay down in the track, and had over him his shield, and was going to wait till the beast should stir abroad as his manner was. Now the bear had an inkling of the man, and got somewhat slow to move off. Biorn waxed very sleepy where he lay, and cannot wake up, and just at this time the beast betakes himself from his lair; now he sees where the man lies, and, hooking at him with his claw, he tears from him the shield and throws it down over the rocks. Biorn started up suddenly awake, takes to his legs and runs home, and it was a near thing that the beast got him not. This his fellows knew, for they had spies about Biorn's ways; in the morning they found the shield, and made the greatest jeering at all this.

At Yule, Thorkel went himself, and eight of them alto-

gether, and there was Grettir and Biorn and other followers of Thorkel. Grettir had on a fur cloak, which he laid aside while they set on the beast. It was awkward for an onslaught there, for thereat could folk come but by spear thrusts, and all the spear points the bear turned off him with his teeth. Now Biorn urged them on much to the onset, yet he himself went not so nigh as to run the risk of any hurt. Amid this, when men looked least for it, Biorn suddenly seized Grettir's coat, and cast it into the beast's lair. Now naught they could wreak on him, and had to go back when the day was far spent. But when Grettir was going, he misses his coat, and he could see that the bear has it cast under him. Then he said, "What man of you has wrought the jest of throwing my cloak into the lair?"

Biorn says, "He who is like to dare to own to it."

Grettir answers, "I set no great store on such matters."

Now they went on their way home, and when they had walked awhile, the thong of Grettir's leggings brake. Thorkel bade them wait for him; but Grettir said there was no need of that. Then said Biorn, "Ye need not think that Grettir will run away from his coat; he will have the honor all to himself, and will slay that beast all alone, wherefrom we have gone back all eight of us; thus would he be such as he is said to be: but sluggishly enow has he fared forth to-day."

"I know not," said Thorkel, "how thou wilt fare in the end, but men of equal prowess I deem you not: lay as few burdens on him as thou mayst, Biorn."

Biorn said that neither of them should pick and choose words from out his mouth.

Now, when a hill's brow was between them, Grettir went back to the pass, for now there was no striving with others for the onset. He drew the sword, Jokul's gift, but had a loop over the handle of the short sword, and slipped it up over his hand, and this he did in that he thought he could easier have it at his will if his hand were loose. He went up into the pass forthwith, and when the beast saw a man, it rushed against Grettir exceeding fiercely, and smote at him with that paw which was furthest off from the rock; Grettir hewed against the blow with the sword, and therewith smote the paw above the claws, and took it off; then the beast was fain to smite at Grettir with the paw that was whole, and dropped down therewith on to the docked one, but it was shorter than he

wotted of, and withal he tumbled into Grettir's arms. Now he griped at the beast between the ears and held him off, so that he got not at him to bite. And, so Grettir himself says, that herein he deemed he had had the hardest trial of his strength, thus to hold the brute. But now as it struggled fiercely, and the space was narrow, they both tumbled down over the rock; the beast was the heaviest of the two, and came down first upon the stone heap below, Grettir being the uppermost, and the beast was much mangled on its nether side. Now Grettir seized the short sword and thrust it into the heart of the bear, and that was his bane. Thereafter he went home, taking with him his cloak all tattered, and withal what he had cut from the paw of the bear. Thorkel sat a drinking when he came into the hall, and much men laughed at the rags of the cloak Grettir had cast over him. Now he threw on the table what he had chopped off the paw.

Then said Thorkel, "Where is now Biorn my kinsman? Never did I see thy irons bite the like of this, Biorn, and my will it is, that thou make Grettir a seemly offer for this shame thou hast wrought on him."

Biorn said that was like to be long about, "and never shall I care whether he likes it well or ill."

Then Grettir sang: —

"Oft that war god came to hall
Frighted, when no blood did fall,
In the dusk; who ever cried
On the bear last autumn tide;
No man saw me sitting there
Late at eve before the lair;
Yet the shaggy one to-day
From his den I drew away."

"Sure enough," said Biorn, "thou hast fared forth well to-day, and two tales thou tellest of us twain therefor; and well I know that thou hast had a good hit at me."

Thorkel said, "I would, Grettir, that thou wouldst not avenge thee on Biorn, but for him I will give a full man-gild if thereby ye may be friends."

Biorn said he might well turn his money to better account, than to boot for this; "And, methinks it is wisest that in my dealings with Grettir *one oak should have what from the other it shaves.*"

Grettir said that he should like that very well. But Thorkel said, "Yet I hope, Grettir, that thou wilt do this for my sake, not to do aught against Biorn while ye are with me."

"That shall be," said Grettir.

Biorn said he would walk fearless of Grettir wheresoever they might meet.

Grettir smiled mockingly, but would not take boot for Biorn. So they were here that winter through.

THE SONG OF ROREK.

By JOHN WILLIAM WEIDEMEYER.

'Twas on the night of Michaelmas that lordly Orloff's heir
Wed with the noble Russian maid, Dimitry's daughter fair.

With mirth and song, and love and wine, that was a royal day;
The banners streamed, the halls were hung in black and gold array.

The Twelve Apostles stood in brass, each with a flambeau bright,
To blaze with holy altar sheen throughout the festive night.

The rings were changed, the tabor rolled, the Kyrie was said;
The boyard father drew his sword, and pierced the loaf of bread.

Soon as the priest did drain his cup, and put his pipe aside,
He wiped his lip upon his sleeve, and kissed the blushing bride.

That very night to Novgorod must hasten bride and heir,
And Count Dimitry bade them well with robe and bell prepare.

And when from feast and wedding guest they parted at the door,
He bade two hunters ride behind, two hunters ride before.

"Look to your carbines, men," he called, "and gird your ready knives!"
With one accord they all replied, "We pledge thee with our lives!"

I was the haiduk of that night, and vowed, by horses fleet,
Our sleigh must shoot with arrow speed behind the coursers' feet.

We journeyed speedy, werst by werst, with bell and song and glee,
And I, upon my postal horn, blew many a melody.

I blew farewell to Minka mine, and bade the strain retire
Where she sat winding flaxen thread beside the kitchen fire.

We rode, and rode, by hollow pass, by glen and mountain side,
And with each bell soft accents fell from lips of bonny bride.

The night was drear, the night was chill, the night was lone and bright;
Before us streamed the polar rays in green and golden light.

The gypsy thieves were in their dens; the owl moaned in the trees;
The windmill circled merrily, obedient to the breeze.

Shrill piped the blast in birchen boughs, and mocked the snowy shroud;
Thrice ran a hare across our track; thrice croaked a raven loud.

The horses pawed the frigid sands, and drove them with the wind;
We left the village gallows tree full thirty wersts behind.

We rode, and rode, by forest shade, by brake and riverside;
And as we rode I heard the kiss of groom and bonny bride.

I heard again, — a boding strain; I heard it all too well;
A neigh, a shout, a groan, a howl, — then heavy curses fell.

Our horses pricked their wary ears and bounded with affright;
From forest kennels picket wolves were baying in the night.

"Haiduk, haiduk, — the lash, — the steeds, — the wolves!" the lady cried;
The wily baron clutched his blade, and murmured to the bride: —

"This all is but a moonlight hunt: the starveling hounds shall bleed,
And you shall be the tourney's queen, to crown the gallant deed!"

The moon it crept behind a cloud, as covered by a storm;
And the gray cloud became a wolf, a monster wolf in form.

"Gramercy, Mother of our Lord, — gramercy in our needs!"
Hold well together hand and thong, hold well, ye sturdy steeds!

Like unto Tartar cavalry the wolf battalion sped;
Ungunned, unspurred, but well to horse, and sharpened well to head.

The pine stood by, the stars looked on, and listless fell the snow;
The breeze made merry with the trees, nor heeded wolf nor woe.

Now cracked the carbines, — bleeding beasts were rolling here and there;
'Twas flash and shot and howl, — and yet the wolves were everywhere.

No more they mustered in our wake, their legion ranged beside.
'Twas steed for speed, and wolf for steed, and wolf for lord and bride.

In vain I cited Christian saints, I called Mahomet near:
Methought, though all the saints did fail, the prophet would appear.

A moment, and pursuit is stayed, — they tear their wounded kind;
A moment, — then the hellish pack did follow close behind.

The baron silent rose amain, by danger unappalled.
"Strive for your lives, with guns and knives," the mounted guardsmen called.

The lady muttered agony, with crucifix and beads;
The wolves were snapping by her side, and leaping at our steeds.

My limbs were numb, my senses dumb, nor reason held its place;
I fell beneath two glaring orbs, within a gaunt embrace.

I roused to hear a volley fired, to hear a martial shout;
And when I oped my stricken eyes the wolves were all to rout.

A hundred scouting Cossacks met and slew the deadly foe;
Fourscore of wolves in throes of death lay bleeding in the snow.

Our lady rested in a swoon, our lord was stained with gore;
But none could tell of what befell the trusty hunters four.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Related by Himself.

[Captain John Smith, English colonist and author, was born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, January, 1579; saw active military service in the Netherlands; and while fighting against the Turks in the Hungarian army was captured and sold into slavery. He succeeded in making his escape, and in 1606 joined an expedition for the colonization of Virginia. While on a voyage up the James River he was taken captive by Indians, and only saved from death by the pleading of Pocahontas, the beautiful daughter of the Indian chieftain Powhatan. Smith afterwards explored Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries; was elected president of the Colonial Council, and went back to London about 1609. The remainder of his life was spent in vain endeavors to procure financial support for the establishment of a colony in New England. He died in London, June 21, 1632. Among his writings are: "A True Relation," "A Description of New England," "General History of Virginia," and "True Travels."]

The battell of Rotenton; a pretty stratagem of fireworkes by Smith.

Rodoll not knowing how to draw the enemie to battell, raised his Armie, burning and spoyling all where he came, and returned againe towards Rebrinke in the night; as if he had fled upon the generall rumour of the Crym-Tartars coming, which so inflamed the Turkes of a happy victory, they urged Jeremy against his will to follow them. Rodoll seeing his plot fell out as he desired, so ordered the matter, that having regained the streights, he put his Army in order, that had beene neere two dayes pursued, with continuall skirmishes in his Reare, which now making head against the enemie, that followed with their whole Armie in the best manner they could, was furiously charged with six thousand Hydukes, Wallachians, and Moldavians, led by three Colonells, Oversall, Dubras, and Caleb, to entertaine the time till the rest came up; Veltus and

Nederspolt with their Regiments entertained them with the like courage, till the Zanzacke Hammesbeg, with six thousand more, came with a fresh charge, which Meldritch and Budemdorfe, rather like enraged lions than men, so bravely encountred, as if in them only had consisted the victory; Meldritchs horse being slaine under him the Turks pressed what they could to have taken him prisoner, but being remounted, it was thought with his owne hand he slew the valiant Zanzacke, whereupon his troopes retyring, the two proud Bashawes, Aladin and Zizimmus, brought up the front of the body of their battell. Veltus and Nederspolt having breathed, and joyning their troopes with Becklefield and Zarvana, with such an incredible courage charged the left flancke of Zizimmus, as put them all in disorder, where Zizimmus the Bashaw was taken prisoner, but died presently upon his wounds. Ieremie seeing now the maine battell of Rodoll advance, being thus constrained, like a valiant Prince in his front of the Vantgard, by his example so brauely encouraged his souldiers, that Rodoll found no great assurance of the victorie. Thus being joyned in this bloudy massacre, that there was scarce ground to stand upon, but upon the dead carkasses, which in lesse than an hower were so mingled, as if each Regiment had singled out other. — The admired Aladin that day did leave behinde him a glorious name for his valour, whose death many of his enemies did lament after the victory, which at that instant fell to Rodoll. It was reported Ieremie was also slaine, but it was not so, but fled with the remainder of his Armie to Moldavia, leaving five and twenty thousand dead in the field, of both Armies. And thus Rodoll was seated againe in his Soueraignty, and Wallachia became subject to the Emperour.

But long he rested not to settle his new estate, but there came newes that certaine Regiments of stragling Tartars were foraging those parts towards Moldavia. Meldritch with thirteene thousand men was sent against them, but when they heard it was the Crym-Tartar and sonnes, with an Army of thirty thousand; and Ieremie, that had escaped with fourteene or fifteen thousand, lay in ambush for them about Langanaw, he retired towards Rottenton, a strong garrison for Rodoll; but they were so environed with these hellish numbers, they could make no great haste for skirmishing with their scouts, forragers, and small parties that still encountred them. But one night amongst the rest, having made passage through a wood,

with an incredible expedition, cutting trees thwart each other to hinder their passage, in a thicke fogge early in the morning, unexpectedly they met two thousand loaded with pillage, and two or three hundred horse and cattell; the most of them were slaine and taken prisoners, who told them where Ieremie lay in the passage, expecting the Crym-Tartar that was not farre from him. Meldritch intending to make his passage perforce, was advised of a pretty stratagem by the English Smith, which presently he thus accomplished; for having accommodated two or three hundred truncks with wilde fire, upon the heads of lances, and charging the enemie in the night, gave fire to the truncks, which blazed forth such flames and sparkles, that it so amazed not onely their horses but their foot also, that by the meanes of this flaming encounter, their owne horses tirned tailes with such fury, as by their violence overthrew Ieremy and his Army, without any losse at all to speak of to Meldritch. But of this voctory long they triumphed not; for being within three leagues of Rottenton, the Tartar with neere forty thousand so beset them, that they must either fight, or be cut in peeces flying. Here Busca and the Emperour had their desire; for the Sunne no sooner displayed his beames, than the Tartar his colours; where at midday he stayed awhile, to see the passage of a tyrannicall and treacherous imposture, till the earth did blush with the bloud of honesty, that the Sunne for shame did hide himselfe from so monstrous sight of a cowardly calamity. — It was a most brave sight to see the banners and ensignes streaming in the aire, the glittering of Armour, the variety of colours, the motion of plumes, the forrests of lances, and the thicknesse of shorter weapons, till the silent expedition of the bloudy blast from the murdering Ordnance, whose roaring voice is not so soone heard, as felt by the aymed at object, which made among them a most lamentable slaughter.

The names of the English that were slaine in the battell of Rottenton; and how Captaine Smith is taken prisoner and sold for a slave.

In the valley of Veristhorne, betwixt the riuer of Altus, and the mountaine of Rottenton, was this bloudy encounter, where the most of the dearest friends of the noble Prince Sigismundus perished. Meldritch having ordered his eleven

thousand in the best manner he could, at the foot of the mountaine upon his flancks, and before his front, he had pitched sharpe stakes, their heads hardened in the fire, and bent against the enemie, as three battalion of Pikes, amongst the which also there was digged many small holes. Amongst those stakes was ranged his footmen, that upon the charge was to retire, as there was occasion. The Tartar having ordered his 40000, for his best advantage, appointed Mustapha Bashaw to beginne the battell, with a generall shout, all their Ensignes displaying, Drummes beating, Trumpets and Howboyes sounding. Nederspolt and Mavazo with their Regiments of horse most valiantly encountred, and forced them to retire; the Tartar Begolgi with his Squadrons, darkening the skies with their flights of numberless arrowes, who was as bravely encountred by Veltus and Oberwin, which bloudie slaughter continued more than an hoire, till the matchkesse multitude of the Tartars so increased, that they retired within their Squadrons of stakes as was directed. The bloudy Tartar, as scorning he should stay so long for the victorie, with his massie troopes prosecuted the charge: but it was a wonder to see how horse and man came to the ground among the stakes, whose disordered troopes were so mangled, that the Christians with a loud shout cryed Victoria; and with five or six fieldpieces, planted upon the rising of a mountaine, did much hurt to the enemy that still continued the battell with that furie, that Meldritch seeing there was no possibilitie long to prevaile, joyned his small troopes in one body, resolved directly to make his passage or die in the conclusion: and thus in grosse gave a general charge, and for more than half an houre made his way plaine before him, till the maine battel of the Crym-Tartar with two Regiments of Turkes and Janizaries so overmatched them, that they were overthrowen. The night approaching, the Earle, with some thirteene or fourteene hundred horse, swamme the River, some were drowned, all the rest slaine or taken prisoners: And thus in this bloudy field, neere 30000. lay, some headlesse, armlesse, and leglesse, all cut and mangled; where breathing their last, they gave this knowledge to the world, that for the lives of so few, the Crym-Tartar never paid dearer. But now the Countreyes of Transilvania and Wallachia, (subjected to the Emperour) and Sigismundus that brave Prince his subject and Pensioner, the most of his Nobilitie, brave Captaines and Souldiers, became a prey to the

cruell devouring Turke: where had the Emperour been as ready to have assisted him, and those three Armies led by three such worthy Captaines, as Michael, Busca, and Himselfe, and had those three Armies joyned together against the Turke, let all men judge, how happie it might have beene for all Christendome: and have either regained Bulgaria, or at least have beat him out of Hungaria, where hee hath taken much more from the Emperour, than hath the Emperour from Transilvania.

In this dismall battell, where Nederspolt, Veltus, Zarvana, Mavazo, Bavell, and many other Earles, Barons, Colonels, Captaines, brave gentlemen, and Souldiers were slaine. . . . Give mee leave to remember the names of our owne Countrymen with him in those exploits, that as resolutely as the best in the defence of Christ and his Gospell, ended their dayes, as Baskerfield, Hardwicke, Thomas Milemer, Robert Mullineux, Thomas Bishop, Francis Compton, George Davison, Nicholas Williams, and one John a Scot, did what men could doe, and when they could doe no more, left their bodies in testimonie of their mindes; only Ensigne Carleton and Sergeant Robinson escaped: but Smith among the slaughtered dead bodies, and many a gasping soule, with toile and wounds lay groaning among the rest, till being found by the Pillagers hee was able to live, and perceiving by his armor and habit, his ransome might be better to them than his death, they led him prisoner with many others; well they used him till his wounds were cured, and at Axopolis they were all sold for slaves, like beasts in a market-place, where everie Merchant, viewing their limbs and wounds, caused other slaves to struggle with them, to trie their strength, hee fell to the share of Bashaw Bogall, who sent him forthwith to Adrinopolis, so for Constantinople to his faire Mistresse for a slave. By twentie and twentie chained by the neckes, they marched in file to this great Citie, where they were delivered to their several Masters, and he to the young Charatza Tragabigzanda.

How Captaine Smith was sent prisoner thorow the Blacke and Dissabacca Sea in Tartaria; the description of those Seas, and his usage.

This Noble Gentlewoman tooke sometime occasion to shew him to some friends, or rather to speake with him, because shee

could speake Italian, would feigne her selfe sick when she should goe to the Banians, or weepe over the graves, to know how Bogall tooke him prisoner; and if he were as the Bashaw writ to her, a Bohemian Lord conquered by his hand, as hee had many others, which ere long hee would present her, whose ransomes should adorne her with the glorie of his conquests.

But when she heard him protest he knew no such matter, nor ever saw Bogall till he bought him at Axopolis, and that hee was an English-man, onely by his adventures made a Captaine in those Countreyes. To trie the truth, shee found means to finde out many could speake English, French, Dutch, and Italian, to whom relating most part of these former passages he thought necessarie, which they so honestly reported to her, she tooke (as it seemed) much compassion on him; but having no use for him, lest her mother should sell him, she sent him to her brother, the Tymor Bashaw of Nalbrits, in the Countrey of Cambia, a Province in Tartaria.

Here now let us remember his passing in this speculative course from Constantinople by Sander, Screwe, Panassa, Musa, Lastilla, to Varna, an ancient Citie upon the Blacke Dea. In all which journey, having little more libertie, than his eyes judgment since his captivitie, he might see the Townes with their short Towers, and a most plaine, fertile, and delicate Countrey, especially that most admired place of Greece, now called Romania, but from Varna, nothing but the Blacke Sea water, till he came to the two Capes of Taur and Pergilos, where hee passed the Straight of Niger, which (as he conjectured) is some ten leagues long, and three broad, betwixt two low lands, the Channell is deepe, but at the entrance of the Sea Dissabacca, there are many great Osieshoulds, and many great blacke rockes, which the Turkes said were trees, weeds, and mud, throwen from the in-land Countryes, by the inundations and violence of the Current, and cast there by the Eddy. They sayled by many low Iles, and saw many more of those muddy rockes, and nothing else, but salt water, till they came betwixt Susax and Curuske, only two white townes at the entrance of the river Bruapo appeared: In six or seven dayes saile, he saw foure or five seeming strong castles of stone, with flat tops and battlements about them, but arriving at Cambia, he was (according to their custome) well used. The river was there more than halfe a mile broad. The Castle was of a large circumference, fourteene or fifteene foot thick, in the

foundation some six foot from the wall, is a Pallizado, and then a ditch of about fortie foot broad full of water. On the west side of it is a Towne all of low flat houses, which as he conceived could bee of no great strength, yet it keepes all them barbarous Countreyes about it in admiration and subjection. After he had stayed there three days, it was two dayes more before his guides brought him to Nalbrits, where the Tymor then was resident, in a great vast stonie Castle with many great Courts about it, environed with high stone wals, where was quartered their Armes, when they first subjected those Countreyes, which only live to labour for those tyrannicall Turkes.

To her unkinde brother, this kinde ladie writ so much for his good usage, that hee halfe suspected, as much as she intended; for shee told him, he should there but sojourne to learne the language, and what it was to be a Turke, till time made her Master of her selfe. But the Tymor her brother diverted all this to the worst of crueltie, for within an houre after his arrivall, he caused his Drub-man to strip him naked, and shave his head and beard so bare as his hand, a great ring of iron, with a long stalke bowed like a sickle, rivetted about his neckle, and a coat made of Vlgries haire, guarded about with a peece of undrest skinne. There were many more Christian slaves, and neere an hundred Forsados of Turkes and Moores, and he being the last, was slave of slaves to them all. Among these slavish fortunes there was no great choice; for the best was so bad, a dog could hardly have lived to endure, and yet for all their paines and labours no more regarded than a beast.

The Turkes diet; the Slaves diet; the attire of the Tartars; and manner of Warres and Religions, etc.

The Tymor and his friends fed upon Pillaw, which is boiled Rice and Garnances, with little bits of mutton or Buckones, which is rosted peeces of Horse, Bull, Vlgrie, or any beasts. Samboyses and Muselbits are great dainties, and yet but round pies, full of all sorts of flesh they can get chopped with variety of herbs. Their best drink is Coffa, of a graine they call Coava, boiled with water; and Sherbecke, which is only honey and water; Mares milke, or the milke of any beast, they hold restorative: but all the Comminaltie drinke pure water. Their bread is made of this Coava, which is kinde of blacke wheat, and

Cuskus a small white seed like Millia in Biskay: but our common victuall, the entrailes of Horse and Vlgries; of this cut in small peeces, they will fill a great Cauldron, and being boiled with Cuskus, and put in great bowles in the forme of chaffing-dishes, they sit round about it on the ground, after they have raked it thorow so oft as they please with their foule fists, the remainder was for the Christian slaves. Some of this broth they would temper with Cuskus pounded, and putting the fire off from the hearth, powre there a bowle full, then cover it with coales till it be baked, which stewed with the remainder of the broth, and some small peeces of flesh, was an extraordinary daintie.

The better sort are attired like Turkes, but the plaine Tartar hath a blacke sheepe skinne over his backe, and two of the legs tied about his necke; the other two about his middle, with another over his belly, and the legs tied in the like manner behinde him: then two more made like a paire of bases, serveth him for breeches; with a little close cap to his skull of blacke felt, and they use exceeding much of this felt, for carpets, for bedding, for Coats, and Idols. Their houses are much worse than your Irish, but the In-land Countreyes have none but Carts and Tents, which they ever remove from Countrey to Countrey, as they see occasion, driving with them infinite troopes of blacke sheepe, Cattell and Vlgries, eating all up before them, as they goe.

For the Tartars of Nagi, they have neither Towne, nor house, corne, nor drinke; but flesh and milke. The milke they keep in great skinnes like Burracho's, which though it be never so sower, it agreeth well with their strong stomackes. They live all in Hordias, as doth the Crim-Tartars, three or foure hundred in a company, in great Carts fifteene or sixteene foot broad, which is covered with small rods, wattled together in the forme of a birds nest turned upwards, and with the ashes of bones tempered with oile, Camels haire, and a clay they have, they lome them so well, that no weather will pierce them, and yet verie light. Each Hordia hath a Murse, which they obey as their King. Their Gods are infinite. One or two thousand of those glittering white Carts drawen with Camels, Deere, Buls, and Vlgries, they bring round in a ring, where they pitch their Campe; and the Murse, with his chiefe alliances, are placed in the midst.—They doe much hurt when they can get any Stroggs, which are great boats used upon the

river Volga, (which they call Edle) to them that dwell in the Countrey of Perolog, and would doe much more, were it not for the Muscovites Garrisons that there inhabit.

How captaine Smith escaped captivity; slew the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Cambia; his passage to Russia, Transilvania, and the middest of Europe to Affrica.

All the hope he had ever to be delivered from this thraldome was only the love of Tragabigzanda, who surely was ignorant of his bad usage; for although he had often debated the matter with some Christians, that had beene there a long time slaves, they could not finde how to make an escape, by any reason of possibility; but God beyond mans expectation or imagination helpeth his servants, when they least thinke of helpe, as it hapned to him. So long he lived in this miserable estate, as he became a thresher at a grange in a great field, more than a league from the Tymors house; the Bashaw as he oft used to visit his granges, visited him, and tooke occasion so to beat, spurne, and revile him, that forgetting all reason, he beat out the Tymors braines with his threshing bat, for they have no flailes; and seeing his estate could be no worse than it was, clothed himselfe in his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled his knapsacke with corne, shut the doores, mounted his horse, and ranne into the desart at all adventure; two or three dayes thus fearfully wandring he knew not whither, and well it was he met not any to aske the way; being even as taking leave of this miserable world, Gid did direct him to the great way or Castragan, as they call it, which doth crosse these large territories, and generally knowne among them by these marks.

In every crossing of this great way is planted a post, and in it so many bobs with broad ends, as there be wayes, and every bob the figure painted on it, that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth; as that which pointeth towards the Cryms Country, is marked with a halfe Moone, if towards the Georgians and Persia, a blacke man, full of white spots, if towards China, the picture of the Sunne, if towards Muscovia, the signe of a Crosse, if towards the habitation of any other Prince, the figure whereby his standard is knowne. — To his dying spirits thus God added some comfort in this melancholy

journey, wherein if he had met any of that wilde generation, they had made him their slave, or knowing the figure engraven in the iron about his necke, (as all slaves have) he had beene sent backe againe to his master; sixteene dayes he travelled in this feare and torment, after the Crosse, till he arrived at Æcopolis, upon the river Don, a garrison of the Muscovites. The governour after due examination of those his hard events, tooke off his irons, and so kindly used him, he thought himselfe new risen from death, and the good Lady Callamata largely supplied all his wants.

Smith and the Virginia Indians.

The Salvages having drawne from George Cassen whether Captaine Smith was gone, prosecuting that opportunity they followed him with 300. bowmen, conducted by the King of Pamavnkee, who in divisions searching the turnings of the river, found Robinson and Emry by the fire side, those they shot full of arrowes and slew. Then finding the Captaine, as is said, they used the Salvage that was his guide as his sheld (three of them being slaine and divers other so gauld) all the rest would not come neere him. Thinking thus to have returned to his boat, regarding them, as he marched, more then his way, slipped up to the middle in an oasie creeke and his Salvage with him, yet durst they not come to him till being neere dead with cold, he threw away his armes. Then according to their composition they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his men were slaine. Diligently they chafed his benumbed limbs. He demanding for their Captaine, they shewed him Opechankanough, King of Pamavnkee, to whom he gave a round Ivory double compass Dyall. Much they marvailed at the playing of the Fly and Needle, which they could see so plainely, and yet not touch it, because of the glasse that covered them. But when he demonstrated by that Globe-like Jewell, the roundnesse of the earth, and skies, the spheare of the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatnesse of the Land and Sea, the diversitie of Nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them Antipodes, and many other such like matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration. Notwithstanding, within an houre after they tyed him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him pre-

pared to shoot him, but the King holding up the Compass in his hand, they all laid downe their Bowes and Arrowes, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was after their manner kindly feasted, and well used.

Their order in conducting him was this; Drawing themselves all in fyle, the King in the middest had all their Peeces and Swords borne before him. Captaine Smith was led after him by three great Salvages, holding him fast by each arme: and on each side six went in fyle with their Arrowes nocked. But arriving at the Towne (which was but onely thirtie or fortie hunting houses made of Mats, which they remove as they please, as we our tents) all the women and children staring to behold him, the souldiers first all in fyle performed the forme of a Bissom so well as could be; and on each flanke, officers as Serieants to see them keepe their orders. A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dauncing in such severall Postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely painted, every one his quiver of Arrowes, and at his backe a club; on his arme a Fox or an Otters skinne, or some such matter for his vambrace; their heads and shoulders painted red, with Oyle and Pocones mingled together, which Scarlet-like colour made an exceeding handsome shew, his Bow in his hand, and the skinne of a Bird with her wings abroad dryed, tyed on his head, a peece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tayles of their snaks tyed to it, or some such like toy. All this while Smith and the King stood in the middest guarded, as before is said, and after three dances they all departed. Smith they conducted to a long house, where thirtie or fortie tall fellowes did guard him, and ere long more bread and venison was brought him then would have served twentie men, I thinke his stomacke at that time was not very good; what he left they put in baskets and tyed over his head. About midnight they set the meate againe before him, all this time not one of them would eate a bit with him, till the next morning they brought him as much more, and then did they eate all the old, and reserved the new as they had done the other, which made him thinke they would fat him to eat him. Yet in this desperate estate to defend him from the cold, one Maocassater brought him his gowne, in requitall of some beads and toyes Smith had given him at his first arrivall in Virginia.

Two dayes after a man would have slaine him (but that the guard prevented it) for the death of his sonne, to whom they condicted him to recover the poore man then breathing his last. Smith told them that at James towne he had a water would doe it, if they would let him fetch it, but they would not permit that; but made all the preparations they could to assault James towne, craving his advice, and for recompence he should have life, libertie, land, and women. In part of a Table booke he writ his minde to them at the Fort, what intended, how they should follow that direction to affright the messengers, and without fayle send him such things as he writ for. And an Inventory with them. The difficultie and danger, he told the Salvages, of the Mines, great gunnes, and other Engins exceedingly affrighted them, yet according to his request they went to James towne, in as bitter weather as could be of frost and snow, and within three dayes returned with an answer.

But when they came to James towne, seeing men sally out as he had told them they would, they fled; yet in the night they came againe to the same place where he had told them they should receive an answer, and such things as he had promised them, which they found accordingly, and with which they returned with no small expedition, to the wonder of them all that heard it, that he could either divine, or the paper could speake: then they led him to the Youthtanunds, the Mattapanients, the Payankatanks, the Nantaughtacunds, and Onawmanients, upon the rivers of Rapahanick, and Patawomek, over all those rivers, and backe againe by divers other severall Nations, to the Kings habitation at Pamavnkee, where they entertained him with most strange and fearefull Coniurations;

As if neare led to hell,
Amongst the Devils to dwell.

Not long after, early in a morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread on the one side, as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many Snakes and Wesels skins stuffed with mosse, and all their tayles tyed together, so as they met on the crowne of his head in a tassell; and round about the tassell was as a Coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, backe, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voyce and a

rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meale; which done, three more such like devils came rushing in with the like antique tricks, painted halfe blacke, halfe red: but all their eyes were painted white, and some red stroakes like Mutchato's, along their cheekes: round about him those fiends daunced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest; with red eyes, and white stroakes over their blacke faces, at last they all sat downe right against him; three of them on the one hand of the chiefe Priest, and three on the other. Then all with their rattles began a song, which ended, the chiefe Priest layd downe five wheat cornes: then strayning his armes and hands with such violence that he sweat, and his veynes swelled, he began a short Oration: at the conclusion they all gave a short groane; and then layd downe three graines more. After that, began their song againe, and then another Oration, ever laying downe so many cornes as before, til they had twice incirculed the fire; that done, they tooke a bunch of little stickes prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and Oration, they layd downe a sticke betwixt the divisions of Corne. Till night, neither he nor they did either eate or drinke, and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three dayes they used this Ceremony; the meaning whereof they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle of meale signified their Country, the circles of corne the bounds of the Sea; and the stickes his Country. They imagined the world to be flat and round, like a trencher, and they in the middest. After this they brought him a bagge of gunpowder, which they carefully preserved till the next spring, to plant as they did their corne; because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seede. Opitchapam the Kings brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, foule, and wild beasts as did inviron him, he bid him wellcome; but not any of them would eate a bit with him, but put up all the remainder in Baskets. At his returne to Opechancanoughs, all the Kings women, and their children, flocked about him for their parts, as a due by Custome, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hydeous dreames did oft see wondrous shapes
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendious makes.

MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS

From a painting by Henry Breuckner

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 18 or 19 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her arms, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant shew,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in feare and dread.
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

Two dayes after, Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Capt. Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devill then a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, ...

unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to James towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a gryndstone, for which he should give him the Country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne Nantaquoud. So to James towne with 12 guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But almightie God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne Barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having used the Salvages with what kindnesse he could, he shewed Rawhunt, Powhatans trusty servant, two demi-Culverings and a mill-stone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavie; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with Isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poore Salvages ran away halfe dead with feare. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gave them such toyes; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, and gave them in generall full content. Now in James Towne they were all in combustion, the strongest preparing once more to run away with the Pinnace; which with the hazzard of his life, with Sakre falcon and musket shot, Smith forced now the third time to stay or sinke. Some no better then they should be, had plotted with the President, the next day to have put him to death by the Leviticall law, for the lives of Robinson and Emry, pretending the fault was his that had led them to their ends: but he quickly tooke such order with such Lawyers, that he layd them by the heeles till he sent some of them prisoners for England. Now ever once in foure or five dayes, Pocahontas with her attendants brought him so much provision, that saved many of their lives, that els for all this had starved with hunger.

The next night being lodged at Kecoughtan; six or seaven dayes the extreame winde, rayne, frost and snow caused us to keepe Christmas among the Salvages, where we were never more merry, nor fed on more plentie of good Oysters, Fish, Flesh, Wild foule, and good bread; nor never had better fires in England, then in the dry smoaky houses of Kecoughtan: but departing thence, when we found no houses we were not curi-

ous in any weather to lye three or foure nights together under the trees by a fire, as formerly is sayd. An hundred fortie eight foules the President, Anthony Bagnall, and Serieant Pising did kill at three shoots. At Kiskiack the frost and contrary winds forced us three or foure dayes also (to suppresse the insolency of those proud Salvages) to quarter in their houses, yet guard our Barge, and cause them give us what we wanted; though we were but twelve and himselfe, yet we never wanted shelter where we found any houses. The 12 of January we arrived at Werowocomoco, where the river was frozen neare halfe a myle from the shore; but to neglect no time, the President with his Barge so far had approached by breaking the ice, as the ebbe left him amongst those oasie shoules, yet rather then to lye there frozen to death, by his owne example he taught them to march neere middle deepe, a flight shot through this muddy frozen oase. When the Barge floated, he appoynted two or three to returne her aboord the Pinnace. — Where for want of water in melting the ice, they made fresh water, for the river there was salt. But in this march Mr. Russell, (whom none could perswade to stay behinde) being somewhat ill, and exceeding heavie, so overtoyled himselfe as the rest had much adoe (ere he got ashore) to regaine life into his dead benummed spirits. Quartering in the next houses we found, we sent to Powhatan for provision, who sent us plentie of bread, Turkies, and Venison; the next day having feasted us after his ordinary manner, he began to aske us when we would be gone: fayning he sent not for us, neither had he any corne; and his people much lesse: yet for fortie swords he would procure us fortie Baskets. The President shewing him the men there present that brought him the message and conditions, asked Powhatan how it chanced he became so forgetfull; thereat the King concluded the matter with a merry laughter, asking for our Commodities, but none he liked without gunnes and swords, valuing a Basket of Corne more precious than a Basket of Copper; saying he could rate his Corne, but not the Copper.

Captaine Smith seeing the intent of this subtill Salvage began to deale with him after this manner. "Powhatan, though I had many courses to have made my provision, yet beleeving your promises to supply my wants, I neglected all to satisfie your desire: and to testifie my love, I sent you my men for your building, neglecting mine owne. What your people had you have ingrossed, forbidding them our trade: and now

you thinke by consuming the time, we shall consume for want, not having to fulfill your strange demands. As for swords and gunns, I told you long agoe I had none to spare, and you must know those I have can keepe me from want: yet steale or wrong you I will not, nor dissolve that friendship we have mutually promised, except you constraine me by our bad usage."

The King having attentively listened to this Discourse, promised that both he and his Country would spare him what he could, the which within two dayes they should receive. "Yet Captaine Smith," sayth the King, "some doubt I have of your comming hither, that makes me not so kindly seeke to relieve you as I would; for many doe informe me, your coming hither is not for trade, but to invade my people, and possesse my Country, who dare not come to bring you Corne, seeing you thus armed with your men. To free us of this feare, leave aboord your weapons, for here they are needlesse, we being all friends, and forever Powhatans."

With many such discourses they spent the day, quartering that night in the Kings houses. The next day he renewed his building, which hee little intended should proceede. For the Dutch men finding his plentie, and knowing our want, and perceiving his preparations to surprise us, little thinking we could escape both him and famine; (to obtaine his favour) revealed to him so much as they knew of our estates and projects, and how to prevent them. One of them being of so great a spirit, judgement, and resolution, and a hireling that was certaine of his wages for his labour, and ever well used both he and his Countrymen; that the President knew not whom better to trust; and not knowing any fitter for that imployment, had sent him as a spy to discover Powhatans intent, then little doubting his honestie, nor could ever be certaine of his villany till neare halfe a yeare after.

Whilst we expected the coming in of the Country, we wrangled out of the King ten quarters of Corne for a copper Kettell, the which the President perceiving him much to affect, valued it at a much greater rate; but in regard of his scarcity he would accept it, provided we should have as much more the next yeare, or els the Country of Monacan. — Wherein each seemed well contented, and Powhatan began to expostulate the difference of Peace and Warre after his manner: —

"Captaine Smith, you may understand that I having seene the death of all my people thrice, and not any one living of

those three generations but my selfe, I know the difference of Peace and Warre better then any in my Country. But now I am old and ere long must die, my brethren, namely Opitchapam, Opechancanough, and Kekataugh, my two sisters, and their two daughters, are distinctly each others successors. I wish their experience no lesse than mine, and your love to them no lesse then mine to you. But this bruit from Nandsamund, that you are come to destroy my Country, so much affrighteth all my people as they dare not visit you. What will it availe you to take that by force you may quickly have by love, or to destroy them that provide you food. What can you get by warre, when we can hide our provisions and fly to the woods? whereby you must famish by wronging us your friends. And why are you thus jealous of our loves seeing us unarmed, and both doe, and are willing still to feede you, with that you cannot get but by our labours? Thinke you I am so simple, not to know it is better to eate good meate, lye well, and sleepe quietly with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, have copper, hatchets, or what I want being your friend: then be forced to flie from all, to lie cold in the woods, feede upon Acornes, rootes, and such trash, and be so hunted by you, that I can neither rest, eate, nor sleepe; but my tyred men must watch, and if a twig but breake, every one cryeth there commeth Captaine Smith: then must I fly I know not whether: and thus with miserable feare end my miserable life, leaving my pleasures to such youths as you, which through your rash unaduisednesse may quickly as miserably end, for want of that you never know where to finde. Let this, therefore, assure you of our loves, and every yeare our friendly trade shall furnish you with Corne; and now also if you would come in friendly manner to see us, and not thus with your guns and swords as to invade your foes." To this subtill discourse, the President thus replyed: —

"Seeing you will not rightly conceive of our words, we strive to make you know our thoughts by our deeds; the vow I made you of my love, both my selfe and my men have kept. As for your promise I find it every day violated by some of your subjects: yet we finding your love and kindnesse, our custome is so far from being ungratefull, that for your sake onely we have curbed our thirsting desire for revenge; els had they knowne as well the crueltie we use to our enemies, as our true love and courtesie to our friends. And I thinke your judgement

sufficient to conceive, as well by the adventures we have undertaken, as by the advantage we have (by our Armes) of yours: that had we intended you any hurt, long ere this we could have effected it. Your people comming to James Towne are entertained with their Bowes and Arrowes without any exceptions; we esteeming it with you as it is with us, to wear our armes as our apparell. As for the danger of our enemies, in such warres consist our chiefest pleasure: for your riches we have no use: as for the hiding your provision, or by your flying to the woods, we shall not so unadvisedly starve as you conclude, your friendly care in that behalfe is needlesse, for we have a rule to finde beyond your knowledge."

Many other discourses they had, till at last they began to trade. But the King seeing his will would not be admitted as a law, our guard dispersed, nor our men disarmed, he (sighing) breathed his minde once more in this matter.

"Captaine Smith, I never use any Werowance so kindely as your selfe, yet from you I receive the least kindnesse of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, towels, or what I desired; ever taking what I offered him, and would send away his gunnes when I intreated him: none doth deny to lye at my feet, or refuse to doe what I desire, but onely you; of whom I can have nothing but what you regard not, and yet you will have whatsoever you demand. Captaine Newport you call father, and so you call me; but I see for all us both you will doe what you list, and we must both seeke to content you. But if you intend so friendly as you say, send hence your armes, that I may beleeve you; for you see the love I beare you doth cause me thus nakedly to forget myselfe."

Smith seeing this Salvage but trifle the time to cut his throat, procured the salvages to breake the ice, that his Boate might come to fetch his corne and him; and gave order for more men to come on shore, to surprise the King, with whom also he but trifled the time till his men were landed: and to keepe him from suspicion, entertained the time with this reply.

"Powhatan, you must know, as I have but one God, I honour but one King; and I live not here as your subject, but as your friend to pleasure you with what I can. By the gifts you bestow on me, you gaine more then by trade: yet would you visit mee as I doe you, you should know it is not our custome, to sell our curtesies as a vendible commodity. Bring all your countrey with you for your guard, I will not dislike it as being

over jealous. But to content you, to morrow I will leave my armes, and trust to your promise. I call you father indeed, and as a father you shall see I will love you: but the small care you have of such a childe caused my men perswade me to looke to myselfe."

By this time Powhatan having knowledge his men were ready whilest the ice was a breaking, with his luggage, women, and children, fled. Yet to avoyd suspicion, left two or three of the women talking with the Captaine, whilest hee secretly ran away, and his men that secretly beset the house. Which being presently discovered to Captaine Smith, with his pistoll, sword, and target hee made such a passage among these naked Divels, that at his first shoot, they next him tumbled one over another: and the rest quickly fled some one way some another: so that without any hurt, onely accompanied with John Russell, hee obtained the corps du guard. When they perceived him so well escaped, and with his eighteene men (for he had no more with him a shore) to the uttermost of their skill they sought excuses to dissemble the matter: and Powhatan to excuse his flight and the sudden comming of this multitude, sent our Captaine a great bracelet and a chaine of pearle, by an ancient Oratour that bespoke us to this purpose, perceiving even then from our Pinnace, a Barge and men departing and comming unto us.

"Captaine Smith, our Werowance is fled, fearing your gunnes, and knowing when the ice was broken there would come more men, sent these numbers but to guard his corne from stealing, that might happen without your knowledge: now though some bee hurt by your misprision, yet Powhatan is your friend and so will for ever continue. Now since the ice is open, he would have you send away your corne, and if you would have his company, send away also your gunnes, which so affrighteth his people, that they dare not come to you as he promised they should."

Then having provided baskets for our men to carry our corne to the boats, they kindly offered their service to guard our Armes, that none should steale them. A great many they were of goodly well proportioned fellowes, as grim as Divels; yet the very sight of cocking our matches, and being to let fly, a few wordes caused them to leave their bowes and arrowes to our guard, and beare downe our corne on their backes; wee needed not importune them to make dispatch. But our Barges

being left on the ease by the ebbe, caused us stay till the next high-water, so that wee returned againe to our old quarter. Powhatan and his Dutch-men bursting with desire to have the head of Captaine Smith, for if they could but kill him, they thought all was theirs, neglected not any opportunity to effect his purpose. The Indians, with all the merry sports they could devise, spent the time till night: then they all returned to Powhatan, who all this time was making ready his forces to surprise the house and him at supper. Notwithstanding the eternall all-seeing God did prevent him, and by a strange meanes. For Pocahontas, his dearest jewell and daughter, in that darke night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captaine great cheare should be sent us by and by: but Powhatan and all the power he could make would after come kill us all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our owne weapons when we were at supper. Therefore if we would live shee wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in he would have given her: but with the teares running downe her cheekes, she said she durst not be seene to have any: for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead, and so shee ranne away by her selfe as she came. Within lesse then an houre came eight or ten lusty fellowes, with great platters of venison and other victuall, very importunate to have us put out our matches (whose smoke made them sicke) and sit down to our victuall. But the Captaine made them taste every dish, which done he sent some of them backe to Powhatan, to bid him make haste for hee was prepared for his comming. As for them hee knew they came to betray him at his supper: but hee would prevent them and their other intended villanies: so that they might be gone. Not long after came more messengers to see what newes; not long after them others. Thus wee spent the night as vigilantly as they, till it was high-water, yet seemed to the salvages as friendly as they to us: and that we were so desirous to give Powhatan content, as he requested, wee did leave him Edward Brynton to kill him foule, and the Dutch-men to finish his house; thinking at our returne from Pamavnkee the frost would be gone, and then we might finde a better opportunity if necessity did occasion it, little dreaming yet of the Dutch-mens treachery, whose humor well suted this verse: —

> Is any free, that may not live as freely as he list?
> Let us live so, then we're as free, and bruitish as the best.

When the Ships departed, all the provisions of the Store (but that the President had gotten) was so rotten with the last Summers rayne, and eaten with Rats and Wormes, as the Hogges would scarcely eate it. Yet it was the Souldiers dyet till our returnes, so that we found nothing done, but our victuals spent, and the most part of our tooles, and a good part of our Armes conveyed to the Salvages. But now casting up the Store, and finding sufficient till the next harvest, the feare of starving was abandoned, and the company divided into tens, fifteens, or as the businesse required; six houres each day was spent in worke, the rest in Pastime and merry exercises, but the untowardnesse of the greatest number caused the President advise as followeth.

"Countrymen, the long experience of our late miseries, I hope is sufficient to perswade every one to a present correction of himselfe, and thinke not that either my pains, nor the Adventurers purses, will ever maintaine you in idlenesse and sloath. I speake not this to you all, for divers of you I know deserve both honour and reward, better then is yet here to be had: but the greater part must be more industrious, or starve, how ever you have beene heretofore tollerated by the authoritie of the Councell, from that I have often commanded you. You see now that power resteth wholly in my selfe: you must obey this now for a Law, that he that will not worke shall not eate (except by sicknesse he be disabled:) for the labours of thirtie or fortie honest and industrious men shall not be consumed to maintaine an hundred and fiftie idle loyterers. And though you presume the authoritie here is but a shadow, and that I dare not touch the lives of any but my owne must answer it: the Letters patents shall each weeke be read to you, whose Contents will tell you the Contrary. — I would wish you therefore without contempt seeke to observe these orders set downe, for there are now no more Councellers to protect you, nor curbe my endeavours. Therefore he that offendeth, let him assuredly expect his due punishment."

He made also a Table, as a publicke memoriall of every mans deserts, to incourage the good, and with shame to spurre on the rest to amendment. By this many became very industrious, yet more by punishment performed their businesse, for all were so tasked, that there was no excuse could prevaile to deceive him: yet the Dutch-mens consorts so closely convayed them powder, shot, swords, and tooles, that though we could

find the defect, we could not finde by whom till it was too late.

All this time the Dutch men remaining with Powhatan (who kindly entertained them to instruct the Salvages the use of our Armes) and their consorts not following them as they expected; to know the cause, they sent Francis their companion, a stout young fellow, disguised like a Salvage, to the Glasse-house, a place in the woods neare a myle from James Towne; where was their Rendezvous for all their unsuspected villany. Fortie men they procured to lie in Ambuscado for Captaine Smith, who no sooner heard of this Dutch-man, but he sent to apprehend him (but he was gone) yet to crosse his returne to Powhatan, the Captaine presently dispatched 20. shot after him, himselfe returning from the Glasse-house alone. By the way he incountred the King of Paspahegh, a most strong stout Salvage, whose perswasions not being able to perswade him to his Ambush, seeing him onely armed but with a faucheon, attempted to have shot him, but the President prevented his shooting by grapling with him, and the Salvages as well prevented him from drawing his faucheon, and perforce bore him into the River to have drowned him. Long they strugled in the water, till the President got such a hold on his throat, he had neare strangled the King; but having drawne his faucheon to cut off his head, seeing how pitifully he begged his life, he led him prisoner to James Towne and put him in chaynes.

The Dutch-man ere long was also brought in, whose villany though all this time it was suspected, yet he fayned such a formall excuse, that for want of language Captaine Winne understood him not rightly, and for their dealings with Powhatan, that to save their lives they were constrained to accommodate his armes, of whom he extreamely complained to have detained them perforce, and that he made this escape with the hazard of his life, and meant not to have returned, but was onely walking into the woods to gather Walnuts. Yet for all this faire tale, there was so small appearance of truth, and the plaine confession of Paspahegh of his trechery, he went by the heeles, Smith purposing to regaine the Dutch-men by the saving his life. The poore Salvage did his best by his daily messengers to Powhatan, but all returned that the Dutch-men would not returne, neither did Powhatan stay them; and to bring them fiftie myles on his mens backes they were not able. Daily this Kings wives, children, and people came to visit him with pres-

ents, which he liberally bestowed to make his peace. Much trust they had in the Presidents promise: but the King finding his guard negligent, though fettered yet escaped. Captaine Winne thinking to pursue him found such troupes of Salvages to hinder his passage, as they exchanged many vollies of shot for flights of Arrowes: Captaine Smith, hearing of this in returning to the Fort, tooke two Salvages prisoners, called Kemps and Tussore, the two most exact villaines in all the Country. With these he sent Captaine Winne, and fiftie choise men, and Lieutenant Percie, to have regained the King, and revenged this injury, and so had done, if they had followed his directions, and beene advised with those two villaines, that would have betrayed both King and kindred for a peece of Copper; but he trifling away the night, the Salvages the next morning by the rising of the Sunne braved him to come ashore to fight, a good time both sides let fly at other, but we heard of no hurt, onely they tooke two Canowes, burnt the Kings house, and so returned to James towne.

The President fearing those Bravado's would but incourage the Salvages, began againe himselfe to try his conclusions, whereby six or seaven were slaine, as many made prisoners. He burnt their houses, tooke their Boats, with all their fishing wires, and planted some of them at James towne for his owne use, and now resolved not to cease till he had revenged himselfe of all them had injured him. But in his journey passing by Paspahegh towards Chickahamania, the Salvages did their best to draw him to their Ambuscadoes; but seeing him regardlesly passe their Country, all shewed themselves in their bravest manner. To try their valours he could not but let fly, and ere he could land, they no sooner knew him, but they threw downe their armes and desired peace. Their Orator was a lustie young fellow called Okaning, whose worthy discoure deserveth to be remembered. And thus it was: —

"Captaine Smith, my Master is here present in the company, thinking it Capt. Winne, and not you, (of him he intended to have been revenged) having never offended him. If he hath offended you in escaping your imprisonment, the fishes swim, the foules fly, and the very beasts strive to escape the snare and live. Then blame not him being a man. He would intreat you remember, you being a prisoner, what paines he tooke to save your life. If since he hath injured you he was compelled to it: but howsoever, you have revenged it with our too great

losse. We perceive and well know you intend to destroy us, that are here to intreat and desire your friendship, and to enjoy our houses and plant our fields, of whose fruit you shall participate: otherwise you will have the worse by our absence; for we can plant any where, though with more labour, and we know you cannot live if you want our harvest, and that reliefe we bring you. If you promise us peace, we will beleeve you; if you proceed in revenge we will abandon the Country."

Upon these tearmes the President promised them peace till they did us injury, upon condition they should bring in provision. Thus all departed good friends, and so continued till Smith left the Countrey.

Arriving at James Towne, complaint was made to the President that the Chickahamanians, who all this while continued trade and seemed our friends, by colour thereof were the onely theeves. And amongst other things a Pistoll being stolne and the theefe fled, there was apprehended two proper young fellowes, that were brothers, knowne to be his confederates. Now to regaine this Pistoll, the one was imprisoned, the other was sent to returne the Pistoll againe within twelve houres, or his brother to be hanged. Yet the President pittying the poore naked Salvage in the dungeon, sent him victuall and some Char-coale for a fire: ere midnight his brother returned with the Pistoll, but the poore Salvage in the dungeon was so smoothered with the smoake he had made and so pittiously burnt, that wee found him dead. The other most lamentably bewayled his death, and broke forth into such bitter agonies, that the President to quiet him, told him that if hereafter they would not steale, he would make him alive againe: but he little thought he could be recovered. — Yet we doing our best with Aqua vitæ and Vineger, it pleased God to restore him againe to life, but so drunke and affrighted, that he seemed Lunaticke, the which as much tormented and grieved the other, as before to see him dead. — Of which maladie upon promise of their good behavour, the President promised to recover him: and so caused him to be layd by a fire to sleepe, who in the morning having well slept, had recovered his perfect senses, and then being dressed of his burning, and each a peece of Copper given them, they went away so well contented, that this was spread among all the Salvages for a miracle, that Captaine Smith could make a man alove that was dead.

Another ingenuous Salvage of Powhatans, having gotten

a great bag of Powder, and the backe of an Armour, at Werowocomoco amongst a many of his companions, to shew his extraordinary skill, he did dry it on the backe as he had seene the Souldiers at James Towne. But he dried it so long, they peeping over it to see his skill, it tooke fire, and blew him to death, and one or two more, and the rest so scorched, they had little pleasure to meddle any more with powder.

These and many other such pretty Accidents so amazed and affrighted both Powhatan and all his people, that from all parts with presents they desired peace: returning many stolne things which we never demanded nor thought of; and after that, those that were taken stealing, both Powhatan and his people have sent them backe to James towne, to receive their punishment; and all the Countrey became absolute as free for us as for themselves.

BETTY ALDEN AND HER COMPANIONS.[1]

By JANE G. AUSTIN.

[Jane Goodwin Austin, American novelist, was born in Worcester, Mass., February 25, 1831; died in Boston, March 30, 1894. Her books are: "Fairy Dreams" (1860), "Moonfolk" (1874), "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown" (1880), "A Nameless Nobleman" (1881), "The Desmond Hundred" (1882), "Nantucket Scraps" (1882), "Standish of Standish" (1889), "Betty Alden" (1891), "David Alden's Daughter and Other Stories" (1892).]

How Mistress Alice Bradford introduced her Sister Priscilla Carpenter to Plymouth Society.

"Goodman, I've heavy news for you; so set your mind to bear it as best you may."

"Nay, goodwife, your winsome face is no herald of bad news, and certes, I'll not cross the bridge until it comes in sight."

"Well, then, since words won't daunt you, here's a fact, sir! We are to have a merrymaking, and gather all the young folk of the village, and Master Bradford will have to lay off the governor's mantle of thought and worry, that he may be jocund with the rest."

[1] Copyright, 1897, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Nay, then, Alice, 'tis indeed heavy news!" And the governor pulled a long face, and looked mock miserable with all his might. "And is it a dispensation not to be gainsaid? Is there good cause that we should submit ourselves to an affliction that might, as it would seem, be spared?"

"Well, dear, you know that my sister Pris has come ——"

"Do you tell me so! Now *there* is news in very deed! And how did Mistress Priscilla Carpenter reach these parts?"

"Now, Will! if you torment me so, I'll e'en call in Priscilla Alden to take my part. *She'll* give you quip or crank, I'll warrant me."

"Nay, nay, wife, I'll be meek and good as your cosset lamb, so you'll keep me under your own hand. Come now, let us meet this enemy face to face. What is it all?"

Alice, who, tender soul that she was, loved not even playful and mock contention, sighed a little, and folding her hands in her lap gently said: —

"It is all just as thou pleasest, Will, but my thought was to call together all the young people and make a little feast to bring those acquainted with Pris, who, poor maid, has found it a trifle dull and straitened here, after leaving her merry young friends in England."

"Ever thinking of giving pleasure to others even at cost of much toil to thyself, sweetheart!" And the governor, placing a hand under his wife's round chin, raised her face and kissed it tenderly again and again, until the soft pink flushed to the roots of the fair hair.

"Do as thou wilt, darling, in this and everything, and call upon me for what thy men and maids cannot accomplish."

"Nay, I've help enough. Christian Penn is equal to two women, and sister Pris herself is very notable. Then Priscilla Alden will kindly put her hand to some of the dainty dishes, and she is a wonder at cooking, as you know."

"Yes, she proved it in — early days," interrupted Bradford, the smile fading off his face. "Had it not been for her skill in putting a savory touch to the coarsest food, I believe some of our sick folk would have died, — I am sure Dame Brewster would."

"Oh, you poor souls! How you suffered, and I there in England eating and drinking of the best, and — oh, Will, you should have married good dear Priscilla to reward her care of what I held so carelessly."

"Wonderful logic, madam! I should, to reward Mistress Molines for her care, have married her, when she loved another man, and I another woman, which latter was to thus be punished for carelessness in a matter she knew naught about!"

And with a tender little laugh, the governor pressed another kiss upon his wife's smooth cheek, before he went out to his fields, while she flew at once to her kitchen and set the domestic engine throbbing at double quick time. Then she stepped up the hill to John Alden's house, and found Priscilla, her morning work already done, washing and dressing her little Betty, while John and Jo watched the operation with unflagging interest.

"Come and help you, Alice? I shall be gay and glad to do it, dear, just as soon as Betty is in her cradle, and I have told Mary-à-Becket what to do about the noon meat. John, you and Jo run up the hill to the captain's, and ask Mistress Standish if Alick and Myles may come down and play with you in front of the governor's house so I may keep an eye on you."

"Two fine boys, those of Barbara's," said the governor's wife, and then affectionately, "yet no finer than your sturdy little knaves."

"Oh, ours are well enough for little yeomen, but the captain says his Alick is heir to a great estate, and is a gentleman born!" And the two young women laughed good-naturedly, while Priscilla laid her baby in the cradle, and Alice turned toward the door saying, "Well, I must be at home to mind the maids."

"And I'll be there anon. I trust you've good store of milk and cream. We did well enow without it for four years, but now we've had it for a while, one might as well be dead as lack it."

"I've plenty, and butter beside, both Dutch and fresh," replied Alice from outside the door, and in another ten minutes the wide kitchen recently added to William Bradford's house on the corner of Leyden Street and the King's Highway, now called Main Street, hummed again with the merry sounds of youthful voices, of the whisking of eggs, and grinding of spices, and stirring of golden compounds in wooden bowls, and chopping suet, and stoning raisins, and slicing citron, and the clatter of pewter dishes, which, by the way, with wooden ware were nearly all the "pottery" the Pilgrims possessed, hypothetical teapots and china cups to the contrary; for,

since we all know that tea and coffee were never heard of in England until about the year 1666, and the former herb was sold for many years after at from ten to fifteen dollars per pound (Pepys in 1671 mentions it as a strange and barbaric beverage just introduced), it is improbable that either tea, teapot, or teacups ever reached America until after Mary Allerton, the last survivor of the "Mayflower," rested upon Burying Hill.

All that day and part of the next the battle raged in the Bradford kitchen, for delicate appetites were in those times rather a defect than a grace, and hospitality largely consisted in first providing great quantities and many varieties of food, and then overpressing the guests to partake of it. An "afternoon tea" with diaphanous bread and butter, wafer cakes, and Cambridge salts, as the only solid refreshment, would have seemed to Alice Bradford and her guests either a comic pretense or a niggardly insult; and very different was the feast to which as many as could sat down at a very early hour of the evening of the second day.

The company was large, for in the good Old Colony fashion it included both married and single persons, and would, if possible, have made no distinctions of age or position; but this catholicity had in the growth of the colony become impossible, and Mistress Bradford's invitations were, with much searching of spirit and desire to avoid offense, confined principally to young persons, married and unmarried, likely to become associates of her sister Priscilla, a fair-haired, sweet-lipped, and daintily colored lass, reproducing Dame Alice's own early charms.

"The Brewster girls must come, although I cannot yet be reconciled to Fear's having married Isaac Allerton, and calling herself mother to Bart, and Mary and Remember — great grown girls!" exclaimed the hostess in consultation with her husband, and he pleasantly replied: —

"Oh, well, dame, we must not hope to guide all the world by our own wisdom; and certes, if Fear's marriage is a little incongruous, her sister Patience is well and fitly mated with Thomas Prence. It does one good to see such a comely and contented pair of wedded sweethearts."

"True enough, Will, and your thought is a rebuke to mine."

"Nay, wife, 'tis you that teach me to be charitable."

And the two, come together to reap in the glorious St.

Martin's summer of their days the harvest sown amid the chill tears of spring, looked in each other's eyes with a smile of deep content. The woman was the first to set self aside, and cried : —

"Come, come, Sir Governor! To business! Mistress Allerton, and her *daughters*, Mary and Remember, Bartholomew, and the Prences, Constance Hopkins with Nicholas Snow, whom she will marry, the Aldens, the captain and his wife ——"

"He is hardly to be ranked with the young folk, is he?"

"No, dear, no more than Master Allerton, or, for that matter, the governor and his old wife; but there, there, no more waste of time, sir! Who else is to come, and who to be left at home?"

"Nay, wife, I'm out of my depth already and will e'en get back to firm land, which means I leave all to your discretion. Call Barbara and Priscilla Alden to council, and let me know in time to put on my new green doublet and hose, for I suppose I am to don them."

"Indeed you are, and your ruffles and your silk stockings that I brought over. I will not let you live altogether in hodden gray, since even the Elder goes soberly fine on holidays."

"Well, well, I leave it all to you, and must betake myself to the woods. Good-by for a little."

"Good-by, dear."

And as the governor with an ax on his shoulder strode away down Market Street and across the brook to Watson's Hill, Dame Alice, a kerchief over her head, once more ran up the hill to Priscilla Alden's.

As the great gun upon the hill boomed out the sunset hour, and Captain Standish himself carefully covered it from the dews of night, Alice Bradford stood in the great lower room of her house and looked about her. All was done that could be done to put the place in festal array, and although the fair dame sighed a little at the remembrance of her stately home in Duke's Place, London, with its tapestries and carvings and carpets and pictures, she bravely put aside the regret, and affectionately smoothed and patted the fine damask "cubboard cloth" covering the lower shelf of the sideboard, or, as she called it, the "buffet," at one side of the room, and placed and replaced the precious properties set out thereon : —

A silver wine cup, a porringer that had been her mother's, nine silver teaspoons, and, crown of all, four genuine Venetian

wineglasses, tall and twisted of stem, gold-threaded and translucent of bowl, fragile and dainty of shape, and yet, like their as dainty owner, brave to make the pilgrimage from the home of luxury and art to the wilderness, where a shelter from the weather and a scant supply of the coarsest food was all to be hoped for.

But Dame Bradford, fingering her Venice glasses, and softly smiling at the touch, murmured to herself and to them, "'Tis our exceeding gain."

"What, Elsie, not dressed!" cried Priscilla Carpenter's blithe voice, as that young lady, running down the stairs leading to her little loft chamber, presented herself to her sister's inspection with a smile of conscious deserving.

"My word, Pris, but you are fine!" exclaimed Dame Alice, examining with an air of unwilling admiration the young girl's gay apparel and ornaments. It was indeed a pretty dress, consisting of a petticoat of cramoisie satin, quilted in an elaborate pattern of flowers, leaves, and birds; an open skirt of brocade turned back from the front, and caught high upon the hips with great bunches of cramoisie ribbons; a "waistcoat" of the satin, and a little open jacket of the brocade. Around the soft white throat of the wearer was loosely knotted a satin cravat of the same dull red tint with the skirt, edged with a deep lace, upon which Alice Bradford at once laid a practiced finger.

"Pris, that *jabot* is of Venice point! Where did you get it?"

"Ah! That was a present from ——"

"Well, from whom?"

"Nay, never look so cross on't, my lady sister! Might not I have a sweetheart as well as you?"

"Priscilla, I'm glad you're here rather than with those gay friends of yours in London. I suppose Lady Judith Carr or her daughters gave you these clothes, did they not?"

"Well, I earned them hard enough putting up with all my lady's humors and the girls' jealous fancies," pouted Pris. "I was glad enough when you and brother Will wrote and offered me a home, — not but what Lady Judith was good to me and called me her daughter; but, Elsie, 'twas not they who gave me the laced cravat, 'twas — 'twas ——"

"Well, out with it, little sister! Who was it, if not our mother's old friend?"

"Why, Elsie, 'twas a noble gentleman that I met with them

down at Bath, and — sister — he is coming over here to marry me right soon."

"Nay, then, but that's news indeed! And what may be his name, pet?"

"Sir Christopher Gardiner, and he's a Knight of the Holy Sepulcher."

And Pris, fondling the lace of her cravat, smiled proudly into her sister's astonished face; but before either could speak, Barbara Standish and Priscilla Alden appeared at the open door, the latter exclaiming in her blithe voice: —

"What, Alice, still in your workaday kirtle! Barbara and I came thus betimes to see if aught remained that we might do before the folk gather."

"Thank you, both; I — I — nay, then, I'm a little put about, dear friends; I hardly know, — well, well! Priscilla Carpenter, come you into my bedroom and help me do on my clothes, and if you two will look about and see what is ready and what is lacking, I shall be more than grateful. Come, Pris!"

"Something has chanced more than we know about!" suggested Priscilla Alden, as the bedroom door closed behind the sisters.

"Likely. But 'tis their affair and not ours," replied Barbara, quietly. "Now let us see. Would you set open the case holding the twelve ivory-handled knives?"

"Yes, they're a rarity, and some of the folk may not have seen them. Alice says that in London they put a knife to every man's trencher now, and nobody uses his own sheath knife as has been the wont."

"You tell me so! Well, one knife's enough for Myles and me, yes, and the boys to boot. But then I cut the meat in morsels, and spread the bread with butter, or ever it goes on the table."

"Of course; so we all do, I suppose. Well there, all is ready now, and here come the folk; there's Patty Brewster, or Patience Prence as she must now be called, and along with her Fear Allerton and Remember and Mary — her daughters indeed! Marry come up! *I* might have had Isaac Allerton for myself, but ——"

"And there is Constance Hopkins, and Nicholas Snow," interrupted Barbara, who was a deadly foe to gossip, "and John and Elizabeth Howland; then there's Stephen Dean with

Betsey Ring, and Edward Bangs and Lyddy Hicks, and Mary Warren and Robert Bartlett, three pair of sweethearts together, and here they all are at the door."

But as the more lively Priscilla ran to open it, the governor's hearty voice was heard without, crying : —

"Welcome! Welcome, friends! I was called out for a moment, but have come home just in the nick of time and brought the captain with me."

"Now I do hope Myles has put on his ruff, and his other doublet that I laid out," murmured Barbara in Priscilla's ear. "When the governor and he get together, the world's well lost for both of them."

"Nay, he's all right, and a right proper man, as he always was," returned Priscilla, with a quick glance at the square figure and commanding head of the Captain of Plymouth, as he entered the room and smiled in courtly fashion at Dame Bradford's greeting.

"And here's your John, a head and shoulders above all the rest," added Barbara, good-naturedly, as Alden, the Saxon giant, strode into the room and looked fondly across it at his wife.

Another half hour and all were gathered about the three long tables improvised from boards and barrels, but all covered with the fine napery brought from Holland by Alice Bradford, who had the true housewife's love of elegant damask, and during Edward Southworth's life was able to indulge it, laying up such store of table damask, of fine Holland "pillowbers," and "cubboard cloths," towels of Holland, of dowlas, and of lockorum, and sheets of various qualities from "fine Holland" to tow (the latter probably spun and woven at home), that the inventory of her personal estate is as good reading to her descendants as a cookery book to a hungry man.

Plenty of trenchers both of pewter and wood lined the table, and by each lay a napkin and a spoon, but neither knives nor forks, the latter implements not having yet been invented, except in the shape of a powerful trident to lift the boiled beef from the kettle, while table knives, as Priscilla Alden had intimated, were still regarded as curious implements of extreme luxury. A knife of a different order, sometimes a clash knife, sometimes a sheath knife, or even a dagger, was generally carried by each man, and used upon certain *pièces de resistance*, such as boar's head, a roasted peacock, a shape of brawn, a

powdered and cloved and browned ham, or such other triumphs of the culinary art as must be served whole.

Such dishes were carried around the table, and every guest, taking hold of the morsel he coveted with his napkin, sliced it off with his own knife, displaying the elegance of his table manners by the skill with which he did it. But as saffron was a favorite condiment of the day, and pearline was not yet invented, one sighs in contemplating the condition of these napkins, and ceases to wonder at the store of them laid up by thrifty housekeepers.

Ordinarily, however, the meat was divided into morsels before appearing on the table, and thus was easily managed with the spoon, — *or* with the fingers.

Between each two plates stood a pewter or wooden basin of clam chowder, prepared by Priscilla Alden, who was held in Plymouth to possess a magic touch for this and several other dishes.

From these each guest transferred a portion to his own plate, except when two supped merrily from the same bowl in token of friendly intimacy. This first course finished and the bowls removed, all eyes turned upon the governor, who rose in his place at the head of the principal table, where were gathered the more important guests, and, looking affectionately up and down the board, said : —

"Friends, it hardly needs that I should say that you are welcome, for I see none that are ever less than welcome beneath this roof ; but I well may thank you for the cheer your friendly faces bring to my heart to-night, and I well may pray you, of your goodness, to bestow upon my young sister here the same hearty kindness you have ever shown to me and mine." A murmur of eager assent went round the board, and the governor smiled cordially, as he grasped in both hands the great two-handled loving cup standing before him, — a grand cup, a noble cup, of the measure of two quarts, of purest silver, beautifully fashioned, and richly carved, as tradition said, by the hand of Benvenuto Cellini himself ; so precious a property that Katharine White, daughter of an English bishop, was proud to bring it as almost her sole dowry to John Carver, her husband. With him it came to the New World, and was used at the Feast of Treaty between the colonists and Massasoit, chief of the native owners of the soil. Katharine Carver, dying broken-hearted six weeks after her husband, bequeathed

the cup to William Bradford, his successor in the arduous post of Governor of the Colony, and from him it passed down into that Hades of lost and all but forgotten treasures, which may, for aught we know, become the recreation ground for the spirits of antiquarians.

Filled to the brim with generous Canary, a pure and fine wine in those days, it crowned the table, and William Bradford, steadily raising it to his lips, smiled gravely upon his guests, adding to his little speech of welcome: —

"I pledge you my hearty good will, friends!" then drank sincerely yet modestly, and giving one handle to Myles Standish, who sat at his left hand, he retained his hold at the other side while the captain drank, and in turn gave one handle to Mistress Winslow, who came next; and so, all standing to honor the pledge of love and good will, the cup passed round the board and came to Elder Brewster, at the governor's right hand; but he, having drunk, looked around with his paternal smile and said: —

"There is yet enough in the loving cup, friends, for each one to wet his lips, if nothing more, and I propose that we do so with our hearty welcome and best wishes to Mistress Priscilla Carpenter."

Once more the cup went gayly round, and reached the Elder so dry that he smiled, as he placed it to his lips, with a bow toward Pris savoring more of his early days in the court of Queen Bess than of New England's solitudes.

"And now to work, my friends, to work!" cried the governor. "I for one am famished, sith my dame was so busy at noontide with that wonderful structure yonder that she gave me naught but bread and cheese."

Everybody laughed, and Alice Bradford colored like a red, red rose, yet bravely answered: —

"The governor will have his jest, but I hope my raised pie will suffer roundly for its interference with his dinner."

"Faith, dame, but we'll all help to punish it," exclaimed Stephen Hopkins, gazing fondly at the elaborate mass of pastry representing, not inartistically, a castle with battlements and towers, and a floating banner of silk bearing an heraldic device. "Standish! we call upon you to lead us to the assault!"

"Nay, if Captain Standish is summoned to the field, my fortress surrenders without even a parley," said Alice Bradford, as she gracefully drew the little banner from its place,

and, laying it aside, removed a tower, a bastion, and a section of the battlement from the doomed fortress, and, loading a plate with the spoils of its treasury, planted the banner upon the top, and sent it to the captain, who received it with a bow and a smile, but never a word.

"Speak up, man!" cried Hopkins, boisterously. "Make a gallant speech in return for the courtesy of so fair a castellaine."

"Mistress Bradford needs no speech to assure her of my devoir," replied the captain, simply, and the governor added: —

"Our captain speaks more by deeds than words, and Gideon is his most eloquent interpreter. You have not brought him to-day, Captain."

"No; Gideon sulks in these days of peace, and seldom stirs abroad."

"Long may he be idle!" exclaimed the Elder, and a gentle murmur around the board told that the women at least echoed the prayer.

But Hopkins, seated next to Mistress Bradford, and watching her distribution of the pie, cared naught for war or peace until he secured a trencher of its contents, and presently cried: —

"Now, by my faith, I did not know such a pye as this could be concocted out of Yorkshire! 'Tis perfect in all its parts: fowl, and game, and pork, and forcemeat, and yolks of eggs, and curious art of spicery, and melting bits of pastry within, and stout-built walls without; in fact, there is naught lacking to such a pye as my mother used to make before I had the wit to know such pyes sing not on every bush."

"You're Yorkshire, then, Master Hopkins?" asked John Howland, who with his young wife, once Elizabeth Tilley, sat opposite.

"Yes, I'm Yorkshire, root and branch, and you're Essex, and the captain and the governor Lancashire, but all shaken up in a bag now, and turned into New Englanders, and since the Yorkshire pye has come over along with us I'm content for one."

A general laugh indorsed this patriotic speech, but Myles Standish, toying with the silken banner of the now sacked and ruined fortress, said in Bradford's ear: —

"All very well for a man who has naught to lose in the old country. But for my part I mean to place at least my oldest son in the seat of his fathers."

The governor smiled, and then sighed. "Nor can I quite forget the lands of Austerfield held by Bradfords and Hansons for more than one century, and the path beside the Idle, where Brewster and I walked and talked in the days of my first awakening to the real things of life ——"

"Real things of life, say you, Governor?" broke in Hopkins' strident voice; "well, if there is aught more real in its merit than this roasted suckling, I wish that I might meet with it."

And seizing with his napkin the hind leg of the little roasted pig presented to him by Christian Penn, the old campaigner deftly sliced it off with his sheath knife and devoured it in the most inartificial manner possible.

It was probably about this epoch that our popular saying, "Fingers were made before forks," took shape and force.

To the chowder, and the "pye," and the roasted suckling succeeded a mighty dish of succotash, that compound of dried beans, hulled corn, salted beef, pork, and chicken which may be called the charter dish of Plymouth; then came wild fowl dressed in various ways, a great bowl of "sallet," of Priscilla Alden's composition, and at last various sweet dishes, still served at the end of a meal, although soon after it was the mode to take them first.

"Oh, dear, when will the dignitaries stop eating and drinking and making compliments to each other?" murmured Priscilla Carpenter to Mary Warren at the side table where the girls and lads were grouped together, enjoying themselves as much as their elders, albeit in less ceremonious fashion.

"There! Your sister has laid down her napkin, and is gazing steadfastly at the governor, with 'Get up and say Grace' in her eye," replied Mary, nudging Jane Cooke to enforce silence; whereat that merry maid burst into a giggle, joined by Sarah and Elizabeth Warren, and Mary Allerton, and Betsey Ring, while Edward Bangs, and Robert Bartlett, and Sam Jenney, and Philip De la Noye, and Thomas Clarke, and John Cooke chuckled in sympathy, yet knew not what at.

A warning yet very gentle glance from Dame Bradford's eyes stifled the noise, and nearly did as much for its authors, who barely managed to preserve sobriety, while the governor returned thanks to the Giver of all good; so soon, however, as the elder party moved away, the painfully suppressed giggle burst into a storm of merriment, which as it subsided was renewed in fullest vigor by Sarah Warren's bewildered inquiry, —

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

"What *are* we all laughing at?"

"Never mind, we'll laugh first, and find the wherefore at our leisure," suggested Jane Cooke, and so the dear old foolish fun that seems to spring up in spontaneous growth where young folk are gathered together, and is sometimes scorned and sometimes coveted by their elders, went on, and, after the tables were cleared, took form in all sorts of old English games, not very intellectual, not even very refined, but as satisfactory to those who played as Buried Cities, and Twenty Questions, and Intellectual Salad, and capping Browning quotations are to the children of culture and æsthetics.

The elders, meanwhile, retiring to the smaller room at the other side of the front door, seated themselves to certain sober games of draughts, of backgammon, of loo, and beggar-my-neighbor, or piquet, while Elder Brewster challenged the governor to a game of chess, which was not finished when, at ten o'clock, the company broke up, and with many a blithe good night, and assurance of the pleasure they had enjoyed, betook themselves to their own homes.

Thus, then, was Priscilla Carpenter introduced into Plymouth society.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

In the low-raftered garret, stooping
Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old maid Dorothy goes a groping
Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel, hung on its nail amid
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long disused, dismantled loom,
Stands the old-fashioned spinning wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled,
With many a click; on her little stool
She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
To her waking sense, the first sweet warning
Of daylight come, is the cheerful song
To the hum of the wheel, in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;
In neat, white pinafore, pleased and coy,
She reaches a hand to her bashful mate;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
Together they go, through glimmer and gloom—
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
In the low-raftered garret room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together;
And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle tip,
Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn golden thread
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
Puffing his pipe by the chimney side;
Through curling clouds, his kindly face
Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old armchair
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
They have followed her sisters from the door;
Now they are old, and she is their idol—
It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
The wheel is set by the shadowy wall—
A hand at the latch—'tis lifted lightly,
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed: the old man tips
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
And tells his story, and joints his flute.
Oh, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter!
They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part;
Oh, then the weary, weary days!
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road; and early and late
She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? Oh, Benjie! and could you steel
Your thoughts toward one who loved you so?
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
In duty and love, that lighten woe;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
To drive away the dull day's dreariness;
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud, and petted, and spoiled was she;
A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
In the great, gay city grows estranged.
One year: she sits in the old church pew;
A rustle, a murmur—oh, Dorothy, hide
Your face, and shut from your soul the view!
'Tis Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,
  And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man, with grizzled head,
  Walks up the long, dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
  Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
  That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
  Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
  Shining an endless vista before her!
Old maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
  Groping under the farmhouse eaves,
And life is a brief November day,
  That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
  Is better at last than proud success;
And patience and love in a chastened heart
  Are pearls more precious than happiness:
And in that morning when she shall wake
  To the springtime freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
  And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S STATUE OF NIGHT.

By GIOVANNI STROZZI.

The Night thou seest lie so gracefully
  Asleep, was by an Angel wrought in stone,
  And that she lives is by her sleeping shown.
Wake her, if thou hast doubts; she'll speak to thee.

Answer by MICHAEL ANGELO.

My sleep is dear, to be of stone more so;
  For whilst the loss and shame do not abate,
  To see not, feel not, is but fortunate.
Therefore awake me not; I pray speak low.

PENELOPE GOES TO COURT.[1]

By MAUD WILDER GOODWIN.

(From "White Aprons.")

[Maud Wilder Goodwin: An American historical novelist; born in New York state in 1856. She has published: "Open Sesame" (3 vols., 1890–1893), edited, with Blanche Wilder Bellamy; "The Colonial Cavalier" (1894), "The Head of a Hundred" (1895), "White Aprons, a Romance of Bacon's Rebellion" (1896), "Dolly Madison," a biography (1896), and "Fort Amsterdam in the Days of the Dutch" (1897).]

"I AM to go to Court and 'tis come about in the strangest fashion. One would scarce credit it an it were set forth in a play. Folk would say, 'Why do ye playwright trifle with us and think to trick us into a belief in so unlikely a happening?' Yet all this hath verily come to pass, and in real life too. I can scarcely believe in the good fortune that has befallen me."

Yes, it was indeed, as Penelope wrote in her journal, a strange happening. Just when she and her uncle were worn out with waiting for news from the Duke of Buckingham, and when Mr. Pepys was actually writing to beg the intervention of the Duke of York with the King, his brother, in burst Godfrey Kneller, one morning, bubbling over with joy and well-nigh breathless with excitement.

He had been at Whitehall, so his story ran, for a sitting of Queen Catherine, — the last before the finishing of her portrait, — and having with him the sketch of Penelope, had shown it to the Queen as a fancy piece, to be called "Spring"; and she, being mightily taken therewith, had called His Majesty, and bade him say if ever he had seen a face so fair at once and so sad. "'Tis 'Spring' indeed," quoth she, "and a very pretty conceit, with the sun on the hair and the dew in the eyes and April in the showery smiling o' the lips."

But His Majesty took the picture to the window, and, after studying it close, looked up and said to the artist, while he twirled his mustachios: —

"Kneller, this is no fancy piece. 'Tis a portrait, and a close study at that. This eye, with its tiny mole on the under lid, hath the very trick of life in't, and that ripple of red brown hair was never imagined save by him who had seen it. Out

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with it, man, — what name bears thy 'Spring' when she steps forth from this canvas?"

"Thus commanded by royalty," said the painter, "I dared not dissemble, but told him straight 'twas the niece of Samuel Pepys, — one Mistress Penelope Payne, but lately come to London from the colony of Virginia.

"'Pepys?' quoth the King; 'Pepys of the Navy Office, I trow. He hath besieged me with letters of late, since he hath been in disgrace, begging to come kiss my hand. Well, perchance his banishment hath lasted long enough, — how say you, Kate, shall we have this Mistress Spring and her uncle to our mask next week?'

"The Queen, who, methought, was but too happy at hearing herself thus kindly spoke to by His Majesty, smiled right graciously, and declared she would give much to see the beautiful young stranger; whereupon the Chamberlain, in my hearing, was bidden to dispatch a card." . . .

On a February morning a great card arrived at the door of the small house in Seething Lane, — a card with gilt lettering, bidding Mr. Pepys and his niece to a mask at Whitehall a week from that night. Penelope wavered between the heights of hope and the depths of despair; but her uncle was all delight, and talked of costumes till his niece was nearly distracted. She strove to gain his permission to go as a nun, in a black domino; but he would hear no such word.

"If you would catch the King's ear," said Master Worldly-Wise-Man, "ye must first catch his eye," so he talked now of a shepherdess, that the turn of the foot might show to advantage; then of Diana with a bow and arrows, leaving the arm bare; then of the part of St. Cecilia, which, as he said, need cost but little, as his cousin Roger would lend the harp, only that would prevent moving about, and Penelope's walk was the most seizing thing about her.

At last, wearied out, poor Penelope cried: "If in very truth I must trick out a sad heart in such like mummeries, I will go as *Virginia*."

"Ay, and so thou shalt," answered her uncle. "'Tis an extraordinary good idea and do please me mightily. For myself, I will be a Spanish cardinal, for I love a scarlet robe, and considering the silver cup I have promised to the clothworkers, methinks I should get the making on't for nothing." And so the matter was settled.

It was scarcely two o'clock on the afternoon of the ball when Betty and Dolly came to Penelope's chamber bearing the dress which her uncle had provided. It was indeed a marvel of ingenuity, and did credit to his taste and imagination. The petticoat was of white satin, wrought richly about the edge with a design of tobacco leaves worked in golden thread. The bodice was finished with a fall of soft yellow lace, and the girdle fell to meet the hem in tassels like the tassels of the Indian corn. About her neck Penelope wore her mother's string of pearls ; and on her head they set a crown made in the form of five golden bands, one above the other, and on the upper was writ in brilliants, —

"*Virginia adds a fifth crown.*"

When Penelope looked into her bit of mirror, her heart gave a sudden leap, in spite of all her trouble, at the loveliness which smiled back at her, though she could scarcely connect that radiant vision in any fashion with herself ; but when she went downstairs, she read in her uncle's eyes a repetition of the flattering story her glass had told her above. It was indeed a tribute that none could fail to pay who saw her as she was that night, — beautiful, exceedingly, with a loveliness far above and beyond that of mere sense ; a flame blazing out through her great dark eyes, and burning on her red lips, and breathing from her heaving bosom. She was indeed the soul of love incarnate.

"Child!" cried Master Pepys, "thy cause is as good as won. If the King set eyes on thee as thou art, he can refuse thee naught. Prithee, Pen, what think ye of *my* looks?"

With this, the tailor in him much delighted with his trappings, he strutted thrice up and down the room in his red cap and gown, with the church lace in front hanging clear to his knees, and with such a solemn air as gave his niece great trouble to keep a grave face. In the midst of his showing off his finery, Betty came running up to say that it was past seven, and the chairs were at the door. . . .

Dolly felt herself a fine lady in a chair of her own. The linkboys went before and behind ; yet so bad were the streets that, despite their lights, the bearer of Penelope's chair stumbled twice, and the jerk went nigh to throw poor *Virginia* into the mud, and so shook her crown that she feared it could never be set straight, and she fell to crying secretly, which was very weak and foolish.

At the last, when they were come within sight of the palace, her heart quite failed her, and she would have gone back; but she knew her uncle would not hear of it: and I would rather believe that she herself would not in the end have shown herself such a coward. Up the marble steps they went, and, having shown their card, Penelope entered into the disrobing room, and there, after what seemed an eternity, her uncle came for her, and together they passed down the corridor and entered the great ballroom, where was much twanging of fiddles, and tightening of strings, and rosining of bows.

The room was so large that, though many were gathered, they seemed scarcely a handful therein; and as they walked about, so highly polished was the floor, they seemed like two companies walking with their feet together. A subdued buzz of talk was going round, with much laughter and merrymaking; but as they entered, Mr. Pepys and his niece, with turbaned Dolly holding up the young lady's train, the talk died away, and but for the protection of her mask Penelope thought she would have died of fright.

In truth the sight itself might well have frightened a maid, for here was such a crew as never gathered save round the lady in "Comus." Satyrs with goatskin legs jostled devils with horns and hoofs and wicked eyes gleaming through their red masks. Nymphs there were in plenty, and rustic maids, whose bare necks and arms put Penelope to the blush, and made her wonder if the ladies of the Court fancied that country people went thus half clad. It made Penelope smile, though her heart was in her throat, to fancy such costumes at Middle Plantation.

After the hush which had greeted her entrance, the talk began again, livelier than ever, and Penelope caught some comments which she felt sure concerned herself.

"Who is she?"

"I know not, but know I will ere the evening ends."

"Be not too bold. By the carriage of her head, I could swear she is meet company for thy betters."

"Look at that strange blackamoor who bears her train. Is she really black, or a maid of honor, disguised like the Jennings and her mischievous friend, when they scandalized the Court by playing at orange girl before the theater doors?"

So vext and wrought up, half with wrath and half with terror, was Penelope at all this bold talk, that she would even now have run away; but it was too late. A blare of trumpets

and a crash of all the instruments together announced the coming of the King's party, and the Lord Chamberlain with a wave of his white wand crowded every one back against either wall to make room for the royal entry.

Oh, how Penelope's heart beat as she turned her eyes to the door! In they came. First the King and Queen, together and unmasked; then a bevy of ladies, who, as it seemed to the little provincial maiden, must wear their masks to hide their shame at the bareness of their bosoms; and after them, again, a crowd of gallants in every sort of fantastic costume.

As the King and Queen passed close before Penelope, she had opportunity to study them both. The Queen was short and dumpy of figure, but full of a comely graciousness which lent beauty to a face otherwise ill-favored, with large protruding teeth which pushed out her lips like a negro's. The King, Penelope thought, with his tall figure and rich dress, was all a king should be, though the deep furrows of brow and cheek belied his title of "The Merry Monarch." Even to Penelope's untutored eye that saturnine face spoke a melancholy which strove in vain to find mirth in excess.

Their Majesties moved slowly down the hall, pausing now to note and smile at some costume stranger, if possible, than the rest, where all were strange; now to comment on some extraordinarily rich and striking dress. When they had reached the head of the room, His Majesty with great courtliness handed the Queen to her seat upon a gilded chair covered in velvet with an embroidered canopy above it; but instead of taking the chair which stood beside it, he returned to the other end of the room, and summoned to his side one who played the rôle of soothsayer, — a tall figure in Oriental garb, with long white beard, and flowing robes over which hung chains and rich jewelry, which, had they been real, must have exhausted the treasure-houses of the East.

"Come, good Master Soothsayer!" cried the King, "draw near and I will have you test your powers. We will have up the ladies of the Court one by one, and I will try if that keen eye of yours can see through a mask, and that wagging beard let slip a true prophecy."

At these words, all who could decently leave the Queen circled close about the group at the lower end of the hall, and one after another the ladies drew near; and by the peals of laughter which followed the soothsayer's words Penelope

judged that they must have struck home. Absorbed in looking and listening as she was, she had wholly forgotten herself, when of a sudden, to her infinite alarm, the usher of the white rod plucked her softly by the sleeve, saying: "Lady, the soothsayer wishes to tell your fortune, and the King bids you come forward."

Poor Penelope shrank back in terror very unsuited to her part, and would have begged to be excused; but her uncle frowned upon her, which frightened her more than aught else, and at the same time his arm seized and fairly pushed her forward, till she found herself the center of the brilliant, laughing circle which had gathered about the King and the sorcerer.

Here Penelope's natural grace and courtesy untaught of courts came to her aid, and made her a fit center for even such a circle. Kneeling, as she had observed the rest do, she bent her head and kissed the King's hand, and then, rising, bowed after a more stately fashion to the soothsayer.

"Are you prepared, young woman, to listen to your fate?" asked the sham sorcerer, with a solemnity which would have befitted the cardinal saying mass at St. Peter's.

"Let it be a kind one," murmured Penelope, with fast-beating heart.

"Hearken, then; I say it, and even as I say it so shall it be. Ye shall have many strange experiences; but all shall end well, — at least for yourself. Honor and fortune await you, if you have the wit and the courage to grasp them. It is your destiny to live to a good old age here in England, loaded with riches, and never more to return to that wilderness whence you came hither and where all the land is divided 'twixt savages and rebels."

What with amazement that the soothsayer had guessed so much of her history, and a superstitious feeling which she could not shake off that there was something of omen in the words, Penelope was quite overcome. She gave a great gasp, swayed to and fro, and would have fallen but for the outstretched hand of the King, which caught her.

"Enough of this folly," cried His Majesty's voice. "Chamberlain, bid every one unmask!"

The diversion which these words made gave Penelope time to recover herself, so that when she too withdrew her mask, her color and her self-command had both come back. But when on looking up she recognized in the unmasked soothsayer the

man who had stood in her uncle's dining room only a fortnight since, she was nearly overcome once more.

"Your Majesty," said Buckingham, returning Penelope's gaze of surprise with a look of amusement, "here is the young Virginia damsel for whom I craved a card to your mask to-night."

"By Heaven! and 'tis the original of Kneller's 'Spring' also. Those bright eyes have won two knights at once. Well done, Villiers!" cried the King, who seemed to Penelope quite transformed by the smile which lighted up his face; "ye had always good taste in women, — far better, to our thinking, than in men."

At this Buckingham looked suddenly abashed, though Penelope knew not why.

"Young lady," continued the King, graciously turning to Penelope, "be ye 'Spring' or 'Virginia,' or some fair unknown visitor from our provinces oversea, ye are welcome to your mother country! And is your father with you?"

"Nay, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, hardly able from fright to utter a word, "my mother was too ill to permit his leaving her."

"Ah, then, 'tis your brother, perchance, who hath been your guardian?"

"Alas, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, "I have no brother."

"Neither father nor brother!" exclaimed the King. "It must be pressing business indeed that brings a young maid three thousand miles alone. To whose charge prithee did you come, for I suppose ye dwell not alone in London?"

"I am come to the care of mine uncle, who is come hither with me to-night, and who stands near the wall yonder."

"Ah, yes, yes, I do recall now," began His Majesty, when a lady who stood near him, very handsome, but bold of eye and bare of bosom, said, addressing Penelope with scant courtesy of tone or manner, "How dare ye come across the ocean, and to the very door of the Court, with no better guardian?"

"Pray, Madam," answered Penelope, lifting her clear eyes full upon the speaker, "what harm could befall me at Court! Is not the *King* here?"

Penelope was at a loss to comprehend the effect of her words; but she feared there was something sadly out of the way in them, for she saw the ladies hide their faces behind

their fans, and the gentlemen bite their mustachios and stare hard at the toes of their boots, while the Duke of Buckingham shook with laughter, and whispered to his next neighbor, "The Duchess hath caught it fair from the little savage, — she'd best not meddle with her again. Besides, my Lady hath need to mark her words carefully, for she can no longer take such liberties with the King as when she was the Countess of Castlemaine."

Only His Majesty kept the gravity of his face unmoved, and replied still more kindly to Penelope, "Ay, ye have said aright, — the King is here and ye have naught to fear. Now gentlemen," he added, turning to those around, "choose your partners for the brantle. Buckingham, bid the musicians strike a tune!"

With this there was much moving to and fro. Very noble the procession was, and a great pleasure to see; but there were two in that hall who gave it little heed, those left thus for an instant alone together, — the man who ruled it all, and the little rustic who looked on it for the first time: yet somehow Penelope feared the King least of all.

"Tell me," he said in a voice which of itself gave her courage, so kind was it, "is it some sorrow that hath driven you thus overseas, my child? Your face is too sad for one so young, and surely you have ne'er made such a journey without grave occasion."

"The time and place, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, "scarce befit my sad story, else would I crave the boon of laying it before you."

The maid choked and could say no more. "You say truly," said the King, "that this is neither the time nor the place; but we will set a time and find a place for the hearing. Mr. Pepys," he added, turning to that gentleman, who, courtier like, stood just near enough to catch what was going forward without appearing to hear, "ye have twice written asking permission to come kiss our hand. Your petition is granted; we will arrange an audience both for you and your niece. Let it be to-morrow — stay — to-morrow is mortgaged to the ambassadors of Spain and Sweden. We will say Friday — no, Friday is unlucky; and on Saturday I go a hunting at Windsor. Well, ye shall hear of the time later."

Pepys would fain have burst out with a florid speech of gratitude, but the King cut him short and bade him make

ready to take his niece in to supper, whither he shortly led the way with a lady whose beauty was so dazzling that it fairly took away Penelope's breath. She was dressed as Britannia, with a burnished helmet from which rose a great cluster of white ostrich plumes, whose whiteness could not surpass the brow beneath, or the neck, bare save for a shower of raven-black curls which fell over it. Her breastplate was of beaten gold, with a group of pearls in the center worth a man's ransom, and her mantle was caught at the shoulder with a brooch of rubies, and the sheer lawn of the sleeve was bound above the elbow with a band of gems which flashed in Penelope's eyes as the radiant vision passed.

"Who is she? O uncle, who is she, — that lovely lady, queenlier than the queen, whose beauty strikes me breathless?"

"Ay, mark her," quoth Pepys, as he carefully gathered his robe over his arm and prepared to follow the procession. "Ye'll ne'er see anything to match her. Did ever ye set eyes on such an excellent *taille* or such a complexion (all her own too); and then that sweet eye and little Roman nose, — oh, there is none like *La Belle* Stuart in the whole of England! And yet, child, I heard three gentlemen say that you were the fairer of the two, and that there was none could match you for grace and stateliness."

As the procession moved into the Banqueting Hall with much mirth and laughter, Penelope fell to wondering how the son of the martyred king could find heart to make merry on the spot where his father had suffered, — ay, and gone forth to his death beneath that very window now hung gayly with lanterns. As she gazed around upon the panels blazoned with heraldry, and upon the great oaken beams which supported the open-timbered roof, her mind was carried strangely back to the rude rafters and bare boards of the rough Courthouse at Middle Plantation. Yes, she could see once more the grim faces of the fierce old Governor and his counselors; and the crowd of figures that thronged around her as she sat on that Courthouse bench seemed far more substantial than the liveried lackeys who stood before her now, waiting to bring her portions of the pheasants which lay in state on their platters of gold, or of the great peacock, which, with his tail outspread, decorated one end of the long board beneath the twinkling candles.

Penelope raised her hand to her brow as if to brush away

the fog which clung around her mind. "Which," she wondered, "is the true Penelope, — the maiden in the prisoner's dock, hand clasping hand with a convicted felon, or this princess with golden crown and sweeping draperies at the King's levee?" A conviction flashed upon her, as it does on all of us at certain crises, that she was but a puppet, made to dance and laugh and sing, or to kneel and weep and pray, according as the hand behind the scenes pulled the strings. Thus she sat silent and cast down, and could touch no morsel of the feast spread before her; but her uncle had no such sentimental scruples.

"'Tis a fine supper," quoth he, "a prodigious fine supper; but the venison pasty is very palpable beef; which is not handsome."

THE TRIAL OF DELIVERANCE WENTWORTH.[1]

By PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

(From "Ye Lyttle Salem Maide.")

At last one fair June day brought her trial.

Her irons were removed, and she was conducted by the constable with a guard of four soldiers to the meetinghouse. In the crowd that parted at the great door to make way for them were many familiar faces, but all were stern and sad. In all eyes she read her accusation. The grim silence of this general condemnation made it terrible; the whispered comments and the looks cast upon her expressed stern pity mingled with abhorrence.

On the outskirts of the throng she observed a young man of ascetic face and austere bearing, clothed in black velvet, with neckbands and tabs of fine linen. He wore a flowing white periwig, and was mounted on a magnificent white horse. In one hand he held the reins, in the other, a Bible.

Upon entering the meetinghouse, Deliverance was conducted by the Beadle to a platform and seated upon a stool, above the level of the audience and in plain sight.

In front of the pulpit, the seven judges seated in a row

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faced the people. Clothed in all the dignity of their office of crimson velvet gowns and curled white horsehair wigs, they were an imposing array. One judge, however, wore a black skullcap, from beneath which his brown locks, streaked with gray, fell to his shoulders, around a countenance at once benevolent and firm, but which now wore an expression revealing much anguish of mind. This was the great Judge Samuel Sewall, who, in later years, was crushed by sorrow and mortification that at these trials he had been made guilty of shedding innocent blood, so that he rose in his pew in the Old South Church in Boston Town, acknowledging and bewailing his great offense, and asking the prayers of the congregation "that God would not visit the sin of him or of any other upon himself, or any of his, nor upon the land."

In the center of the group sat Lieutenant Governor Stoughton, chosen to be chief justice, in that he was a renowned scholar, rather than a great soldier. Hard and narrow as he was said to be, he yet possessed that stubbornness in carrying out his convictions of what was right, which exercised in a better cause might have won him reputation for wisdom rather than obstinacy.

To the end of his days he insisted that the witch trials had been meet and proper, and that the only mistakes made had been in checking the prosecutions. It was currently reported that when the panic subsided, and the reprieve for several convicted prisoners came from Governor Phipps to Salem, he left the bench in anger and went no more into that court.

"For," said he, "we were in a fair way to clear the land of witches. Who it is that obstructs the cause of justice, I know not. The Lord be merciful unto the country!"

On the left of the prisoner was the jury.

After Deliverance had been duly sworn to tell the truth, she sat quietly, her hands folded in her lap. Now and then she raised her eyes and glanced over the faces upturned to hers. She observed her father not far distant from her. But he held one hand over his eyes and she could not meet his gaze. Beside him sat Goodwife Higgins, weeping.

There was one other who should have been present, her brother Ronald, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The authorities had not deemed it wise to send for him, as it was known he had to a certain extent fallen in with dissenters and freethinkers in Boston Town, and it was

feared that, in the hot-blooded impetuosity of youth, he might by some disturbance hinder the trial.

The first witness called to the stand was Goodwife Higgins.

Deliverance, too dazed with trouble to feel any active grief, watched her with dull eyes.

Weeping, the good dame related the episode of finding the prisoner's bed empty one morning, and the yellow bird on the window ledge. Groans and hisses greeted her testimony. There was no reason to doubt her word. It was plainly observed that she was suffering, and that she walked over her own heart in telling the truth. It was not simply terror and superstition that actuated Goodwife Higgins, but rather the stern determination bred in the very bone and blood of all Puritans to meet Satan face to face and drive him from the land, even though those dearest and best beloved were sacrificed.

The next witness was the prisoner's father. The heart-broken man had nothing to say which would lead to her conviction. Save the childish naughtiness with which all parents were obliged to contend, the prisoner had been his dear and dutiful daughter, and God would force them to judge her righteously.

"She has bewitched him. She has not even spared her father. See how blind he is to her sinfulness," the whisper passed from mouth to mouth. And hearts hardened still more toward the prisoner.

Master Wentworth was then dismissed. While on the stand he had not glanced at his daughter. Doubtless the sight of her wan little face would have been more than he could have endured.

Sir Jonathan Jamieson was then called upon to give his testimony. As his name was cried by the constable, Deliverance showed the first signs of animation since she had been taken from the jail. Surely, she thought, he who understood better than she the meaning of her words to him, would explain them and save her from hanging. Her eyes brightened, and she watched him intently as he advanced up the aisle. A general stir and greater attention on the part of the people was apparent at his appearance. A chair was placed for him in the witness box, for he was allowed to sit, being of the gentry. As usual he was clothed in somber velvet. He seated himself, took off his hat and laid it on

the floor beside his chair. Deliverance then saw that the hair on his head was quite as red as his beard, and that he wore it cropped short, uncovered by a wig. Deliberately, while the judges and people waited, he drew off his leathern gauntlets that he might lay his bare hand upon the Bible when he took the oath.

Deliverance for once forgot her fear of him. She leant forward eagerly. So near was he that she could almost have touched him with her hand.

"Oh, sir," she cried, using strong old Puritan language, "tell the truth and mortify Satan and his members, for he has gotten me in sore straits."

"Hush," said one of the judges, sternly, "let the prisoner keep silent."

"Methinks that I be the only one not allowed to speak," said Deliverance to herself, "which be not right, seeing I be most concerned." And she shook her head, very greatly perplexed and troubled.

Sir Jonathan was then asked to relate what he knew about the prisoner. With much confidence he addressed the court. Deliverance was astonished at the mild accents of his voice which had formerly rung so harshly in her ears.

"I have had but short acquaintance with her," he said, "though I may have passed her often on the street, not observing her in preference to any other maid; but some several weeks ago as I did chance to stop at the town pump for a draught o' cold water, the day being warm and my throat dry, I paused as is meet and right before drinking to give thanks, when suddenly something moved me to glance up, and I saw the prisoner standing on a block near by, laughing irreverently, which was exceeding ill mannered."

At this Deliverance's cheeks flushed scarlet, for she knew his complaint was quite just. "I did not mean to laugh," she exclaimed humbly, "but some naughty boys had pinned a placard o' the edge o' your cape, and 'twas a fair comical sight."

At this interruption, the seven judges all frowned upon her so severely that she did not dare say another word.

"Now, while I did not suspicion her at the time," continued Sir Jonathan, "I was moved to think there was a spell cast upon the water, for after drinking I had great pain and needs must strengthen myself with a little rum. Later I met our

godly magistrate and chanced to mention the incident. He telled me the prisoner's name, and how her vanities and backslidings were a sore torment to her father, and that he knew neither peace nor happiness on her account."

At these words Master Wentworth started to his feet. "I protest against the scandalous words uttered by our magistrate," he cried; "ne'er has my daughter brought me aught save peace and comfort. She has been my sole consolation, since her mother went to God."

He sat down again with his hand over his eyes, while many pitying glances were cast upon him.

"Mind him not," said one of the judges to Sir Jonathan; "he is sorely afflicted and weighs not his utterances. Oh, 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child,'" and he glanced sternly at Deliverance.

At these words, she could no longer contain herself, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud, remembering all her willfulness in the past.

"What I have to say," continued Sir Jonathan, "is not much. But straws show the drift of the current, and little acts the soul's bent. The night of the same day on which I saw the prisoner standing on the block near the town pump, I went with a recipe to Master Wentworth's home to have him brew me a concoction of herbs. The recipe I brought from England. Knowing he was very learned in the art of simpling, I took it to him. I found him in his stillroom, working. Having transacted my business, I seated myself and we lapsed into pleasant converse. While thus talking, he opened the door, called his daughter from the kitchen, and gave her a small task. At last, as it drew near the ninth hour, when the night watchman would make his rounds, I rose and said farewell to Master Wentworth, he scarce hearing me, absorbed in his simples. As I was about to pass the prisoner, my heart not being hardened toward her for all her vanities, I paused, and put my hand in my doublet pocket, thinking to pleasure her by giving her a piece of silver, and also to admonish her with a few well-chosen words. But as my fingers clasped the silver piece, my attention was arrested by the expression of the prisoner's face. So full of malice was it that I recoiled. And at this she uttered a terrible imprecation, the words of which I did not fully understand, but at the instant of her uttering them a most excruciating pain

seized upon me. It racked my bones so that I tossed sleepless all that night."

He paused and looked around solemnly over the people. "And since then," he added, "I have not had one hour free from pain and dread."

As Sir Jonathan finished his testimony, he glanced at Deliverance, whose head had sunk on her breast and from whose heart all hope had departed. If he would say naught in explanation, what proof could she give that she was no witch? Her good and loyal word had been given not to betray her meeting with the mysterious stranger.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said Chief Justice Stoughton, "have you aught to say to the charge brought against you by this godly gentleman?"

As she glanced up to reply, she encountered the malevolent glance of Sir Jonathan defying her to speak, and she shook with fear. With an effort she looked away from him to the judges.

"I be innocent o' any witchery," she said in her tremulous, sweet voice. The words of the woman who had been in jail with her returned to her memory: "There is another judgment, dear child." So now the little maid's spirits revived. "I be innocent o' any witchery, your Lordships," she repeated bravely, "and there be another judgment than that which ye shall put upon me."

Strange to say, the sound of her own voice calmed and assured her, much as if the comforting words had been again spoken to her by some one else. Surely, she believed, being innocent, that God would not let her be hanged.

The fourth witness, Bartholomew Stiles, a yeoman, bald and bent nearly double by age, was then cried by the Beadle.

Leaning on his stick he pattered up the aisle, and stumblingly ascended the steps of the platform.

"Ye do me great honor, worships," he cackled, "to call on my poor wit."

"Give him a stool, for he is feeble," said the chief justice; "a stool for the old man, good Beadle."

So a stool was brought and old Bartholomew seated upon it. He looked over the audience and at the row of judges. Then he spied Deliverance. "Ay, there her be, worships, there be the witch." He pointed his trembling finger at her. "Ay, witch, the old man kens ye."

"When did you last see the prisoner?" asked the chief justice.

"There her be, worships," repeated the witness, "there be the witch, wi' a white neck for stretching. Best be an old throat wi' free breath, than a lassie's neck wi' a rope around it."

Deliverance shuddered.

"Methinks no hag o' the Evil One," said she to herself, "be more given o'er to malice than this old fule, Lord forgive me for the calling o' him by that name."

Now the judge in the black silk cap was moved to pity by the prisoner's shudder, and spoke out sharply. "Let the witness keep to his story and answer the questions put to him in due order, or else he shall be put in the stocks."

"Up with your pate, goody," admonished the Beadle, "and speak out that their worships may hear, or into the stocks ye go to sweat in the sun while the boys tickle the soles o' your feet."

The witness wriggled uneasily as having had experience.

"A week ago, or it be twa or three or four past, your worships, the day afore this time, 'twixt noon an' set o' sun, there had been thunder an' crook'd lightning, an' hags rode by i' the wind on branches. All the milk clabbered, if that will holpen ye to 'membrance o' the day, worships."

"Ay, reverend judges," called out a woman's voice from the audience, "sour milk the old silly brought me, four weeks come next Thursday. Good pence took he for his clabbered milk, and I was like to cuff ——"

"The ducking stool awaits scolding wives," interrupted the chief justice, with a menacing look, and the woman subsided.

"That day at set o' sun I was going into toone wi' my buckets o' milk when I spied a bramble rose. 'Blushets,' says I to them, 'ye must be picked;' for I thought to carry them to the toone an' let them gae for summat gude to eat. So I set doone my pails to pull a handful o' the pretty blushets. O' raising my old een, my heart was like to jump out my throat, for there adoon the forest path, 'twixt the green, I saw the naughty maid i' amiable converse wi' Satan."

"Dear Lord," interrupted the little maid, sharply, "he was a very pleasant gentleman."

"Silence!" cried the Beadle, tapping her head with his staff, on the end of which was a pewter ball.

"As ye ken," continued the old yeoman, "the Devil be most often a black man, but this time he was o' fair color, attired in most ungodly fashion in a gay velvet dooblet wi' high boots. So ta'en up wi' watching o' the wickedness o' Deliverance Wentworth was I, that I clean forgot myself——"

The speaker, shuddering, paused.

"Lose not precious time," admonished the chief justice, sternly.

"O' a sudden I near died o' fright," moaned the old yeoman.

A tremor as at something supernatural passed over the people.

"Ay," continued the witness, "wi' mine very een, I beheld the prisoner turn an' run towards her hame, whilst the Devil rose an' come doone the path towards me, Bartholomew Stiles!"

"And then?" queried the chief justice, impatiently.

"It was too late to hide, an' I be no spry a' running. Plump o' my marrow boones I dropped, an' closed my een an' prayed wi' a loud voice. I heard Satan draw near. He stopped aside me. 'Ye old silly,' says he, 'be ye gane daffy?' Ne'er word answered I, but prayed the louder. I heard the vision take a lang draught o' milk from the bucket wi' a smackin' o' his lips. Then did Satan deal me an ungentle kick an' went on doon the path."

"Said he naught further?" asked one of the judges.

"Nae word more, worships," replied the yeoman. "I ha' the caution not to open my een for a lang bit o' time. Then I saw that what milk remained i' the bucket out o' which Satan drank had turned black, an' I ha' some o' it here to testify to the sinfu' company kept by Deliverance Wentworth."

From his pocket the old yeoman carefully drew a small bottle filled with a black liquid, and, in his shaking hand, extended it to the judge nearest him.

Solemnly the judge took it and drew out the cork.

"It has the smell of milk," he said, "but milk which has clabbered;" and he passed it to his neighbor.

"It has the look of clabbered milk," assented the second judge.

"Beshrew me, but it is clabbered milk," asserted the third judge; "methinks 'twould be wisdom to keep the bottle corked, lest the once good milk, now a malignant fluid, be spilled on one of us and a tiny drop do great evil."

Thus the bottle was passed from one judicial nose to the other, and then given to the Beadle, who set it carefully on the table.

There may be seen to this day in Salem a bottle containing the pins which were drawn from the bodies of those who were victims of witches. But the bottle which stood beside it for over a century was at last thrown away, as it was empty save for a few grains of some powder or dust. Little did they who flung it away realize that that pinch of grayish dust was the remains of the milk which Satan, according to Bartholomew Stiles, had bewitched, and which was a large factor in securing the condemnation of Deliverance Wentworth.

The next witness was the minister who had conducted the services on the afternoon of that late memorable Sabbath, when the Devil had sought to destroy the meetinghouse during a thunderstorm.

He testified to having seen the prisoner raise her eyes, as she entered the church in disgrace ahead of the tithing man, and instantly an invisible demon, obeying her summons, tore down that part of the roof whereon her glance rested.

This evidence, further testified to by other witnesses, was in itself sufficient to condemn her.

The little maid heard the minister sadly. In the past he had been kind to her, and was her father's friend, and his young daughter had attended the Dame School with her.

Later, this very minister was driven from the town by his indignant parishioners, who blamed him not that he had shared in the general delusion, but that many of his persecutions had been actuated by personal malice.

And by a formal and public act, the repentant people canceled their excommunication of one blameless woman who had been his especial victim.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "the supreme test of witchery will now be put to you. Pray God discover you if you be guilty. Let Ebenezer Gibbs appear."

"Ebenezer Gibbs," cried the Beadle, loudly.

At this there was a great stir and confusion in the rear of the meetinghouse.

Deliverance saw the stern faces turn from her, and necks craned to see the next witness. There entered the young man whom she had noticed, mounted on a white horse, at the out-

skirts of the crowd. A buzz of admiration greeted him, as he advanced slowly up the aisle, with a pomposity unusual in so young a man. His expression was austere. His right hand was spread upon a Bible, which he held against his breast. His hand, large, of a dimpled plumpness, with tapering fingers, was oddly at variance with his handsome face, which was thin, and marked by lines of hard study; a fiery zeal smoldered beneath the self-contained expression, ready to flame forth at a word. He ascended the platform reserved for the judges, and seated himself. Then he laid the Bible on his knees, and folded his arms across his breast.

A pitiful wailing arose in the back of the house, and the sound of a woman's voice hushing some one.

A man's voice in the audience cried out, "Let the witch be hanged. She be tormenting her victim."

"I be no witch," cried Deliverance, shrilly. "Dear Lord, give them a sign I be no witch."

The Beadle pounded his staff for silence.

"Let Ebenezer Gibbs come into court."

In answer to these summons, a child came slowly up the aisle, clinging to his mother's skirts. His thin little legs tottered under him; his face was peaked and wan, and he hid it in his mother's dress. When the Beadle sought to lift him, he wept bitterly, and had to be taken by force, and placed upon the platform where the accused was seated. The poor baby gasped for breath. His face grew rigid, his lips purple. His tiny hands, which were like bird's claws, so thin and emaciated were they, clinched, and he fell in convulsions.

An angry murmur from the people was instantly succeeded by the deepest silence.

The magistrates and people breathlessly awaited the result of the coming experiment.

The supreme test in all cases of witchery was to bring the victim into court, when he would generally fall into convulsions, or scream with agony on beholding the accused.

The Beadle and his assistants would then conduct or carry the sufferer to the prisoner, who was bidden by the judge to put forth his hand and touch the flesh of the afflicted one. Instantly the convulsions and supposed diabolical effects would cease, the malignant fluid passing back, like a magnetic current, into the body of the witch.

Tenderly the Beadle lifted the small convulsed form of Ebenezer Gibbs and laid it at the prisoner's feet.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "you are bidden by the court to touch the body of your victim, that the malignant fluid, with which you have so diabolically afflicted him, may return into your own body. Again I pray God in His justice discover you if you be guilty."

Despite the severity of her rule, the little assistant teacher of the Dame School had a most tender heart for her tiny scholars. She bent now and lifted this youngest of her pupils into her lap.

"Oh, Ebenezer," she cried, stricken with remorse, "I no meant to rap your pate so hard as to make ye go daffy."

Doubtless the familiar voice pierced to the child's benumbed faculties, for he was seen to stir in her arms.

"Ebenezer," murmured the little maid, "do ye no love me, that ye will no open your eyes and look at me? Why, I be no witch, Ebenezer. Open your eyes and see. I will give ye a big sugarplum and ye will."

The beloved voice touched the estranged child heart. Perhaps the poor, stricken baby believed himself again at his knitting and primer lesson at the Dame School. In the awed silence he was seen to raise himself in the prisoner's arms and smile. With an inarticulate, cooing sound, he stroked her cheek with his little hand. The little maid spoke in playful chiding. Suddenly a weak gurgle of laughter smote the strained hearing of the people.

"Ye see, ye see I be no witch," cried Deliverance, raising her head, "ye see he be no afeared o' me."

But as soon as the words left her lips, she shrank and cowered, for she realized that the test of witchery had succeeded, that she was condemned. From her suddenly limp and helpless arms the Beadle took the child and returned it to its mother. And from that hour it was observed that little Ebenezer Gibbs regained strength.

The prisoner's arms were then bound behind her that she might not touch any one else.

After quiet had been restored, and the excitement at this direct proof of the prisoner's guilt had been quelled, the young minister, who had entered at a late hour of the trial, rose and addressed the jury. He was none other than the famous Cotton Mather, of Boston Town, being then about thirty years old and

OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

in the height of his power. He had journeyed thither, he said, especially to be present at this trial, inasmuch as he had heard that some doubters had protested that the prisoner being young and a maiden, it was a cruel deed to bring her to trial, as if it had not been proven unto the people, yea, unto these very doubters, that the Devil, in his serpent cunning, often takes possession of seemingly innocent persons.

"Atheism," he said, tapping his Bible, "is begun in Sadduceeism, and those that dare not openly say, 'There is no God,' content themselves for a fair step and introduction thereto by denying there are witches. You have seen how this poor child had his grievous torment relieved as soon as the prisoner touched him. Yet you are wrought upon in your weak hearts by her round cheek and tender years, whereas if the prisoner had been an hag, you would have cried out upon her. Have you not been told this present assault of evil spirits is a particular defiance unto you and your ministers? Especially against New England is Satan waging war, because of its greater godliness. For the same reason it has been observed that demons, having much spite against God's house, do seek to demolish churches during thunderstorms. Of this you have had terrible experience in the incident of this prisoner. You know how hundreds of poor people have been seized with supernatural torture, many scalded with invisible brimstone, some with pins stuck in them, which have been withdrawn and placed in a bottle, that you all may have witness thereof. Yea, with mine own eyes have I seen poor children made to fly like geese, but just their toes touching now and then upon the ground, sometimes not once in twenty feet, their arms flapping like wings!"

The courthouse was very warm this June morning. Cotton Mather paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow. As he returned his kerchief to his pocket his glance rested momentarily on the prisoner.

For the first time he realized her youth. He noted her hair had a golden and innocent shining like the hair of a little child.

"Surely," he spoke aloud, yet more to himself than to the people, "the Devil does indeed take on at times the appearance of a very angel of light!"

He felt a sudden stirring of sympathy for those weak natures wrought upon by "a round cheek and tender years." The consciousness of this leaning in himself inspired him to greater vehemence.

"The conviction is most earnestly forced upon me that God has made of this especial case a very trial of faith, lest we embrace Satan when he appears to us in goodly disguise, and persecute him only when he puts on the semblance of an old hag or a middle-aged person. Yet, while God has thus far accorded the most exquisite success to our endeavor to defeat these horrid witchcrafts, there is need of much caution lest the Devil outwit us, so that we most miserably convict the innocent and set the guilty free. Now, the prisoner being young, meseemeth she was, perchance, more foolish than wicked. And when I reflect that men of much strength and hearty women have confessed that the Black man did tender a book unto them, soliciting them to enter into a league with his Master, and when they refused this abominable specter did summon his demons to torture these poor people, until by reason of their weak flesh, but against their real desires, they signed themselves to be the servants of the Devil forever, — and, I repeat, that when I reflect on this, that they who were hearty and of mature age could not withstand the torture of being twisted and pricked and pulled, and scalded with burning brimstone, how much less could a weak, tender maid resist their evil assaults? And I trust that my poor prayers for her salvation will not be refused, but that she will confess and save her soul."

He turned his earnest gaze upon Deliverance, and, perceiving she was in great fear, he spoke to her gently, bidding her cast off all dread of the Devil, abiding rather in the love of God, and thus strong in the armor of light, make her confession.

But the little maid was too stupefied by terror to gather much intelligent meaning from his words, and she stared helplessly at him as if stricken dumb.

At her continued, and to him, stubborn, silence, his patience vanished.

"Then you are indeed obstinate and of hard heart, and the Lord has cast you off," he cried. He turned to the judges with an impassioned gesture. "What better proof could you have that the Devil would indeed beguile the court itself by a fair outward show? Behold a very Sadducee! See in what dire need we stand to permit no false compassion to move us, lest by not proceeding with unwavering justice in this witchery business we work against the very cause of Christ. Still, while I would thus caution you not to let one witch go free, meseemeth it is yet worth while to consider other punishment than by halter

or burning. I have lately been impressed by a Vision from the Invisible World, that it would be pleasing to the Lord to have the lesser criminals punished in a mortifying public fashion until they renounce the Devil. I am apt to think there is some substantial merit in this peculiar recommendation."

A ray of hope was in these last words for the prisoner.

Deliverance raised her head eagerly. A lesser punishment! Then she would not be hanged. Oh, what a blessed salvation that she would be placed only in the stocks, or made to stand in a public place until she should confess! And it flashed through her mind that she could delay her confession from day to day until the Cavalier should return.

Cotton Mather caught her sudden changed expression.

The wan little face with its wide, uplifted eyes and half-parted lips acquired a fearful significance. That transfiguring illumination of hope upon her face was to him the phosphorescent playing of diabolical lights.

His compassion vanished. He now saw her only as a subtle instrument of the Devil's to defeat the ministers and the Church. He shuddered at the train of miserable consequences to which his pity might have opened the door, had not the mercy of God showed him his error in time.

"But when you have catched a witch of more than ordinary devilment," he cried, striking the palm of one hand with his clinched fist, "and who, by a fair and most subtle showing, would betray the cause of Christ to her Master, let no weak pity unnerve you, but have at her and hang her, lest but one such witch left in the land acquire power to wreak untold evil and undo all we have done."

Still once again did his deeply concerned gaze seek the prisoner's face, hoping to behold therein some sign of softening.

Beholding it not, he sighed heavily. He would willingly have given his life to save her soul to the good of God and to the glory of his own self-immolation.

"I become more and more convinced that my failure to bring this miserable maid to confession, and indeed the whole assault of the Evil Angels upon the country," he continued, using those words which have been generally accepted as a revelation of his marvelous credulity and self-righteousness, "were intended by Hell as a particular defiance unto my poor endeavors to bring the souls of men unto heaven. Yet will I wage personal war with Satan to drive him from the land."

He raised his eyes, a light of exaltation sweeping over his face.

"And in God's own appointed time," he cried in a voice that quivered with emotion, "His Peace will again descend upon this fair and gracious land, and we shall be at rest from persecution."

Whatever of overweening vanity his words expressed, none present seeing his enraptured face might have judged him harshly.

No infatuated self-complacency alone prompted his words, but rather his earnest conviction that he was indeed the instrument of God, and believed himself by reason of his long fastings and prayer, more than any person he knew, in direct communion with the invisible world.

And if his vanity and self-sufficiency held many from loving him, there were few who did not involuntarily do him honor.

Having finished, he sat down, laid his Bible on his knee, and folded his arms across his breast as heretofore. None, looking at him then as he sat facing the people, his chest puffed out with incomparable pride, young, with every sign of piety, withal a famous scholar, and possessed of exceptional personal comeliness, saw how the shadow of the future already touched him, when for his honest zeal in persecuting witches he should be an object of insult and ridicule in Boston Town, people naming their negroes Cotton Mather after him.

During his speech, Deliverance had at first listened eagerly, but, as he continued, her head sank on her breast and hope vanished. Dimly, as in a dream, she heard the judges' voices, the whispering of the people. At last, as a voice speaking a great distance off, she heard her name spoken.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said Chief Justice Stoughton, "you are acquaint with the law. If any man or woman be a witch and hath a familiar spirit, or hath consulted with one, he or she shall be put to death. You have by full and fair trial been proven a witch and found guilty in the extreme. Yet the court will show mercy unto you, if you will heartily, and with a contrite heart, confess that you sinned through weakness, and repent that you did transfer allegiance from God to the Devil."

"I be no witch," cried Deliverance, huskily, "I be no witch. There be another judgment."

The tears dropped from her eyes into her lap and the sweat

rolled down her face. But she could not wipe them away, her arms being bound behind her.

The judge nearest her, he who wore his natural hair and the black cap, was moved to compassion. He leant forward, and with his kerchief wiped the tears and sweat from her face.

"You poor and pitiful child," he said, "estranged from God by reason of your great sin, confess, confess, while there is yet time, lest you be hanged in sin and your soul condemned to eternal burning."

Deliverance comprehended but the merciful act and not the exhortation. She looked at him with the terror and entreaty of a last appeal in her eyes, but was powerless to speak.

Thus because she would not confess to the crime of which she had been proven guilty in the eyes of the law, she was sentenced to be hanged within five days, on Saturday, not later than the tenth nor earlier than the eighth hour. Also, owing to the fact of the confusion and almost ungovernable excitement among the people, it was forbidden any one to visit her, excepting of course the officers of the law, or the ministers to exhort her to confession.

At noon the court adjourned.

First, the judges in their velvet gowns went out of the meetinghouse. With the chief justice walked Cotton Mather, conversing learnedly.

Following their departure, two soldiers entered and bade Deliverance rise and go out with them. So, amidst a great silence, she passed down the aisle.

THE WISE WOMAN.

By MME. DARMESTETER (MARY ROBINSON).

[Mary Robinson: Born at Leamington, Feb. 27, 1857. An English poet. In 1888 she married M. Darmesteter, the French Orientalist. She has written: "A Handful of Honeysuckles" (1878), "The Crowned Hippolytus" (1880), a translation of Euripides (1881), "The End of the Middle Ages" (1889: a historical work), etc.]

In the last low cottage in Blackthorn Lane
The Wise Woman lives alone;
The broken thatch lets in the rain,
And the glass is shattered in every pane
With stones the boys have thrown.

For who would not throw stones at a witch,
  Take any safe revenge
For the father's lameness, the mother's stitch,
The sheep that died on its back in a ditch,
  And the mildewed corn in the grange?

Only be sure to be out of sight
  Of the witch's baleful eye!
So the stones, for the most, are thrown at night,
Then a scuffle of feet, a hurry of fright—
  How fast those urchins fly!

And a shattered glass is gaping sore
  In the ragged window frame,
Or a horseshoe nailed against the door,
Whereunder the witch should pass no more,
  Were sayings and doings the same.

The witch's garden is run to weeds,
  Never a phlox or a rose,
But infamous growths her brewing needs,
Or slimy mosses the rank soil breeds,
  Or tares such as no man sows.

This is the house. Lift up the latch—
  Faugh, the smoke and the smell!
A broken bench, some rags that catch
The drip of the rain from the broken thatch—
  Are these the wages of Hell?

Is it for this she earns the fear
  And the shuddering hate of her kind?
To molder and ache in the hovel here,
With the horror of death ever brooding near,
  And the terror of what is behind?

The witch — who wonders? — is bent with cramp,
  Satan himself cannot cure her,
For the beaten floor is oozing damp,
And the moon, through the roof, might serve for a lamp,
  Only a rushlight's surer.

And here some night she will die alone,
  When the cramp clutches tight at her heart.
Let her cry in her anguish, and sob, and moan,
The tenderest woman the village has known
  Would shudder — but keep apart.

Should she die in her bed! A likelier chance
Were the dog's death, drowned in the pond.
The witch when she passes it looks askance:
They ducked her once, when the horse bit Nance;
She remembers, and looks beyond.

For then she had perished in very truth,
But the Squire's son, home from college,
Rushed to the rescue, himself forsooth
Plunged after the witch. — Yes, I like the youth
For all his new-fangled knowledge.

How he stormed at the cowards! What a rage
Heroic flashed in his eyes!
But many a struggle and many an age
Must pass ere the same broad heritage
Be given the fools and the wise.

"Cowards!" he cried. He was lord of the land,
He was mighty to them, and rich.
They let him rant; but on either hand
They shrank from the devil's unseen brand
On the sallow face of the witch.

They let him rant; but deep in each heart
Each thought of something of his own
Wounded or hurt by the Wise Woman's art;
Some friend estranged, or some lover apart.
Each heart grew cold as stone.

And the Heir spoke on, in his eager youth,
His blue eyes full of flame;
And he held the witch, as he spoke of the Truth;
And the dead, cold Past; and of Love and of Ruth —
But their hearts were still the same.

Till at last — "For the sake of Christ who died,
Mother, forgive them," he said.
"Come, let us kneel, let us pray!" he cried.
But horror-stricken, aghast, from his side
The witch broke loose and fled!

Fled right fast from the brave amends
He would make her then and there,
From the chance that Heaven so seldom sends
To turn our bitterest foes to friends, —
Fled at the name of a prayer.

Poor lad, he stared so; amazed and grieved.
He had argued nearly an hour;
And yet the beldam herself believed,
No less than the villagers she deceived,
In her own unholy power!

Though surely a witch should know very well
'Tis the lie for which she will burn.
She surely has learned that the deepest spell
Her art includes could never compel
A quart of cream to turn.

And why, knowing this, should one sell one's soul
To gain such a life as hers, —
The life of the bat and the burrowing mole, —
To gain no vision and no control,
Not even the power to curse?

'Tis strange, and a riddle still in my mind
To-day as well as then.
There's never an answer I could find
Unless — O folly of humankind!
O vanity born with men!

Rather it may be than merely remain
A woman poor and old,
No longer like to be courted again
For the sallow face deep lined with pain,
Or the heart grown sad and cold.

Such bitter souls may there be, I think,
So craving the power that slips,
Rather than lose it, they would drink
The waters of Hell, and lie at the brink
Of the grave, with eager lips.

Who sooner would, than slip from sight,
Meet every eye askance;
Whom threatened murder can scarce affright;
Who sooner would live as a plague and a blight
Than just be forgotten: perchance.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

By JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. XV., page 7047.]

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with her gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet;
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon's mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,

And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink below
Each gallant arm that strikes beneath
That awful messenger of death!

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye!

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

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